

THE
BEGGAR GIRL
AND
HER BENEFACTORS.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.



BY MRS. BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF

WELCH HEIRESS, JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS, AGNES DE-COURCI,
AND ELLEN, COUNTESS OF CASTLE HOWELL.

A poem, a drama, a novel, which represents virtue in lively colours, models the reader on the virtuous characters, who act without his perceiving it; they become interesting, and the author inculcates morality without seeming to mention it.

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THE
BEGGAR GIRL.

CHAP. I.

Shews, for the information of travellers, that though inns, except the inn founded by one Squire Watts of Rochester, be not places where folks with little money may be quite comfortable, yet that they are not all alike.

FEW as were the connexions, and fewer the comforts, on which Rosa turned her back when she left Edinburgh, an indescribable sensation, a mixture of sorrow and regret, with the dark shades a little tinted by melancholy pleasure, pervaded her mind, as from the back-seat of the coach she cast a look at the Castle, at Arthur's seat, the Calton, the Bas, and all the wonders on which Major Buhanun had so ably descanted, in their approach to the metropolis of his dear country.

As Edinburgh was at this time too gay and too full both of business and pleasure, to be left by the voluntary choice of any of its inhabitants, Rosa was in the stage, as she felt herself in the world, "alone;" but notwithstanding every moment removed her nearer to the place she had so earnestly wished to reach, and further from that she had as earnestly wished to leave, her regret, her affections, and desires, reverted to the land of cakes*.

On looking forward to the end of her long solitary journey, there was indeed little for imagination to dwell on with delight;—no home to raise a throb in her sinking heart; no kind relatives to expect; no certain friends to greet her return to her native land. If Mrs. Harley existed, she was sure to be unchanged in disposition; but of, or from her, it was long since Rosa had heard. Elinor's warm heart was still the same; but instead of governing Dr. Croak and his family, she was herself under the commands of her noble relatives; and should the Doctor's mismanagement of her fortune render him still the object of their displeasure, even he might not be able to repair the misfortune of the loss of the franked cover of her letter, as he might be ignorant of the place of her residence.

Mrs. Walsingham had indeed, in her letter, declared her intentions of going to London, but she had also hinted her uncertainty of continuing there; and even

* Scotland is often so called by the natives.

if



if this were not the case, by what clue was it possible, a being, so unacquainted with the inhabitants and customs of the metropolis, should find a person who avowedly had strong reasons for concealing herself?

In the indignant sorrow with which she was overwhelmed at the fraudulent barbarity of Mr. and Mrs. Frazer; in the transports of joy which the discovery that Mrs. Walsingham had escaped the calamity of the burn-side—these were reflections that had escaped her; but now when alone, and none either to irritate or console her, her mind shrunk from the forlorn aspect which promised infinitely less of uncertain good than certain unavoidable evil; and thence, perhaps, the increasing regret with which she reckoned every milestone that announced the distance from Edinburgh.

Want of rest, anxiety, incessant vexation, and exertions of spirit very unequal to her natural strength, had so exhausted Rosa before she was tossed from side to side in a very uneasy stage-coach, that nothing but her wish to leave the scene of so many mortifications could have supported her. That wish now abating in its force, she became more sensible of the fatigue of travelling in so unpleasant a manner; her delicate frame could ill endure the constant motion which two or three fellow-passengers would, in some degree, have taken off, and the long night's jumble from Berwick to Newcastle nearly annihilated her: it was with the greatest difficulty she alighted from the coach, or sat upright before the untouched breakfast.

The danger she might encounter, and the expence she would incur, by stopping at an inn on the road, more especially as she had paid the fare of half the journey, only prevented her asking for a bed instead of proceeding onward.

The coach was changed at this place ; and as she had neither ate nor drank, and really looked as she felt, near expiring, she was not disturbed by any demands at the inn ; but being lifted into the stage, unable to thank the landlord for his civility, she was carried on, without feeling the least abatement in the uneasiness of the motion from the change of the coaches, to Durham, where, when the stage stopped, it was discovered she had fainted away. Water was brought, and she recovered to a sense of the most acute pain, but still resolved to proceed on her journey :—her wishes, however, far exceeded her strength ; for, on stopping at an inn further on the road, the driver had the humanity to look into the coach, where finding her again fainting, and her face covered with a cold dew, he declared he believed the young gentleman was dying, and therefore lifted her out of the coach into the inn, where he insisted on leaving her and her portmanteau ; and then, having taken up another female passenger, drove off, whistling the Little Plough-boy.

Rosa's appearance, and every turn in her countenance, had gentlewoman written on it in legible characters ; her habit was genteel, and the alabaster

whiteness

whiteness of her hand proving she was of the superior order of beings, procured her the notice of the lady landlady; who, though in the habit of accommodating people of fashion *only*, condescended to give her own directions about the bed to which Rosa was carried, and sent for her own doctor to visit her, determined so charming a young lady should not be lost for want of care.

The doctor's attendance was followed by the usual *et ceteras*, such as composing draughts, powders, and a nurse.

Rosa, almost expiring with pain, weakness, and fatigue, did not think of her situation till the next day, when she awoke with some small degree of fever, but almost recovered from the fatigue that had overpowered her. The phials arranged along the chimney-piece, the fat lady who told her she had the honour to be her nurse, and the officious inquiries of the sleek doctor, who, next the innkeeper and the lawyer, was the greatest man in the little town, very sensibly affected our heroine; and she mechanically took her pockets from under the pillow, in order to satisfy herself as to the exact state of those finances on which she foresaw so many claims. The purse was not to be found in that pocket; she felt her heart bound to her throat, but proceeded to search the other; in four words, the purse was lost, and Rosa had nothing for it but to suppose either the fat nurse or polite lady landlady had taken care of it for her.

The nurse disclaimed, and with truth, any knowledge of it, and the landlady's answer was truly feminine; it was both an exclamation and double interrogation, "My God! this is a pretty business! what, has she no money then? does she pretend to have lost her purse?" The innkeeper recommended it to his spouse to keep her temper; he dared to say such a pretty woman must have friends of one sort or other if she had no money.

But ah grief of griefs! Rosa acknowledged she had lost every shilling of money she had in the world, without one friend to assist her with more.

"But you have a portmanteau," said the landlord, glancing his eye on it as he quitted the room.

Nothing could, in the lady landlady's estimation, be more sudden than the recovery of the fair patient, whom the doctor, an hour before, declared had every symptom of a strong fever; she protested that was all a fudge, that the *young woman* was able, and must be willing to bundle into the first conveyance. Who would take her story of losing her money on trust? for her part, she wanted all her beds; the Duke of Dunderhead was every moment expected from the north, and my Lady Ducheſs was very particular about the sleeping-rooms of her own woman and her tall footman (the latter of whom always had the bed this trumpery thing, meaning Rosa, now occupied); wherefore the chamber-maid was dispatched to the agonized Rosa, to inform her she was welcome to stay
at

at the Rose *that night*, provided she gave up her room to the Duke of Dunderhead's footman; but every bed in the house would be full to-morrow night.

Rosa, who deigned not to answer this prudent message, had already left her bed; and as the fat nurse had enough to do to collect the phials, pack up her own bundle, and hope Miss would contrive some satisfaction for her, who had sat up all night, with no refreshment but a dish of tea and a pint of ale, she was tremblingly adjusting her clothes, while the tears of unutterable anguish were chasing each other down her pale cheeks.

What at this moment would she not have given to be at Edinburgh with dear Mrs. Steward, near the friendly good Doctor Cameron, nay, even at Holy-Rood-House, bearing the injurious taunts of Mrs. Frazer. She wrung her hands, and beat her bosom;—what, alas! could she do? alone, unknown, without money, at an inn on the great north-road, no friend to apply to, a debt already incurred she had no means to discharge, ordered, in effect, to quit that house without means to insure admittance into any other, “God of heaven!” cried she impatiently, “what have I done? why am I thus made the mark of every calamity?”

“You have done nothing, my dear,” said a short thick woman in a travelling-dress, who having heard Rosa's misfortune talked of, as well as the landlady's message, had an irresistible curiosity to see a young
B 4 person,

person, who having put angel into every body's mouth in the morning, was at noon changed into a "trumpety thing;"—"you have done nothing, that is no harm; but lost your money, which is the greatest harm of any thing."

Rosa was startled at the hoarse discordant sound, and looked round at a figure ill calculated to dissipate the unfavourable impressions made by her masculine voice. Her short thick person was arrayed in a blue riding-habit, with crimson cape and cuffs, a *dubarré* silk waistcoat, and a green beaver hat and black feather; she had a large gold watch and chain hanging on the outside her habit; her ears were weighed down by bobs of the same precious metal, and all her fingers were decorated with rings; she appeared to be about forty-five or forty-six years old; her loose and fallow skin proved her bulk to be greatly reduced from what it had been, and a hollow troublesome cough gave omen of inward decay.

"Innkeepers," continued the stranger, "are nothing but upstarts; they are so used to cheating, no wonder they think every body like themselves;—if you have lost your money, you have; and it don't at all signify, when folks are in misfortune, to sit down and cry, Lord help us! You have an honest face of your own, I say, let who will gainsay; and so here," pulling out a yellow canvas bag pretty well filled, "I'll lend you what money you want; which way are you going?"

Surprise

Surprise tied Rosa's tongue; an act of such open confidence from one whose appearance would rather have precluded than raised expectation of the kind, was so new, so un hoped, and so unlikely to happen, that she could not credit her senses.

The stranger saw her astonishment—"Why, to be sure," continued she, "you may stare, and, to tell you the truth, I am surprised at myself; I never did sitch a thing in my whole life before, though Garnet gives a great deal to the poor; and, God help me, I know enough of that;—however, I shan't stay in this house a minute longer than I can help; so just send for your bill, and say what you want, and my little Phill shall stay with you, and come to me for the money."

Little Phill was a fine fair boy, about five years old, with flaxen hair, rosy cheeks, and scarlet lips, whose dimpled smiles struck Rosa the instant she beheld him as the strong resemblance of some person she had seen, but could not recollect who or where.

The woman was evidently vulgar and low bred, but the power to do a generous act, blessed also with the will, threw a veil over all the disagreeables about her; at any rate, it was more bearable to confess an obligation to her than to receive a favour from the flinty inn-keeper; and any thing was preferable to lying sick at the mercy of such people, to die, perhaps, among hard-hearted strangers in the flower of her youth; to be consigned to earth, and no friendly tear dropped

on her grave—no mark to guide dear Elinor to the humble sod that covered her poor remains. Her tears continued to flow as these sad thoughts occurred, while the boy played round, and bid her not cry, for his mammy had a great deal of money. Rosa turned from the child to the window, and in that moment saw the coachman who had left her at the Rose returning with the stage, winking and making grimaces at her, which she could not comprehend, and was therefore offended at. But another much more agreeable surprise awaited her: the honest coachman had found her purse in the straw when he changed his passengers south for those north; and having heard from the driver of a returned chaise of the landlady of the Rose's anger at having a sick body left on her hands, who either had no money, or had lost it, had driven his stage with uncommon speed, and no sooner pulled up to the inn, than he jumped from his box, and ran up, with joy in his eyes, to restore the purse to the right owner.

The feelings of a sensible, delicate mind on such an event would suffer by an attempt to describe them. Rosa sent the little boy for his mother, to whom, with an eloquence of gratitude, she would have wanted in accepting her favour, she displayed the restored property, with thanks, for her kind intention.

The woman was so much pleased, and in such good humour, that though she said she grudged every sixpence paid to the landlord of the Rose, yet as she was
going

going further north, and our heroine was bound for London, why they would dine together.

Rosa's spirits now, as her distress had before done, rendered her inattentive to the fever that hung about her; she rung for her bill, which, as the doctor was apprized of her ability, and as the nurse had returned to be paid, amounted in the whole, including every expence, to five pounds eleven shillings, being near half the sum contained in her purse, which she paid with conscious pride to the unfeeling innkeeper, and then joined her new friend, though she was too ill to partake of the dinner.

The stranger herself had no appetite; and while little Phill devoured the pudding and tarts, she gave our heroine to understand she was on a tour in the north, to visit among her relations, whom, she thanked God, were all well to do, as (and again she thanked God) she was herself; that her cousin, one Thomas Chapman, a wealthy farmer, was to fetch her from the Rose in his *own* chaise-cart, to pass a couple of days, may be more, may be less, with his wife, and to stand godmother to his daughter; from thence she had two more cousins to see before she returned home to her good man; and warmly pressed our heroine to accompany her to her several cousins, where she assured her of a hearty welcome.

Rosa was now from principle, what she never could have been from choice, the companion of a woman of low breeding and coarse manners; but she was by no

means inclined to prolong an acquaintance so ungenial: she therefore civilly declined every thing that could lead to a further connexion; and understanding Mrs. Garnet expected her cousin every moment, and that no London stage would pass the Rose till next day, she resolved, low as her purse was, to cross the country in a chaise eight miles, to where the Leeds coach passed at six that evening, rather than remain another night at the Rose, notwithstanding the landlady apprized her that the Duke of Dunderhead having deferred his journey south for a few days, her room would *not* be wanted for my Lady Duchess's tall footman.

Before the dinner was cleared, Mrs. Garnet's cousin, Mr. Thomas Chapman, in his *own* chaise-cart, arrived at the Rose, when again she pressed Rosa to be of her party, assuring her cousin she was a vast well-behaved young body, and mighty good company.

This the farmer said he should have known by her pratty looks, and joined his invitation to his London cousin's, both which she civilly declined, but requested the good farmer would see her set off before him.

The boy, who had ~~taken~~ one of those childish attachments to our heroine, which, if not so permanent, are at least as sincere as those of a more advanced period, whimpered at parting with her; and Mrs. Garnet, again passing an eulogium on her pretty behaviour and the goodness of her company, vowed, if it was not for standing godmother to her cousin

Chapman's

Chapman's little daughter, she would have returned to London rather than lose such good company. Her idea of good company must, however, be allowed to differ from the common acceptation of the phrase, for Rosa had silently attended to the conversation with which Mrs. Garnet had entertained herself; so that all the goodness of her company was comprised in an animated silence.

Rosa, though very unwell, assumed, at stepping into the chaise, where she was followed by the civil master and mistress of the Rose, a cheerfulness very foreign to her heart; and hearing at the little inn where the Leeds stage stopped, that it would be full an hour before it passed, she requested to lay down till it arrived.

The agitation of her mind had been more powerful than medicine; it had been a successful antidote against the composing draughts she swallowed during the night; but though suspended, their effects had not evaporated. The Leeds coach stopped at the usual time; but as it was full, and as the servant, who was sent to inform her of the circumstance, found her in a sound, though restless sleep, they had not disturbed her: it was midnight when she awoke, under all those terrors which soporifics usually leave on weak nerves, and a transient delirium which took from her all power of recollection of the place and circumstances she was in.

The

The woman of the house was a direct opposite in person and mind to the landlady of the Rose inn ; she had looked in on her guest, and perceiving, by the starts and catches in her sleep, she was indisposed, left a maid to watch her, with orders to be called when she awoke.

When Rosa's memory was clear, she was informed of the reason she had not been called, and heard, to her great vexation, the Leeds coach was the only one which passed that little town, and it would not again pass south till the same hour next day. At that hour she was incapable of travelling ; the fever had increased, her head was affected by the least movement, and though the landlady had not called in medical assistance, she grew worse every hour.

There was a gentleman in this town, the largest man, and the greatest feeder in the parish ; in fine, he was God's vicegerent, the vicar.

The vicar had a lady, whose whole life was a comment on the perpetual motion ; she was a great dresser, a great visiter, a great card-player, and a great church goer ; her head was stored with whims, her heart with vanity, and her beaufet with drugs ; she read Buchan, and pretended to such profound knowledge in the medical science, that it was not her fault if the whole parish were not diseased by her compounds.

To this lady our landlady would have applied on behalf of the sick stranger, had she not, happily perhaps for Rosa, been paying a week's visit to a lady in
the

the neighbourhood ; during which period, as phyfic was not in the way of dame Nature, the fever took its departure, and left Rosa in the hands of an excellent kitchen physician.

Mrs. Ellis's house was a low white building, with a brown board hanging in front, on which was inscribed, " This is the Red Lion : " the Leeds coach, and no other, gave their horses water under this brown wooden Red Lion ; but it was, nevertheless, a house of great repute, as though the landlord, who was also a farmer, generally took his cup at other inns, his wife brewed the best ale, and sold the best liquors, five miles round.

On the sixth morning of Rosa's stay at the house of this good woman, as she sat in a clean parlour, and with an aching heart calculating over and over her expences, in burst the landlady with the important news, that Madam Parker, the vicar's lady, was returned, and that it was a great pity Rosa got well so soon, because for certain Madam Parker was the best potecari in all their parts.

This landlady, as well as the more polished one at the Rose, had a very quick perception into the circumstance of her guests ; she looked in Rosa's face, and saw in the languid cast of her eye the low state of her purse.

She left the room in the midst of an eulogium on the physical excellence of Madam Parker ; and seating herself in the porch at the door, exclaimed, " Lord
have

have mercy upon me, what will such a pretty creature do in Lunnun without money !”

The result of Rosa's inquisition into the amount of her finances were, the entire loss of appetite for dinner, an earnest wish to procure a place in that night's stage, and a requisition of her bill.

Mrs. Ellis's husband being gone to a cock-fight, she earnestly begged the young gentlewoman would that day eat a morsel with her; and notwithstanding all Rosa could say to the contrary, the good woman would have her morsel laid in the parlour, and would tease Rosa into tasting a number of little delicacies she set on table.

The more she observed of the beauty and delicacy of her guest, the more frequent did the exclamation rise to her lips of, “ Lord have mercy upon me, what will such a pretty creature do in Lunnun without money !”

Mrs. Ellis was an instance in humble life

“ Where the head might take a lesson from the heart, and learning, wiser grow without his books ;”

she was talkative, but not impertinent ; generous, not profuse ; prudent, not parsimonious. The burthen of her song all this day was a cock-fight ; and, as she was quite alone, hoped Miss would not be angered if she just axed her to eat a morsel *with her*.

Though Rosa could not withstand her entreaties, her anxiety was insupportable ; if the bill at the Rose, for one night, came to five pounds eleven shillings, what

what would that at the brown wood Red Lion amount to for eight, with such superior comforts? She turned to the window, and wept.

"Oh the father! Miss, why do you fret?" said Mrs. Ellis, in a consoling accent; "dear heart, I wish I could serve you; you are going to Lunnun, Miss?"

Rosa sighed, and the landlady's eyes glistened.

"Well, Miss, I hope you have good friends there, for Lunnun is a sad place for young women without money or means?"

Rosa, drying her eyes, answered she had been in London.

"Oh dear! then she was no stranger there; nay, may be she knew it well."

"No." Rosa said she had lived at a few miles distant, and only passed through it in her way to Scotland, whither she went with a gentleman.

"Dear, dear! a relation may be?"

"No."

"A sweetheart then?"

"No."

The benevolent enquirer began now to look with a doubting eye on her guest.

"I beg pardon, Miss, but the gentleman had some ladies belonging to him I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Rosa, half angry at her curiosity, "he had a wife and daughter."

The good woman clasped her hands together.

"Oh,

"Oh the father! lack-a-daisy! Well now, pray don't be angered, Miss, I am certain I mean nothing but good. But pray now do be so kind as to tell me, have you ever been a tootrefs?"

"Something like it," replied Rosa, with a melancholy smile.

Again the landlady clasped her hands.

"Was ever any thing so lucky! Madam Parker had been to visit Lady Lydear, who had bagg'd her to look out for a tootrefs for Miss Betty, who had a huge lump of money to her portion. Now Lady Lydear would do any thing in the world Madam Parker advised; and to be sure Madam Parker would do any thing to serve her, and reason good, for her husband was the vicar's tithe-gatherer."

And she added, "I am sure you are fit for the place; them there taper fingers was made to be a lady or a tootrefs; and yonder goes Madam; I'll run after her; you shall have the place: Lunnun! God love your pretty face, why you will live in clover at the hall."

Rosa was so much surpris'd at the hurrying good humour of the landlady, and so much pleas'd at her evident frankness of heart, that she had no power to detain her; although the last thing she would then have thought of was the place the friendly creature was so anxious to procure.

From

From the window she saw Madam Parker had been overtaken, and presently perceived her returning with the landlady to the inn.

Madam Parker entered the room where Rosa sat, with all the consequence of a vicar's lady. She had been told Rosa was handsome and in distress, but she condescended to speak to her nevertheless; for, as she observed, it did not become the wife of a vicar to be hard-hearted.

Rosa fixed her eyes on this tender-hearted lady, who, very fine and very dirty, was the wonder of the common folks in the little town; and as she had not penetration to distinguish between wonder and approbation, the vicar's lady was very well with herself.

She immediately gave our heroine to understand Lady Lydear, the richest woman in the county, was her bosom-friend. She complained, with the voice of a boatswain, of weak nerves, and with the face of a dairy maid, of ill health; which were the only objections, except indeed those made by the vicar, against her entirely living with dear Lady Lydear, who was a monstrous good woman, and certainly had applied to her, well knowing she was a judge of what was proper, to get a tootress for Miss, who, dear creature, had been let run wild among the servants; so indeed had young Sir Jacob before the vicar recommended Mr. Jolter, a mighty clever man, to be his tootor, and ride a hunting and shooting with him, and take care of his money. "Now," she continued, "if I thought you capable, as you are a young creature,
who

who may be ruined by some feller or another, and fellers of this age care not what mischief they do to poor young maidens; and, as Mrs. Ellis informs me, you are a poor young body in great distress—”

Rosa's colour rose.

“Who, I, Madam! I!—I protest Miss—dear Madam—”

“Shall I never,” thought our heroine, “rise above the littleness of false shame! the woman perceives I am poor, and what is there in that, since I know I am innocent?”

“You said truth, Mrs. Ellis,” said she, “I am distressed, and this lady knows it;—make no apology.”

“To be sure! Madam Parker thought it all fair; for if poor people were too proud to own their distress, and to ask assistance, how were other people to relieve them?”

The *people* and *distress* bore hard on Rosa's patience; she could not feel much inclined to respect an affluent mother, whose care of her daughter was guided by such a person as Madam Parker appeared to be. The proposal was indeed altogether forced on her, and such as she was not inclined to give a thought to, till Madam Parker went on to say, a relation of the family meant to carry Miss with her to London in the course of two months; and Mrs. Ellis, reminding her what a little bit of a while two months were, when she might go to Lunnun free cost; and recollecting

lecting the rapidity with which her purse had, and still must decrease, the hopelessness of her situation, and the uncertainty of meeting a reception at the end of her long journey when she got there, that would alleviate any of her present distresses, the indifference with which she at first heard of the place changed to an earnest desire to obtain it; she became anxious to prove her capability for the undertaking, and curious in her enquiries respecting the lady and her family.

Madam Parker was profuse in her praises of both; and Rosa presented Lady Hopely's address as the person who would recommend her.

No sooner did Madam Parker hear of her quality connexion, than she became perfectly satisfied Rosa was in every respect entirely qualified to form the mind and manners of the greatest fortune in the county, and expressed a particular interest in her welfare. She invited her to dine at the vicarage next day; promised to send her some medicines; and bidding Mrs. Ellis take great care of her, made a very cordial exit.

"Oh the father!" cried Mrs. Ellis the moment she was gone, "what a golden day! Why Lady Lydear is as rich as a Jew, and as generous as a churchwarden, though to be sure that is only an old woman's saying; only indeed there is one thing, her Ladyship is——" Mrs. Ellis stopped.

"Is what?" asked Rosa anxiously.

"Why,

“Why, my dear,” answered the good woman, drawing her chair close, “every body has a something.”

“Certainly,” Rosa said; “but what was Lady Lydear’s something?”

“Nothing to speak of,” Mrs. Ellis answered; but all ranks in this poor world had their bitters and sweets; she was sure she found it so, and always had for that matter. Her first husband, a goodish kind of a man enough, never thought any thing too hot or too heavy for her; but then, poor man, he was always ailing – no end to doctor’s bills till he died; and so obstinate, that though Madam Parker would have given him physic enough for nothing, he would take nothing but what cost money; so that the pounds and pounds she paid the doctor was enough to make a grizzel fret. Then her second spouse, a foine tall portly man as one should see in a summer’s day, as merry as a greg, and as brisk as her own March beer, till one harvest, one Parson Whitfield, as ill luck would have it, got hold of him, and he no sooner got acquainted with godly folks, than every thing went to rack and ruin; and at last, she was sure it was enough to have driven her distracted, what does he but take one of the empty barrels, and set up for a preacher himself; – there was a pretty mess! and all his spite was against tipplers, when God knew, what would such a bit of an inn as their’s be if it were not for people’s liking her fine ale. Well, he preached all her customers out of the house, and

and her almost out of her senses; and would have preached himself into York Castle, had it not pleased God one fair day the old barrel staved, over her poor dear tipped, and broke his neck; she should never forget it the longest day she had to live. Then her third spouse——”

“Heavens!” cried Rosa, “another.”

“Aye, God help her! worse than the other two, and put them both together; always cocking, racing, boxing, or drinking at other people’s houses. So that indeed, as she said before, every body had a something; and as to Lady Lydear, a fine lady! a rich lady! a charitable lady! but, to speak the truth, a little oddish, turned night into day, and day into night; went to bed when other folks got up, and got up when other folks went to bed:—but wise heads must hear and see, and say nothing; that was her way, and a good way too; she had prospered by it in spite of three husbands, and so might her guest: she begged pardon for being so bold.”

Rosa thought she had seen enough of the polite inversion of time to bear it with a tolerable degree of patience, if that were all she had to fear. The sun had often risen in all its splendour, since Major Buchanan’s death, before his widow returned from her evening parties; and it had as often set before she was visible the succeeding day; so that, to Mrs. Ellis’s evident joy, that trait in the lady’s character had no effect on our heroine.

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The more indeed she thought on the desperation of her fortunes, the more eligible and fortunate did the prospect now before her appear ; it was exactly the situation in life she knew herself able to fill with credit to her own abilities, and though a dependant, not a servile employ. It would be, she considered, impossible for her to reach London even in her restored state of health with the money in her possession, without being exposed both to insult and humiliation ; and though her clothes and what few valuables she possessed were sent to London in the waggon, she concluded they might be easily returned from thence. The desire of seeing Elinor, of visiting Mrs. Harley, and enquiring for Mrs. Walsingham, had not abated of its energy ; it was not the will, it was the power only she wanted. At all events, in her present situation, an eligible asylum was of all things the most important ;—her future, first, and dearest hope was to hear of her friends ; and Mrs. Ellis quitting her to attend to the affairs of her house, she wrote an account of her adventures and distresses to Mrs. Steward, and inclosed a polite note to Lady Hopely, apprizing her of the early use she had made of permission to apply to her for recommendation.

It was with bitter reluctance Rosa had, after many struggles, brought herself to resolve on writing to Doctor Cameron for a small sum of money to answer the exigence of the moment ;—the necessity for this step was now less urgent ; if she succeeded in her present
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sent plan, she would not want it; and if she failed, there would always be time for such a mortifying confession.

She accepted part of Mrs. Ellis's delicate morsels for supper with a better grace than at dinner, as she had now hope of being able to pay her bill without feeling the dreaded inconvenience. The barometer of Rosa's health acted with her spirits; and these being now rising, she hoped to be able to go to the hall the very next day.

Mrs. Ellis objected to that; a day or two could make no odds to Lady Lydear; but as Rosa suggested what the good woman had not before thought of, namely, that as Lady Lydear had probably commissioned other of her friends, as well as Mrs. Parker, she might be suited: that Mrs. Ellis allowed; and therefore, as the sooner Rosa could go with safety to her health, the better, she recommended the stage in which she had intended to go to London, which passed the hall lodge.

Rosa asked if it would not break too far on the evening, as it was fourteen miles, and the stage seldom passed till ten; so that it would be near twelve before she got there.

Mrs. Ellis reminded her she had before said, "that Lady Lydear turned night into day."

Rosa smiled; but knowing the difference fine ladies made between pleasure and business a little better than Mrs. Ellis, she resolved to be guided by Mrs. Parker,

whose intimacy at the hall, as well as her superior rank, rendered her a more able counsellor.

The broken slumbers, frightful dreams, and nervous wakings, which had weakened our heroine as much as her fever, were now no more; she laid her head on her pillow, in the consoling hope that her ill fortune was again changing, and that she would not be exposed to the thousand evils and mortifications her busy fancy, under the impression of ill health, low spirits, and pecuniary distress, had drawn in such vivid colours. She rested well, and her looks were so mended in the morning, that Mrs. Ellis, who, her husband being now at home, only carried in the breakfast, uttered her old exclamation as she retired, of "Lord have mercy upon me! what would such a pretty creature do in Lunnun without money?"

Rosa, like the hero of old, never thought any thing done while there was any thing to do. She felt so well, and so anxious to be at a certainty respecting Lady Lydear, that under the idea Mrs. Parker might advise the same mode of travelling Mrs. Ellis had already done, she prepared every thing for her departure, and ordered her bill: but no bill could she get; it was not, the generous landlady said, the fashion to charge the servants of great folks any thing at inns.

"But I am no servant," replied Rosa, colouring; "I never may be."

"God forbid!" Mrs. Ellis hoped in her soul there was no fear of that. But, however, if she got the

the place, she must invite her to the hall, and she would be sure to go and carry a few friends with her, and so she would be paid that way : if she did not get it, why, as her good man said, she should certainly go and see Lunnun some time or other ; why, she would surely call on her there, and go with her to see the wild beasts, and the Court, and the Parliament House, and Bedlam, and the Prince of Wales, and old mother Thinkembob, and all the rest of the out-of-the-way sights, and that was another way of payment.

“ But here,” cried she, interrupting Rosa, who began to object to her settlement, “ here is Tom Gibs, Madam Parker’s foot-boy, in his Sunday’s coat, coming to call you to dinner. Oh the father ! if you had not belonged to a lady, you might have fasted for she ; however, I shall put on my chintz gown, and my flounced petticoat, and run over to take a cup of tea, as Madam invited me.

The saving so much of her little pittance would not have reconciled Rosa to the acceptance of such an obligation from a woman in Mrs Ellis’s station, even if her prospects had not been mended, and it was much less likely to have that effect now ; but the servant waited, and the notable woman was already in the bar with her surly husband ; so that, without hurting both the peace and feelings of a generous though humble mind, she could not resume the subject.

Madam Parker did not understand, or did not practise that beautiful and instructive sentiment which says, "The ostentatious display of prosperity is an insult on the unfortunate;" for every cupboard of the vicarage was ransacked to make a shew on the side-board: she talked incessantly of her riches, opulence, great connexions, and good family; while the vicar, after saying grace, first helped himself plentifully to the roast pork and apple pudding, and then, without taking time between his mouthfuls to speak, pushed the dishes towards his wife and her guest.

"His belly was blown up with luxury,
"And eke with fatness, swollen were his eyes,
"And like a crane, his neck was long,
"With which he swallow'd up excessive feast,
"For want whereof the poor did often pine."

Rosa, equally disgusted with the vicar's want of good manners as with his lady's overflow, was glad when the entrance of Mrs. Ellis in some degree relieved the insipidity of the party; and Madam Parker, having approved of her setting off that same night, withdrew to write the letter of introduction to her dear friend Lady Lydear; after which, the best tea things being arranged, the vicar filled his monstrous craw with muffins and coffee, and then dropped asleep, leaving the ladies to their own chat, till the stage drew up to the door by order of Mr. Ellis; and Rosa's portmanteau being already delivered to the coachman, she had no possible opportunity of forcing payment

on the good landlady, who indeed studiously avoided coming near enough for the slightest whisper; and thus, having received the important letter from Madam Parker, and the best wishes of Mrs. Ellis, our heroine was again seated in a stage-coach.

CHAP. II.

“What is that vice that still prevails,
 “Where almost every passion fails,
 “Which with our very dawn begun,
 “Nor ends but with our setting sun,
 “Which like a noxious weed can spoil,
 “The fairest flower, and choak the soil?
 “’Tis Slander, and with shame we own,
 “The vice of human kind alone.”

THREE passengers, one female, and two male, one of whom resigned his place in front to our heroine, fortunately preserved her from the great fatigue she had experienced in her lone journey from Edinburgh.

After a few minutes’ silent accommodation between all parties, one of the males asked Rosa if they were to have her company all the way to London?

Rosa, whose thoughts were little in train for small talk, on the question being repeated, returned a cold monosyllable, "No."

He was very sorry for that: for his part, he liked the company of women much better than men, which indeed was but natural, for he supposed the women liked men better than women; and particularly addressing Rosa, added, "I dare say you are of my way of thinking, Maum?"

Rosa's dislike of the forward manners of the man would have prevented a repetition even of the cold monosyllable, "No," had he not again supposed "she must be of his way of thinking?" when the manner more than the "No," raised the risible faculties of the other passengers, and so mortified the inquirer, that after a moment's silence, he resumed a conversation with his female fellow-traveller, which it appeared the stoppage of the stage had interrupted.

"So then," said he, "you had not heard this part of the story before you left Edinburgh?"

"No, Sir," she replied; "it was the general talk, that Mr. Angus, after paying honourable addresses to the handsome Miss Buchanan, had deceived her friends, and carried her off; and it would have been natural enough for so good and honourable a man as Doctor Cameron to pursue the seducer of his ward. But as to what you have been saying, which I presume you would *not* say without good authority——"

"Oh!

“ Oh! depend upon that, Maum; I’ll take my oath to every tittle.”

“ Well, Sir, ’tis all very strange; I have passed but one year at Edinburgh, yet have heard of so many amiable traits in the character of Mr. Angus, that I am one of those who wish the story of the seduction was not so well authenticated.”

“ That is the wish, I believe,” joined the other passenger, “ of every body who knows any thing of Mr. Angus or his family.”

“ Yes, yes,” resumed the first speaker, “ he is a devilish good fellow: but there could be no great harm in a little fun with a fine girl, eh Maum?” addressing Rosa. “ I should like to hear one of your “ No’s ” to that now.”

Rosa found poor Kattie’s imprudence, and Mr. Angus’s breach of moral rectitude, was the theme of general conversation; but as that, she thought, was the natural consequence of the indefensible step they had taken, she lamented, without being surprised at it; and taking no notice of the impertinence of the man’s address, wrapped her cloak round her, resolving to listen to the conversation without becoming a partaker of it.

“ I did hear,” said the female, “ there was a young girl with them when Major Buhanun came to Lord Aaron Horsenagog’s apartments, a natural daughter of some branch of the family, who was so very beautiful, Mrs. Buhanun did not chuse she should be seen

with her daughter ; and nothing can be more likely than that a girl, caged up as they say she was, should act imprudently : but as to Doctor Cameron, so humane, so good a man, with so excellent a heart, I cannot account for his conduct ; it must be a madness ;—he is his own master, a man of known independence, great practice, and held in universal esteem : if therefore he was partial to the young person, he certainly might.”

“ Take my word for it,” interrupted the first speaker, “ the girl has all her P’s and Q’s ; she is as artful as the devil ; how else could a common beggar impose herself so long on the family as a gentlewoman ? —she is indeed so deep——”

Rosa unwrapped her cloak, and placing her chestnut ringlets behind her ears lest a syllable should be lost, listened in breathless attention ; her panegyrist went on.

“ That there is no fathoming her. Doctor Cameron is, as you say, a mighty good sort of a—that is he—In short, though he may be a fine doctor, he is what I call an ignoramouse in what I call the world. But the plain story is this, take my word for it : Mr. Angus knew better than to *marry* a pretty Miss with no fortune, or next to none ; for what are a few thousands to him ? Well, he forms a league, what I and our Lord calls offensive and defensive with Doctor Cameron : so this Miss Buhanun, as she has the assurance to call herself, what does she but sneaks out to
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the Doctor's, meets Mr. Angus there, concert the plan, and next morning the little tit, as I call such girls as bonnie Kattie, runs off. Well what does the confident then? Run off too, perhaps you'll think—no such thing; she was what I call too far north for that. The foolish old Major made a sort of codicil to his will, and left her five hundred pounds, so she demands that;—Frazer, you know Frazer I suppose, Maum?"

"Indeed I do not."

"I do," said the other person.

"A low fellow," continued the anecdote monger:

"I wonder Mrs. Buhanun—she is a fine woman, cursed handsome; I have often waited on her from our Lord; if I had thought—but they say she is herself only the daughter of some tobacco-seller in London. So the girl, as I said, demands the legacy; Frazer naturally demurs: so then off she goes, and the very next day off too goes Angus and the Doctor. Now this I think is plain enough; but I'll bet a cool hundred our Lord keeps her in view hollow."

"'Tis a great pity, Mr. Linton," joined the other male traveller, "your Lord cannot employ himself to more advantage."

"Women, Sir, women are the devil: and besides, to tell you the truth, we have a great bet depending."

"A bet!"

"Yes, Maum, two thousand. I'll tell you how it was:—There was our Lord, the Duke of Evergreen, Lord Aaron Horsmagog, Dicky Pollygraph, and Mr.

Janus Tumbledown, the great counsellor, talking over little Kattie's affair as they walked Princess-street, when who should ride by but that whimsical devil, as I and our Lord calls her, Lady Hopely: she pulls the check, and begins rattling our Lord most unmercifully. Her Ladyship is game, you know, Maum; so our Lord looked a little blank, and the Duke says, says he, cocking his one eye, 'Lord Lowder, says he, I am sorry to hear this; what *you*, says he, *you* let a girl slip through your fingers!'

"I'll bet a thousand, says our Lord, I have her in a month;—I'll have the honour to go your Lordship's halves, says Dicky Pollygraph, in his little finicking no-meaning way;—Done for two thousand, roared Lord Aaron;—I take half, said his Grace, drawing his hand from his muff."

"His muff, Sir! why 'tis July."

"The old Duke is game, Maum; he takes especial care of the radical heat. Done, says our Lord—done said all parties. Mr. Janus Tumbledown, having now very little better employment, minutes down the bet, and let our Lord alone for winning it; he never starts a woman without running her down; and if she is skittish, as I and our Lord calls it, Oh! damn it 'tis a done thing?"

"But pray, Mr. Linton, how does the Countess contrive to kill her time while the Earl is so happily amused?"

"Why, Sir, my Lady is that sort of a woman that gives us rope—hem! you take me, Maum?"

She led us a devil of a life at first ; but our Lord never gives in——”

“ Never ? ”

“ Oh damn it no ! never ! that’s game, ’int it, Maum ? and faith my Lady is now as good game as ourselves ;—she plays higher, is more extravagant, and less at home, except at night—I must do my Lady the justice to own, she does pass *some* part of every night at home ; as to our Lord and I, ’tis a matter of indifference where we eat, drink, or sleep.”

“ And pray, Sir, how long has Lord Lowder been married to his present Countess ? ”

“ Near two years, Maum ; ’twas a match of Lord Gauntlet’s making ; and, to tell you the truth, I and our Lord were sick of the business before it was half completed ; but old Gripus wanted rank, his daughter a husband, and we wanted money, so that—you take me, Maum—that’s game, ’int it ? ”

“ You seem to be on very happy terms with this Lord and Lady of your’s, Mr. Linton.”

“ Why, Sir, as to my Lady, she is civil enough to me, and so indeed am I to her, for the matter of that ; but I know she hates me like the devil ;—as to my Lord, I know him pretty well, and he knows me ; if I says the thing, he does it ; and if he says the thing, why, if I like it, I do it. But I can’t help laughing to think how quizzish the old Doctor will look when he finds my Lord has got the girl.”

“ But pray how came Lady Hopely to know any thing of Lord Lowder’s disappointment ? She is not, I presume, in his Lordship’s confidence ? ”

“ Oh that is a part of the story I forgot. The girl, you must know, got to the house of one Steward, a foolish fellow, with a ridiculous prating wife, who pretended to persuade Lady Hopely some stuff or other ; that is, they said they were sure she was modest—they sure, they be hanged,—she is an old stager, been on the town from her infancy, seen her myself, met her at the back of the boxes a thousand times.”

The lady was surprised, if that were really the case, Lord Lowder would give himself so much trouble about her.

This was rather an unexpected inference ; it puzzled the person who would “ *take his oath to the truth of every tittle ;* ” but he proved himself *game*.

“ Why, I have before told you, Maum, my Lord’s game ; he is indeed the very soul of contradiction : I suppose, Sir, you have heard of my Lord’s speeches ? ”

“ Oh certainly ! ”

“ Well, and what do you say to them, Sir ? an’t they trimmers ? I and our Lord always composes them over night, and you may see by them my Lord is not to be joked with—that’s game, ’int it, Maum ? The girl’s a fine girl ; besides, as I tell you, he has a great bet depending ; and she behaved so cursed insolent—I’ll be bound our Lord gives a good account of her

her—he'll teach her how to behave to a man of his rank."

The reader may conceive our poor heroine's feelings during this conversation; her heart at one moment bursting with indignation, and the next sinking with terror, she was several times on the point of asserting her innocence, of confronting her slanderer, and convicting him of the greatest baseness man can be guilty of—"Sporting with the character of a virtuous woman." But as often as her outraged honour was provoked into an impatience of further bearing, some hint of the power, the resolution, and intentions of the great Lord withheld her, and she shrunk into the corner of the coach, trembling at every ray of light from the few houses it passed, till it stopped at the porter's lodge belonging to the hall, which in that moment appeared to her a terrestrial paradise, so anxious was she to escape from the man of honour's gentleman; for it was no less a personage, who, blending his own spiteful recollections of the kicking he had received from Mr. Steward with the evil disposition of his ignoble Lord, was at once the object of her terror and abhorrence.

He jumped out of the coach, and offered Rosa his arm, which she instinctively declined, and threw herself, trembling, on the coachman, who stood at the step.

She was proceeding to the lodge, when the voice of her tormenter, speaking to the coachman, suddenly
stopped

stopped her. He was going, he said, to the hall; his stay there would, he believed, be but two minutes, in which case he should cross the park, and meet the coach at Shawford's farm gate; but as it was possible he might be detained, bid them not wait; and then brushing by the trembling Rosa with all the insolence of mean pride, piqued at deserved mortifications, he entered the gates, and our heroine's portmanteau being delivered to the porter, the coach drove off before she had power to speak. The porter seeing her genteel appearance, stood with his hat off, and asked if he should conduct her to the house?

"The house!" repeated Rosa—"God defend me! when shall I enter a house that will shelter me from injury!"

The porter understood nothing of this exclamation but the word "shelter," and answered, if she chose to wait till the rain (which indeed was nothing but a Scotch mist) ceased, she might shelter in the lodge.

"Where did he say he would join the coach?" said Rosa, wholly engrossed by the fear of again meeting the *gentleman*.

"From Shawford's farm," answered the man; "'tis but a little bit across the corner of the park, and he'll get there, if he don't stop at the house, before the coach."

What now could Rosa do? There was a chance he might leave the hall before she could reach it; but as it was only a chance, she considered that, as the coach
was

was gone on, if he remained there, she had no possible means of avoiding him. The porter told her no carriage was to be hired within nine miles; she was an absolute stranger to the country, and every creature who inhabited it; and if it should be her misfortune again to encounter a wretch, who was equally her enemy and that of truth, she would do it with more safety under the roof of a person of rank, whose protection her youth, sex, and recommendation gave her a natural right to claim: conscious as, therefore, she could easily clear her character from the aspersions his vain folly had cast on it, as far as regarded her own actions, though those which proceeded from her despicable origin, and the deception put on Mrs. Buhanun by the Major, were incontrovertible facts, she, after long hesitation, resolved to be guided by the porter to the house.

The dark night, rendered more dismal by the closing of the high trees over head as she followed the porter up the avenue, with the distant howling of dogs, added to the terrors of her mind; and as she seemed out of the aid of all earthly power, she (*the thing is not without the example of many very good Christians*) recommended herself to Heaven.

"Bless me, Ma'am," cried the porter, "you are very godly; but if you are going to stop in our family, it will be of no use to you: for though there is a parson in it, I believe you may pray by yourself."

Rosa's

Rosa's heart already recoiled from the situation she had been so anxious to obtain; and coming at once to an opening in the wood, the house in full view, every room lighted up as if for an entertainment, struck her with a fresh panic: this was the road to London, and though not the direct one from Edinburgh, it was far from impossible that Lord Lowder himself might be a visiter there.

The porter's pace not being slackened by feeling, he went on to the house, through the stable-yard, but stopped short at the door, and asked who she was going to?

Rosa, almost sinking under the terror of her own apprehensions, could hardly articulate. "What sort of a person," she asked, "was the housekeeper?" The answer, "A very good old gentlewoman," determined her, and she desired to be shewn to her.

After traversing vaulted passage after passage, the porter rapped at a door, which being opened, our heroine was desired to walk in by a fresh-coloured country damsel, and received with great courtesy by an elderly woman, whose dress and figure were neatness itself.

Rosa's apology for troubling her was, having a letter to deliver from Mrs. Parker to Lady Lydear; and being very much indisposed, she had on that account, as well as the lateness of the hour, and the company she perceived were in the house, requested to be shewn to her in hope she might be permitted to

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recover from her fatigue before she waited on her Ladyship.

Mrs. Gerrad commended her prudence and forecast; said there was but one lady visiter in the house, and then asked if she was recommended by Mrs. Parker to teach Miss Betty? Rosa replied in the affirmative; and the housekeeper eyeing her with visible pleasure, increased in her civilities, and desired her to mention any thing she could like to take.

Rosa, merely to prolong the chat with Mrs. Gerrad, asked for a glass of water, and, to her infinite satisfaction, heard Mr. Linton only stopped to deliver some papers, and went away immediately: this, and there being but one lady visiter in the house, reassured her.

She requested to be shewn to a bed, and retired with the repeated good nights of the housekeeper, lighted by the still-room-maid to a very handsome chamber.

On the stairs she was met by a tall girl in white, followed by a mean-looking man, jumping down half a dozen steps at once, with such a hoydening velocity, as had almost precipitated her backward, and did strike the light out of the servant's hand.

Rosa's disposition was naturally lively when not saddened by reflections on the misadventures of her life; but to that kind of mirth which is called *romping* with men, and which too often levels the delicate barrier betwixt broad laugh and female modesty, she was an absolute stranger; no such thing had ever been
thought

thought of at Mrs. Harley's; and at Castle Gowrand, where all the holyday hours were passed at the burnside, there needed no gross amusements to wing every passing hour with delight: even in the giddy amusements of Mrs. Buhanun and her daughter, there was preserved an undeviating decorum of behaviour; so that, from all she had witnessed of the conduct of well-bred young women, she concluded the rude hoyden and her companion were some of the inferior domestics.

The servant having relighted the taper at a lamp on the stairs, she was conducted to her chamber, and left to reflection: she could not but feel the light in which Linton had been pleased to paint her character, though founded on the grossest falsehoods, might bear too near a semblance to truth not to gain some credit. The meeting Mr. Angus at Dr. Cameron's, Kattie's elopement so soon after, and her own sudden departure from Edinburgh, were circumstances which so unfortunately tallied with each other, that, had it been possible for her, in the purity of her own heart, to have foreseen the inference chance and malice might combine to draw from them, she would, no doubt, have braved every humiliation which could result from Mrs. Frazer's representation; but regret was now vain, and she had too much right sense to dwell intensely on that which, though unfortunate, was not criminal.

That Kattie Buhanun had certainly gone off with Mr. Angus, notwithstanding Doctor Cameron's positive

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tive declaration to the contrary, she did not, from many circumstances, doubt;—they had left Edinburgh on the same day; and though he had been seen there after, it was not improbable that he might have secret reasons for their taking different routes to England; but then how to account for Doctor Cameron being his companion? Her opinion of that gentleman had, it is true, been a little shaken by Frazer; but how noble, how tender, how candid, and how manly was his justification! Could he, the guardian, the friend, the man of unimpeached character, league with the seducer of his own ward? Impossible! it was all an impenetrable mystery, except what particularly concerned herself: that indeed was plain enough.

That a profligate nobleman, who had so little respect for himself, as to insult a modest, unprotected woman, should find mortified pride a painful sensation—that himself rejected, and his grand agent punished, he should be inflamed with rage, and resolve to pursue her, even if not stimulated by a bet of two thousand pounds, merely to teach her, as his *gentleman* said, how to *behave to a man of rank*, were, her understanding and her fears told her, but too probable; and they also told her such a subject would not have been made the theme of unguarded conversation in a stage-coach, had the turpitude or injustice of the act been of the smallest import either to Lord Lowder or his *gentleman*; and shocked and disgusted as she had been at his libertine address, she was now much more so at the un-
manly

manly revenge with which, according to his *gentleman's* account, he was now pursuing her: nay, she had, perhaps, escaped personal insult by that illness which she thought a misfortune; for if he really had, as the *gentleman* insinuated, followed her, he had probably pursued that stage to London, which indisposition obliged her to quit.

With respect to her own history, she had lately begun to feel an increasing reluctance to avow the meanness of her origin; and it seemed this fault was punished in the very letter of the act, by an exposure of the truth, with additions at once false and disgraceful.

This had often struck her in the course of her journey, and she several times resolved no longer to retain a name to which, in truth, she had no right; but the possibility that a resumption of her own might expose her to the recognition of an abandoned mother, of a father who was one of the refuse of society, and that too, perhaps, at a time and in circumstances most important to her welfare and interest, again discouraged her.

Yet why should a meeting with her natural connexions appear so terrible? Her parents might have relented the cruel manner in which they deserted her; they might even now be seeking her; they might languish after their child; or they might be themselves in want even of the feeble assistance God and Nature gave them a right to receive from their daughter; they might

might be enduring the accumulated horrors of want and sickness, aggravated by a remembrance of their cruelty to her; conscience might at last have overtaken them: and should she presume to reject the only means by which it might be appeased?

“Shall I,” said she, “put it out of my own power to comfort, to assist, nay, it may be, to close the dying eyes of the authors of my being? No, I will resume the humble name to which God and Nature have given me a right; that God, who sees and knows my heart, it is in his hands,—who have I to appeal to but him? how many evils should I have escaped, if, when my benefactor died, I had dared to be *myself*.”

Having thus formed the resolution to discard all local pride, and despise all local debasements (a resolution easier formed alone, by a single taper, than kept in intercourse with the world, she reposed her weary body and exhausted spirit, and proved with Rousseau,

“The pangs of sorrow, the attacks of misfortune respect the hour of repose: it is *remorse* alone forbids that necessary restoration.”

CHAP. III.

Shewing an old friend with a new face, and proving the impossibility of persuading a fine lady that it is better to be respectable than ridiculous.

ROSA was in the habit of early rising; but illness had weakened her, and the fatigue of the last day acted as an opiate; a large house-clock was striking ten as she awoke.

Blushing at the sample of indolence this would give the family, she hastily arose; and having dressed with as much advantage as her portmanteau would afford, hastened to apologize for her late rising. On going out of her room, she perceived the shutters were all fast; she trod lightly along the passage, and by opening a wrong door, found herself at the top of a broad grand staircase, hung with fine pictures, which a cupola over head was calculated to light to advantage. She descended into a handsome marble hall; as these windows were also closed, she could not believe the day was so far advanced, notwithstanding the evidence of the solar ray through the chinks; but a fine time-piece, which stood on a pedestal, pointing eleven, was conviction: she turned from the right into a very large handsome eating-room, and proceeded through

through it to elegant drawing and withdrawing-rooms; the chairs were standing as they had been used the night before, and one wax-light was still burning in the socket of a girandole; she returned into the hall; the opposite side led to another suite of apartments, out of which a pair of glass doors, without shutters, opened into a beautiful park. Again she returned to the hall, and pushing back a double baize door, got into a passage which she thought led to the housekeeper's room; and before she was aware of her mistake, found herself in a spacious kitchen, opposite a door that led across a stable-yard into the park.

A maid-servant, who sat at the further end with breakfast before her, started as if she had seen something supernatural. Rosa apologized for her intrusion, and inquired for the housekeeper's apartment: the girl's strong white teeth were visible from ear to ear.

"Oh yez, I'll zhow thee thaten, ef thaten be ale; but, zhe's not gooten oop yet—nea, vor the matter o' that, zhe's gift gun to bed."

"To bed! What, has she been up all night then?"

"Anon?"

"Has she been up all night?"

The girl grinned in a manner so disgusting, that Rosa, turning away, ventured to cross the stable-yard to the charming park.

The grooms were the first beings she saw who seemed sensible of the approach to meridian. She was passing them,

them, when a young man, under twenty, with a fine unwashed face, matted brown hair, soiled linen, and ungartered hose, rushed out from one of the stables, and having overtaken her just as she gained the park, caught her in his arms, without any sort of ceremony, swearing, in a dialect as broad as the kitchen girl's, she was a pratty lass, and he would give voive shillings vor a boos.

Rosa, on whom the unhallowed touch of gross brutality had never before been laid, shrunk into nothing in his arms, and gasping for breath, in vain endeavoured to free herself from his Herculean grasp; Bruin swore it did not signify, vor he wud hae a boos, cost what it wud.

A middle-aged man, from whose habit Rosa hoped protection, appeared in sight.

"Save me, Sir," cried Rosa.

"Zounds! Sir Jacob," cried the parson, "is the devil in you? just under your mother's window!"

"Wounds!" Sir Jacob swore "he never thout o' that;" and, to the inexpressible terror of Rosa, was actually carrying her back to the stable-yard, in spite of her shrieks and struggles, when a movement in the window-shutter, pointed to by his companion, was the signal of escape, both for the man in black, and the youth in brown.

A lady demanded the cause of the shrieks which broke her rest.

Rosa,

Rosa, scarce respiring, was beginning to re-adjust her dress, when the lady repeated her question, with the addition of, "Who are you, child? what is the matter?"

Rosa, on raising her eyes, saw another shutter opening, and a younger lady appeared at it, who, as far as the countenance was the "tablet on which her thoughts were visibly characterized," seemed to be extremely amused at the scene; she was indeed in a convulsion of laughter, and it was a few seconds before she could speak.

"Opon my honour, Lady Lydear, that thon of yourth eth sa fine dathing fellow. Bleth me, Mith, you are a vath deal more frightened than hurt, I fanthy."

Lady Lydear was excessive sorry her friend was disturbed by that rude boy, and her friend lithped out entreaties her Ladyship would not trouble herself to make any apology, for that she had been vathly diverted; she, however, hoped all the Yorkthire damthels were not tho thoon frightened.

Lady Lydear again apologized for her son; but as to the young person (Rosa still stood trembling before them), she protested she knew nothing about her, nor could conceive who she could be, or where she could come from; however, her head would be actually distracted, "so good night, dear Lady Lowder."

As one lady's window closed at the end of this speech, the other lady dropped a fashionable bob, and shut her's.

Rosa, who had time to collect herself during this curious dialogue, looked fearfully round; one lady had wholly forgot the occasion of her being disturbed, the other's pretty lisp had made a joke of it; but the name of Lowder was of more serious import to her than any thing, except the Baronet and his "voive shillings." She retreated with all possible expedition into the house, and, by mere chance, found her way to the room where she had slept. Here, breathless with surprise and indignation, she again threw herself on the bed; the house seemed all mystery; the same stillness continued, except, indeed, about the stables, where the trampling of horses, yelping of dogs, and whistling of grooms, proclaimed mid-day.

The clock had struck three before light treads along the passage, and opening of the lower window-shutters, gave omen of living inhabitants; and soon after the servant, who lighted her to her chamber the preceding night, brought Mrs. Gerrad's compliments, and begged to know whether she would favour her with her company to breakfast in her room, or whether she chose to have it served in one of the parlours. She preferred the former, and followed the servant.

Mr. Morton, the respectable white-headed house-steward, a middle-aged butler, Mrs. Gerrad, and a young woman, highly rouged, dressed in a morning
3 robe,

robe, made and trimmed in all the extremity of the mode, were already seated when Rosa entered,

“With beauty truly blent, whose red and white

“Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on.”

Mrs. Waters was in the middle of a very accurate description of one of her lady’s *fêtes*, interlarded with instances of the high degree of favour in which she stood both with her Lord and Lady, all obliquely directed to her male auditors, who, though they were mere rustics, and both her seniors, were reputed rich enough to repay her attentions with something more durable than the favours of a Lord or Lady; but from the instant of Rosa’s appearance, *rouge*, dress, and anecdote were disregarded.

The old steward handed her to his seat at the upper end of the table; Mr. Butler placed a napkin before her; and Mrs. Gerrard hoped she had not suffered much from the fright she was sorry to hear the young Baronet’s wild freaks put her into in the morning.

“Fright!” repeated Mrs. Waters, measuring her with her eyes, and concluding, from her blushes, she was ‘nobody,’—“nonthense, the Baronet would not hurt a worm—tith hith way; Lord, if I wath to thet an alarum going every time he toucheth me!”

“I dare say,” answered the old steward drily, “that would be very often; but you are more used to such things, perhaps, than this young lady.”

Whether Mrs. Waters received the old man's answer as a compliment or a reproof, we must not depone; for

“ With the friends of vice, the foes of satire,
“ All truth is spleen; all just reproof ill-nature ;”

but conclude, not the latter, as she instantly recommenced the amusement she was giving them before the subject was started; and a real amusement it proved to Rosa; for of such fine sights, fine entertainments, and fine guests, as were constantly seen at Lowder-House, in town, according to Mrs. Waters's account, she had never before heard; and could she have given all her assurances implicit credit, it must have been a great consolation to hear that Lady Lowder wath the thweetest woman in the world, and that the Earl wath not near thuch a rattle ath the world believed him; to be thure, he did admire beauty, that he did—and who did not?

Mrs. Gerrad observed, she thought he must then be very happy, for Lady Lowder was a very fine woman.

“ Thertainly; and nobody could be more the rage. Thee thet all the fathionth; and indeed between leaving off petticoath and thtayth, going bare-necked, bare-armed, and almotht bare-legged, thee had like to have killed herthelf latht winter: however, every body followed her fathion; and now, ath nothing more could be done in dreth, exthept going thtark naked,

naked, thee ith bringing in the lithp. How do you like it, Mr. Morton? tith vathly admired, I athure you."

"I observe, young lady," replied the steward, "you have an unfortunate impediment in your speech; but I have not had the honour to hear her Ladyship lisp yet."

"An impediment, Mr. Morton! me an impediment! you are the first person—you, you are really very oddish, Mr. Morton; but you are quite mistaken, 'tis the fashion to lisp; my Lady does not pronounce the S this year; but you hear I have no impediment—S S S."

"Oh the unfortunate S! what has it done?" cried the good-humoured old man, winking both his rheumy eyes.

"Dear, Mr. Morton, you really talk quite nonsense; can't you understand me? I think I speak plain enough; it has done nothing; 'tis my Lady that does; and next year she may relent, and put an S into every thing."

Lady Lowder's bell happened to relieve her woman at that moment, and she hastened to answer it.

Mr. Morton now addressed Rosa, asked her opinion of the country, the weather, and such leading questions as would engage her in conversation.

After having said so much of our heroine's right mind, it may be needless to add she felt a particular propensity to reverence years—white hairs was a pass-

port to her favour which never failed in influence, except where the pained and sober eye retreated with disgust from the heterogeneous mixture of the follies of youth with what *should be* the gravity of age.

Mr. Morton had a little of the garrulity of seventy-three, without its tediousness or infirmities; "his age was a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly;"—he, any more than Mrs. Gerrad, did not tell our heroine in words, he felt the influence of that letter of recommendation she carried in her countenance, nor that he was charmed with the native sweetness of her manner; but his looks expressed a cordiality she could not mistake; and as the surest proof how worthy he thought her of being approved by the family, he was anxious she also should approve them.

"That young person," said he, speaking of Mrs. Waters, "is *not one of our family*; she is the prime minister of two contending powers, to each of whom, by her own account, she is of equal importance; if indeed she is as close an imitator of the vices of one, as of the follies of the other, God help her! She was lady's woman to the first Countess of Lowder, till her Ladyship, not having, perhaps, a predilection for servants who lived long in her family, or for some other better reason, thought proper to discharge her; but, on his Lordship's second marriage, he recommended the pretty Mrs. Waters to his Countess, who set out with such a determined resolution to make the very most of

of all *innocent* pleasures, that the constitution of one woman was absolutely inefficient to attend her. Mrs. Waters is therefore allowed a deputy, who sits up, and does the hard duty of the toilette alternately, except when the Countess travels without her Lord, which, to confess the truth, happens as often as she travels at all, when the pretty Mrs. Waters, being more conversible, and mistress, I believe, of more subjects to converse on than her colleague, rides in the carriage with her Lady."

Encouraged by the frankness of the venerable factotum, Rosa asked when the Countess arrived, and how long she was expected to stay?

"We understand from Mrs. Waters," answered he, winking both his eyes, "that her lady was actually on the point of having a terrible fit of the dolours when the Earl set off at an hour's notice for London, and consequently left his Lady at liberty to follow when she pleased, and she did please within that very hour. The noble couple never travel the same road; he goes by Newcastle, she by Carlisle."

"Does she visit here often?"

"Generally twice a year; going north, and returning."

"And my Lord?"

"Never, never; my late master was cousin to his mother; but since her death, which is now twenty, aye, twenty-five years ago, he has not been at the hall. Our lady indeed never visits; but Lady Lowder

is so good as to wave ceremony. And shall I tell you the truth, young lady? And won't you think the old man a cross cynic, young lady? No, you won't, I can see it in your pretty eyes, without my glasses; you can understand how it is that

“The foul's dark cottage, shatter'd and decay'd,

“Lets in new lights, through chinks that time has made;”]

and lowering his voice, “I'll tell you how it is: Lady Lowder, poor woman, finds it impossible to make two thousand a year answer all her separate expences; and so, having *particular objections to an inn*, visits all the way down and up from London to the north; you understand me young lady?”

Rosa could hardly tell whether she did or not, but altogether her mind misgave her this was no resting-place for her; the insult offered her by the young heir under his mother's window, spoke very little for the authority of the parent, or the dignity of the lady of the mansion; and an ill-governed house is never a safe asylum for a virtuous woman. It was hard necessity compelled her to seek her bread where she feared esteem and respect could not sweeten duty; that cruel motive still remained in even fuller force, since having troubled Lady Hopely for a recommendation: she remembered “the advantage we possess by the good offices of friends is a kind of sacred trust, wherein we have their judgment as well as our own character to maintain, and therefore to be guarded with peculiar attention.” But scarce the most trifling event of Rosa's life passed

passed without either involving her in some fresh difficulties, or shewing her others she had narrowly escaped; and one circumstance, equally remote from her rank, connexions, and imaginations, proved in this instance her peculiar blessing: had Lord Lowder happened to travel the same road, and with the same *prejudices against an inn* with his Lady, instead of being frightened at meeting his gentleman, who was sent to deliver some papers to the Countess, she would most likely have had the honour of a *tête-à-tête* with his Lordship himself. This idea made her shudder; and with a faint heart she presented Mrs. Parker's letter to Mrs. Gerrad, begging it might be delivered to Lady Lydear as soon as possible.

Mrs. Gerrad understood the purport of the letter, and wished from her soul it might succeed: "My Lady," she added, "is a worthy good woman; she has some few oddities, but——"

Mr. Morton interrupted her; he desired he might deliver the letter; he believed he should know what to say.

Rosa was anxious to have her credentials presented, though less solicitous about its success, than about the steps she must take if it failed: she had heard nothing of the young lady, but concluding she was her mother's companion, expected to be introduced to them together.

She asked at what hour it was likely Lady Lydear would be pleased to see her?

The old steward and Mrs. Gerrad looked at each other with a meaning Rosa could not comprehend ; at length, " Plain sincerity, young lady," said the old man, " is, and always will be, the best policy ; 'tis the natural bias of honest minds, and a certain indication not only of truth, but wisdom ; 'tis á rule I practise as much as *I can*. Our Lady lives out of all reasonable rule ; she sleeps all day, and rises when the world goes to rest ; she breakfasts at seven in the evening, dines at midnight, takes coffee at three in the morning, sups at five, and goes to rest at seven."

This was an inversion of time with a witness : Rosa was amazed ; " And this," asked she, " always ?"

" Constantly," Mrs. Gerrad said ; " which indeed was a reason why people of rank so seldom visited the hall, as none but the needy or obliged would sacrifice their health to her Lady's habits. Lady Lowder was almost the only exception she remembered ; but her Ladyship, having been obliged to keep tolerable hours in the north for want of companions to keep intolerable ones, declared herself delighted at being once more in a house where she could turn night into day."

" But what," demanded Rosa, " becomes of the children ?"

" Why, young lady," answered Morton, " that is the worst part of the story : the young Baronet will never be able to hold it ; he gets drunk by this custom twice in the twenty-four hours ; my Lady has at last,

last, at the young gentleman's own instance, got him a tutor, and he is now learning to write his name, so her conscience is easy about that. He dines with his tutor, the head groom, and game-keeper at two; staggers off to bed at five; rises again to dine with my Lady at twelve, and reels off again about two; but then he's often up again, and on horseback at five or six."

"But the daughter, Sir!" cried Rosa in a voice of apprehension.

Mr. Morton had nothing to say about her, poor child! but he should have some hope of living to see one of his dear master's children honour his memory, if so sweet a young lady took charge of her.

The best light in which these faithful servants could paint the arrangements of the family, was strongly discouraging to Rosa; she thanked them for their frankness, and, in expectation of an interview with their strange Lady, went to her chamber to alter her dress before the dinner hour in the house-keeper's room, chusing to associate with her till she was certainly fixed.

On passing the lobby she saw the hoiden, whose rudeness had annoyed her the night before, among a group of female domestics, handling the broom with uncommon dexterity; she saluted our heroine with a horse laugh, which was echoed by her companions, and so disconcerted her, that when she entered her chamber, the painful alternative of residing in a family.

so vulgar, eccentric, and disagreeable, or exposing herself to all the mortifications, distress, and insult to which poverty is subjected, drew a flood of tears from her eyes; and it was with a heartless, though nice, attention she finished her toilette, as no fond wish to gratify the admiring eye of virtuous friendship, no latent spark of vanity, no wish to please, nor hope of being pleased, lightened the short labour.

The clock struck; there was yet an hour before the dinner: she had not seen a book in the house, nor implements for writing; but as thought was hopeless, and of course painful, she rambled into several handsome open apartments, admiring the views through the windows; and at length, having crossed two of the most spacious, entered a large library, well stored with a great number of books in tolerable order and condition.

Pleased at a discovery that promised at least a short oblivion of anxiety, she reached a Spectator, and soon lost in one of Addison's charming visions all thoughts of Lady Lydear, her son, and even the unfortunate vicissitudes of her own life.

But the calm illusion was not suffered to last:—a smacking of whips, coarse laughs, and loud hoic hoics, with shrill hollows, preceded the entrance into the room of the same young man who had given her such undeniable proofs of stable-breeding in the morning, followed by his worthy tutor; their countenances
flushed

flushed with wine, and a stagger in their gait that made her tremble.

“So ho! so ho!” whooped Sir Jacob the instant he saw Rosa.”

“So ho! so ho!” echoed the tutor.

And Sir Jacob reeled towards her, swearing by jingo now he would ha a boos.

Dreading the brutal rudeness of an intoxicated being, who, in his sober senses had so terrified her, and seeing no other way to escape a second insult, she at once resolved to trust to her own agility, and his evident inability to overtake her; so fairly took to her heels, and had near gained the door, when her speed was impeded by running full against the Countess of Lowder.

When this lady shewed her divine face at the window in the morning, the distance, and the treble lace of her night dress, precluded a possibility of distinguishing features so closely enveloped; but here she stood in her own proper person, wife of the Right Honourable the Earl of Lowder, and youngest daughter of Sir Solomon Mushroom, Knight.

From the time when the death of Colonel Buhanun became an undoubted fact, the sun of our heroine's favour in the family of the Mushrooms proved “our friendships are mortal.”

No sentiment whatever had recalled to the minds of the fair and elegant Miss Mushrooms a single trait of the fondness they once professed for the pretty Rosa; although

although the impossibility of entirely forgetting how much they had been disgraced by even a school acquaintance with a little beggar, also proved "it is our enmities that never die."

Every former circumstance indeed now seemed to be forgotten by the beautiful Countess; and she stared at Rosa without betraying the smallest symptom of recollection. The latter was indeed increased in stature, and improved in beauty since her last interview with the Miss Mushrooms at Mount-Pleasant, when the then lovely girl was fast maturing into a more lovely woman;—the charms of Sophia Mushroom were, on the contrary, stationary, save only the milk of roses and liquid bloom from Warren's, with a reasonable increase of haughtiness and vanity from the rank of her husband; it was therefore quite as possible for the Countess of Lowder to have forgot the little Beggar, as it was certain the little Beggar perfectly recollected her Ladyship, who, however, was as much surprised to meet Rosa in the Baronet's library, as Rosa could be to meet her any where.

The lady of quality collected all the scorn and malignity with which her narrow heart abounded, into her countenance, for the good-natured purpose of looking little folks into nothing.

The heart of our heroine, on the contrary, was springing to her eyes; she turned short, and with a kind of April-day face, glowing cheeks, and agitated eagerness, extended both her hands, her mind animated with
a thousand

a thousand tender recollections of juvenile affection, and every feature animated with joy.

But the dignified deportment of the Countess of Lowder very opportunely repelled the approach of genuine friendship to a region where it was impossible that celestial plant could take root ; she cast a vacant stare at Rosa, and turned to the young Baronet,

“Rolling her charming eyes in spite,”

and looking

“Delightfully with all her might.”

Rosa felt hurt and abashed ; her Ladyship was superior to either ; she walked slowly on, took a Tasso from a shelf, and read with suitable emphasis from a folded page,

“ Oh ! could I press my faithful breast to thine,

“ And on thy lips my fleeting soul resign ;

“ So might we fainting in the pangs of death

“ Together mix our sighs and parting breath.”

“ That’s your sort,” cried Sir Jacob, looking at his tutor with a kind of corrected archness, who most obsequiously bowed to her stately Ladyship as she passed him out of the library.

Rosa, confounded, and indeed a little ashamed of her old friend, had no time to lose ; stupidity was fast changing to a more troublesome sensation. Mr. Jolter staggered off ; the Baronet was advancing, and again reduced to the necessity of seeking safety in flight, she had just gained her chamber, and shut the door, when he bounced against it, insisting on admittance.

Rosa

Rosa rung with violence, and again disturbed the slumbers of the lady of the mansion, who also rung, and her bell set every servant in the house in motion.

Rosa was now determined not to remain in a house where she was continually subject to insult and mortification, whatever might be the event; and on Mrs. Gerrad's enquiring the cause of the commotion, declared she would not give Lady Lydear any trouble, as she could not on any terms accept a situation in her family.

Mrs. Gerrad advised patience, and called the old steward to second her persuasions; but Rosa considering that, in addition to the worrying of a brute, she would be obliged to endure the scornful stare, and perhaps, what was worse, the society of her unfeeling school-fellow, persisted in her resolution, to the great mortification of both the respectable domestics.

Mrs. Gerrad's mother had many years filled the place to which her daughter succeeded at the hall; and Mr. Morton had been steward to three generations of the Lydears; he had acquired a competency in their service, which, far from alienating his affections, or abating his zeal for the family, endeared the one, and increased the other; he was anxious to retain Rosa, not only as he admired her, but as he conceived such an example and companion would be of the most important advantage to his young lady; and he now
went

went to Lady Lydear's apartment, full of vexation, resolved not only to relate, but remonstrate.

Lady Lydear, widow of the late, and mother of the present Sir Jacob, was a foreigner of family; she still retained an agreeable countenance, had a large jointure, and possessed great personals. The inversion of time, for which she never assigned a better motive than the old female one of "I will, because I will," was a very unfortunate trait in her eccentric character, as it not only deprived her of the society of respectable people of her own rank, but left her children open to low connexions and pernicious examples.

Sir Jacob had of himself insisted on the propriety of learning to write, without which he could not act as a magistrate, be returned to Parliament, or serve in the militia, all which, as his father, grand, and great-grandfather had done, he also resolved to do.

Miss Lydear had reached her seventeenth year, without shewing, on any one occasion, she considered herself as superior to the house-maids, her companions, by whose aid she had actually beat off with brooms a relation of her father's who attempted to rescue her from the vortex of ignorance and vulgarity into which she was sinking. A few months prior to this period of our Beggar's history, a young glazier, who was employed about the house, perceived something in Miss Lydear's disposition more brittle than the glass he was employed to repair, and communicated his discoveries to Mr. Grist, the baker.

Mr.

Mr. Grist was an honest Yorkshireman, who had no occasion to travel for information how to turn every thing to his own advantage; he conscientiously warned the old steward of the glazier, and instructed his own son how to profit by the silly lad's discovery.

Lady Lydear, though, as her daughter was such a mere baby, she had never thought of inspiring her with the smallest particle of self-respect, was enraged at the degeneracy of her propensities; and it was on that account she employed one of her most polite nocturnal companions, Mrs. Parker, to inquire after a proper person to unlearn Miss Betty some things, and learn her all things.

CHAP. IV.

Recommending Lady Lydear's mode of regulating a family to every rich widow, who wishes to get rid of a tall overgrown girl without the trouble of deeds and settlements.

MR. MORTON presented himself at Lady Lydear's bedside, with his spectacles in one hand, and Mrs. Parker's letter in the other, just as she was exclaiming
against

against the ungovernable state of her family, by which her rest had been twice so unseasonably broken.

Mr. Morton, nothing dismayed, delivered the letter; and, after a panegyric on the bearer, launched out into a severe philippic against both the young Baronet and his tutor, neither of whom, he protested, were worth the salt they eat.

The lady was too sleepy for argument; her son was very fond of her, very handsome, and had, besides, written a whole page of legible writing since the Rev. Mr. Jolter became his tutor; it therefore did not strike her how either could be so very worthless as old Morton protested they were;—however, as she knew the goodness of heart of the white-headed declaimer, and as his severity did not render her less disposed to think well of the person in whose praises he was so profuse, and who was recommended by her friend Mrs. Parker, she directed Rosa to attend her breakfast-table at ten, and turning her pillow, bid Morton good night.

The old man immediately repaired to Rosa, and conjured her not to stand in her own light; he would take care her salary should be handsome, and she should be protected from the Baronet, who, after all, was only a spoiled child.

“I have,” said he, “lived a few years, and seen a few things; I know you will do for us, and pray, my sweet new acquaintance, let us do for you. You don’t answer; I see you are not quite perfect, young lady;

lady ; obstinacy is an unnatural trait in a young character."

Whether the old orator was right in imputing obstinacy to our heroine or not, she accompanied him to the housekeeper's room, less disposed than ever to remain at the hall, but her invention on the rack, how to reach London in safety with so small a stock of money.

Eleven at night came, and she was desired to attend Lady Lydear's breakfast-table.

Rosa had, in preparing her mind for the interview, considered that, as some name would be demanded of her, she must at once either for ever renounce that of Buhannun, or resolve on continuing to retain it, in spite of the mortifications to which it might expose her. She had some doubts whether Lady Lowder did or did not recollect her ; should the latter, which she fervently wished, be the case, the name of Buhannun would bring the little Beggar as fresh to her recollection as even that of Wilkins, though she well remembered the last time the Miss Mushrooms visited at Mount-Pleasant, they had addressed her as "*Miss Wilkins*," with a precision which nothing but cold premeditated malice could dictate.

True, she had taken great pains to fortify her mind against local debasement, and flattered herself with success ; her conscious rectitude was un sullied, and she had as much true humility in her heart as falls to the share of any girl of eighteen ; but theory and practice

tice do not always mean the same thing with wiser and older heads than her's. Buhanun was a name she wished to drop, and Wilkins one, notwithstanding all her resolution, she blushed to take.

Rosa never wanted an adviser without being instantly transported in imagination to the burnside, with her whose wise counsels were engraven on her heart. It was the thought of the moment, "Walsingham," said she, "was a fictitious name; I cannot injure nor offend by *assuming* an *assumed* appellation; yes, I will bear the same name with the best of women; I shall be inspired by the virtue, and protected by the spirit of him to whose soul it was dear."

And no sooner had she so resolved, than a glow of animated fortitude seemed to lift her above the vain Countess, whom she rightly supposed would be with Lady Lydear.

She reached the breakfast-room without one dispiriting apprehension, and was announced, by her own desire, as Miss Walsingham.

Lady Lydear received her very graciously, and returned her easy curtsy by a polite bow; the footman reached a chair, and Rosa, on a motion from the lady, drew it close.

Lady Lowder was indolently lolling on a sofa, playing with a part of her decoration, for which, at the time Rosa was familiar with her, no mortal could suspect she would have occasion, namely, an eye-glass set with brilliants, and hung by a gold chain round her neck;

neck; she alternately put it to her eye, in order, we presume, to scrutinize the furniture, and poured cream into a saucer to feed her sweet pretty little black-nosed puggy, not for one second forgetting how infinitely beneath the dignity of a new-made Countess it was to bestow the honour of her notice on such a being as Rosa.

Lady Lydear's looks expressed the approbation she felt; and entering immediately on business, professed herself pleased with the person and manners of the young candidate for her favour, and obliged to Mrs. Parker for the recommendation.

Rosa was beginning to speak her gratitude, when the young person, who had so annoyed and disgusted her in the morning, and the preceding night, romped familiarly into the room. If the surprise of our heroine was visibly blended with disgust, the countenance of the young person was equally expressive of aversion; and the introduction of her, as the child whom her mother hoped Rosa would new model, was followed by such proofs of spirit, and mature knowledge of a certain description, as would have frightened Rosa from the undertaking, had she no other objection.

Miss Lydear had been apprized by her particular friend, the housemaid, that a Scotswoman was sent from Mrs. Parker to lock her up, make her read the Bible, and be false-hearted to young Mr. Grist; and she was heroically resolving to do neither one nor the other, at the same moment when Rosa was considering
on

on the most delicate manner of declining the situation, frankly confessing she felt herself inadequate to the undertaking.

"There's a goo now," cried Miss with a hoyden laugh.

Lady Lydear was both surprised and disappointed; but self-secluded as she had been for some years back from the world, she was not deficient either in observation or sense, when she could so far conquer habitual indolence and apathy as to make use of either;—the striking difference between the manners, not only of her own untaught daughter, but even the belle of fashion and those of our heroine, were greatly to the advantage of the latter; and she declared she could not accept a negative so repugnant to her wish without further consideration.

"That's a good one!" quoth Miss.

Lady Lydear blushed. "Your care of this neglected girl shall be amply——"

"Don't vex yourself about me, mamma; I warrant I've stuff enow about me to teak care of myself; ben't I as big as she?"

Again Rosa declared her utter incapacity.

"I shall consider the having so amiable a companion for myself as a ——"

"Ecod mamma's vound her tongue, and I'll voind my lags, vor I wunt be luck'd oop, I'll promise you thaten, and zoo here goes;" and away scampered Miss Lydear.

Lady

Lady Lowder burst into a fit of laughter, protesting her cousin was the greatest droll in nature—the very model of the Jordan, and she really must go and kiss the sweet creature.

Lady Lydear felt something more than drollery in “the sweet creature’s” behaviour; and having again endeavoured to prevail on Rosa to remain at the hall, at least for a trial, rung for Morton, to whom she consigned her, with such expressions of kindness and approbation, and such hope that he would have more influence on his favourite than she had, as delighted the old steward.

“Did not I tell you?” said he, winking both eyes, and stroking back his white locks as he led her down stairs. But though the good old man exerted all his powers of oratory; though he enumerated the advantages of living with so generous a woman as Lady Lydear; though he insisted on the certainty of the reformation of her daughter; and though he protested he should feel his own youth renewed in now and then being permitted to pay his respects to her; — the brutality of the son, the pride of the visiter, and the vulgar ignorance of the daughter, were objections too potent for all the eloquence of fourscore; and in despite of her almost empty purse, she determined on leaving a roof where, though in the abundance of wealth, it was impossible a mind like her’s could find content. She retired to her chamber, determined to proceed with that night’s coach; and since there was

no

no other resource, humble her mind to the necessity of her circumstances, and leave her portmanteau in possession of the coachman, till they reached London, where she would not suffer herself to doubt her troubles must have at least a suspension. This, out of innumerable expedients, which in the exigence of the moment occurred to her imagination, was the only feasible one; true, it subjected her to a momentary humiliation; she must confess her poverty, but it was in the direct way of business; her sensibility could not be wounded even by the caution of a stranger, and it was a measure far less mortifying than the studied contempt and affected forgetfulness of an old friend and companion.

Mrs. Gerrad very good-naturedly came to invite her to sup with her; and added, it indeed she was, as Mr. Morton informed her, resolved on going to London, she would meet a person, who was also on her journey thither, whose company would be some protection to so young a traveller, both from her age and her experience.

This was very acceptable news to Rosa; she gladly accompanied Mrs. Gerrad to her room, where she instantly recognized her acquaintance in the blue habit, to whose kindness she was so much obliged at the Rose Inn, and found her neck encircled by the arms of the little boy, who climbed on the table to reach her, with a vivacity at once joyful and affectionate. The woman, whose red face seemed to have undergone a fresh and

deeper dye since they parted, was rejoiced at a second meeting with so well-behaved a "young body," who was such "good company."

Mr. Morton hoped Rosa would not persist in her resolution, and Rosa hoped he would not give her the pain of refusing to comply with his wish, as her mind was positively made up to go immediately to London.

Mrs. Garnet was again rejoiced; she had now visited all her relations—cousin Gerrad was the last; and tired enough she was of going from place to place, like a wandering Jew, and indeed her good man was tired enough of being at home alone, and please God, she would only go in the stage from the hall to Sheffield, and then take a chaise all the way home; and if the young body would accept a part of it, without any preamble, why she was heartily welcome.

Rosa's heart bounded. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," was the daily proverb of honest John Brown; it recurred to her memory at this moment, and with it the almost forgotten friend of her youth; she gave a sigh to his memory, and secret thanks to Providence. She was now sure not only of decent company upwards of two hundred miles, but her purse would, in the offered conveyance, more than last the long journey. Thus relieved from the mortifying obligation of opening her circumstances, and asking forbearance of strangers, she thankfully accepted Mrs. Garnet's offer, and literally became such

such good company, that old Morton declared himself undone.

Mrs. Waters, as high rouged, feathered, and dressed as her Lady, seemed to have lost all relish for conversation; she had her netting and her badenoire, which she took up by turns. But though, as old Morton observed, she did not prattle, she lost not a sentence from those who did, and indeed condescended to be a part of the company for the sole purpose of observation.

Mrs. Gerrad, anxious to pay every possible respect to her London cousin, proposed cards, and Mrs. Garnet saying she liked a game of wix well enough, Mr. Morton challenged Rosa, and Mrs. Waters declining to cut in, the party sat down to a sixpenny rubber.

The old steward having just thrown down three honours at the calling point of the first game, was interrupted in the midst of his triumph by the sudden entrance of the young Baronet, followed by his shade in black.

The Rev. Mr. Jolter had a quick conception; he soon saw how deep an impression Rosa had made on his pupil; and hearing she was to be an inmate in the house, in which case he presupposed certain consequences of no less importance to himself than to the parties concerned; that is to say, he was willing to make himself *useful*, and resolved to be well paid for being

being so, he accordingly proposed this visit to the housekeeper's room.

Mrs. Gerrad rose with respect, Mrs. Garnet with confusion, Mr. Morton with gravity, Mrs. Waters to flirt with the Rev. Mr. Jolter, and Rosa to make her escape.

The Baronet was a little more rational than when he met Rosa in the library, and, notwithstanding his inebriety, remembered all that had passed; and feeling, for the first time in his life, the power of beauty, like his brother Cymon, civilized by love, said "Ef he droove the young lafs vrom hir company, he wud goo himzel."

Mr. Morton put on his spectacles in astonishment; here was not only a change of manners, but appearance: his young master, whose slovenly habits proved he considered, that "to make himself neat was but losing time in this world," had actually acquainted his face and hands with soap and water; his linen was clean, his hose gartered, his shoes japanned, and his fine brown hair, which had hitherto seldom been disentangled by any thing but the comb "*de la mam*" of Rabelais, was now dressed. The old steward, when particularly pleased, was in the habit of stroking back his white locks, and his venerable face was now prominent, unshaded by a single hair.

Mr. Jolter, with the assumed importance of little minds invested with authority, ordered every body to keep their seats; and with a look he intended to be very

very expressive, told Rosa she would not be so coy when she knew the Baronet better—an intimation little calculated to defeat her.

Sir Jacob, abashed by the scorn and indignation flashing from her eyes, drew back, and in a faltering voice, looking piteously at Morton, said, "Do ye noo bag hir to stop, wull ye; I wunt touch hir, ef she duont loik it, rot me ef I do; zoo noo do ye zay zoo, wull ye, mon?"

Morton convinced, by a change so brief, of the benefit the young Lydears would have derived from such a companion as our heroine, wished to remove the ill impression she had imbibed of the Baronet, and perhaps hoped, if that were effected, she would be prevailed on to rescind her resolution; he therefore begged she would finish the rubber, in the confidence no offence would be offered her; but Rosa had too lively and indignant a recollection of the rudeness both of Sir Jacob and his friend in black, to be on any terms with either.

Mr. Jolter, with a rude stare, and attempt at what he called fun, placed his back against the door, but Mr. Morton, whose anger was neither soon excited, nor easily appeased, was not to be trifled with; he insisted the young lady should be at perfect liberty to go or stay, as she pleased; and Jolter, with a very bad grace, let her pass.

The son of Mrs. Garnet, whose infantine liking of our heroine increased every moment, followed her to

her chamber, lamenting he was not a big man to fight that great fellow in the black coat.

Rosa had before fancied that the tones of this child's voice were perfectly familiar to her ear ; and on again attentively examining his round chubby face, flaxen hair, ruby lips, and the clear red and white of his skin, her eyes seemed to rest on objects of long acquaintance : it was the features, the complexion, and the voice of somebody she had known ; every time he spoke, every turn of his features was congenial to her mind ; but after scrutinizing, and recollecting till she was weary, she found it impossible to fix the resemblance, and was obliged to relinquish the idea as a chimera of fancy.

In the exhilarating hope of reaching London on a scale of expence suitable to her scanty means, and under some sort of protection, it was not in the power of Sir Jacob nor his companion entirely to unharmonize her mind.

"Yes," said she, emptying the small contents of her purse on the table, "it is Him, who feeds the young raven, and clothes the lily, who hath done this ;" and in her enthusiastic thankfulness, she bent her knees before the Power that protected her. The child, who continued earnestly to gaze on her, also knelt, and when she observed him, asked with a dimpled smile if he should say his prayers ? Rosa started ; the voice, the up-raised face spoke to her heart ; again she endeavoured to recollect.

"Your

"Your name, my dear, I think is——"

"Phil Philip Garnet; so is my daddy's; and what is your's?"

"Rosa."

"Rosa!" The boy capered for joy; "Oh! that is mammy's name; I'll go and tell her: Oh! I am so glad you are my mammy's namesake; do let me go and tell her, she will be so glad."

Rosa smiled at the child's vivacity, and having dismissed him, went to rest.

Mrs. Gerrad having, in respect to her London cousin, altered the hour of breakfast, Rosa was summoned at the moderate hour of ten, and early as it was, the pretty Mrs. Waters was also present; not indeed the voluble entertainer, but the gloomy observer of the company;—she haughtily bid the boy not be so noisy, he distracted her head.

Mrs. Garnet stirred her tea in no small agitation, when their attentions were called to a new object by the entrance of a house-maid, who, out of breath, declared that "Miss Bet was sartainly lopped along with Dick Grist, vor that hir had not been a-bed ale night lung, and sartainly hir had teaken Racheal Powers along, vor hir had gutter ale hir duds away."

Up started Morton and the housekeeper, jussling each other in their haste to reach Miss Bet's apartment; no Miss Bet was to be found; and, moreover, Dick Grist had loitered among the footmen till after Lady Lydear dined. Mrs. Waters withdrew to in-

form her Lady of this piece of family history, and the housekeeper, dreading the disturbance the event would raise in the family, hurried her visitors away to an adjacent farm-house, whither Rosa, anxious not to lose the advantage and convenience of Mrs. Garnet's company to town, would have followed, had she not been stopped by Mr. Morton.

"Stop, young lady, stop," said he; "*you* are here under my Lady's own authority; it is impossible one who behaves so well, and is withal so handsome, should not make enemies as well as friends; you have both, young lady, yea even under this roof, young lady; and if you sneak off as if you were guilty, who knows how soon you may be thought so, young lady."

"Guilty!" repeated Rosa, "guilty, Sir, of what?"

"Nay, nay, in troth I do not mean to offend, but you are guilty."

Rosa looked amazed.

"Very guilty; you make a riot in the men's hearts, yea, even in my heart; what will the women say to that? And then it will not look well for a stranger to enter a family just before the elopement of an heiress, and quit it just after; they may say you have a finger in the pie, young lady."

Had Rosa really been the contriver of Mr. Richard Grist's good fortune, and at this moment convicted
of

of stealing an heiress, she could not have looked more confounded.

It was only two nights since she heard herself accused of being privy and aiding to the ill conduct of one unfortunate young creature; and was she already liable to experience the same injustice on the account of another? She had not power, nor indeed time, to answer; for Lady Lydear's maid, a woman who, as in duty bound, was the exact copy of her Lady, and never stirred from her own, or her Lady's apartments, had thought proper to be so much grieved, and so vociferous when the house-maid rapped at her door with the news of "Miss Bet's loppment," that she disturbed her Lady, who immediately arose, and left her chamber, followed by her servant, who wept, wrung her hands, beat her bosom, scolded, railed, and lamented, echoing her Lady's tones, and imitating her manner, as she traversed the apartments till they reached Mrs. Gerard's, where also they were joined by the Countess of Lowder and the pretty Mrs. Waters.

Lady Lydear's temper was easy when she was kept perfectly pleased; which, for a woman who had so many whims, and so much money, was not, it must be owned, so hard a task as might be expected; but when ruffled by anger, or attacked by misfortune, no lady could be more furiously impatient. Her voice now resounded through the whole large house; she accused every creature she saw with being a party in her daughter's imprudence, and threatened to have

them all hanged, cost what it would; at length, exhausted by ravings, which at once proved the strength of her passions, and the imbecility of her mind, she threw herself on a chair, and burst into tears.

The old steward and housekeeper now advanced to offer humble consolation, but again retreated to give way to the pretty totter and thoft lithp of the Countess, who gave it as her decided opinion, that her thweet couthen, poor Mith Betty, had been frightened into her ruin by the dithagreeable countenance of the woman who thee wath told wath to have the government of her; for that, poor thing! thee had vowed with tearth in her eyeth to Waters, thee could not abide her.

Lady Lydear, in all the impatience of self-accusing sorrow, cast a look of interrogation on Waters, who, advancing to confirm her Lady's assertion, was rudely pushed back by Sir Jacob Lydear, now, to the great terror of Rosa, one of the council.

Sir Jacob swore that was all his eye, "vor az to the countenance of the las, it cud not witen any liven zole, zeeing as how twor the coomliest in ale the coonty, and moor liken a leady than ony he iver zeed, liven or ded."

"So, Ma'am," said the penetrating Countess, piqued into compassion for the discarded S, "you will respect *my* opinion another time; you may else have your son follow his sister's example; for my part, I shall not be at all surprised to find this *comely* person,

person, with her two names, was not only the occasion, but the contriver, of my poor cousin's ruin."

Lady Lowder suddenly stopped at this period of her speech;—happening to cast her fine eyes in the direction towards the place where the astonished Rosa stood, she met the expressive glance of her, who, of all God's creatures, looked least likely to plan or participate a bad act, her Ladyship actually blushed; and as Rosa, bold in conscious innocence, drew nearer Lady Lydear, she retreated towards the young Baronet, who, impatient of any thing that obstructed a full view of the charms he admired, pushed directly before her.

"Brute!" said her Ladyship; "do you, Ma'am, (to Lady Lydear) countenance this? will you authorize an insult to *me*, on behalf of an artful low creature, who has her bread to get, or——"

Again the calm indignant glance of the poor low creature silenced the Countess.

Lady Lydear, irritable from conscious error, and suspicious of every thing, roughly demanded of Rosa whom she was? where she came from? where going when met by Mrs. Parker? who and what were her parents? their names and situation? and, lastly, her reasons for introducing herself to Mrs. Parker by one name, and to her by another?

At the conclusion of these interrogations, Rosa looked full at the Countess, and saw, in the triumph of her eyes, that her Ladyship's recollection was as

clear as her own; but though the thoughtlessness of adopting a different name from that on the address she had given Mrs. Parker did not credit her policy, it was an error of the head, which, though it left no culpability on her heart, could not be defended without mortifying references to a part of her history it would answer no purpose now to explain. She had good sense enough to distinguish between the explanation due to Lady Lydear, and that which the cool malice of the Countess was eagerly waiting for; but literal answers to the several questions propounded by the former, however gratifying to the latter, wounded neither her pride nor sensibility, and she replied without hesitation, "That she was, as Lady Lowder rightly said, a poor creature, who had her bread to get; that she was travelling from Scotland, on her way to London, when she met Mrs. Parker."

"Scotland!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Well, Lady Lowder," said the Baronet, "nobody axes you any questions, so you need not be in zitch a hurry; can't you let the lasß speak vor hirzel."

Rosa proceeded to say, that the poverty of her parents was all she knew of them, and that her motive for changing a name she was not conscious of having dishonoured, for one by which she had not before, she confessed, been known, was to avoid a mortification from which, however, she had not had the good fortune to escape.

As

As it was impossible Lady Lowder could misconstrue the look and manner in which Rosa concluded her answers to Lady Lydear, she had nothing for it but patting little Puggy, and humming an Italian air, while Lady Lydear, who had sense and penetration enough to know, the mind which could submit to such humble avowals, must have internal support, eyed our heroine with silent admiration.

Rosa calmly waited to give opportunity for any further inquiry Lady Lydear might please to make, and then, gracefully curtsying, retired, followed by Sir Jacob to the hall, where the still-room-maid waited, by Mrs. Garnet's desire, to conduct her to Shawford farm.

Sir Jacob's persecutions, though in a humbler strain than what he had before used, made her anxious to join Mrs. Garnet, in the hope that she would immediately set out on her return to London; but that good body had other matters in her *head*; she had been so frightened at the idea of encountering the anger of a "my Lady," and had made such haste to escape from it, that she was under the absolute necessity of asking the farmer's wife for the *least drop* of spirits in the world; the dame fetched out her long-stored case-bottle of brandy; but such was the frustration Mrs. Garnet declared herself to be in, that first, second, and third drop were insufficient to allay the ferment in her blood; and she had taken so
many

many of the *least drops in the world*, she was now unable to speak plain.

This was a sight no less new than disgusting to Rosa; she recoiled from an object so disgraceful to womanhood with abhorrence, and her modest cheeks were tinged with the deepest glow of shame at the recollection that, circumstanced as she was, she must be considered as the avowed companion of the now almost insensible Mrs. Garnet.

Sir Jacob, on the contrary, was never more delightfully amused; and Mrs. Garnet, with that spirit of liberality which often distinguishes the votaries of intemperance while under the inspiration of their god, offered him a glass, which he drank off, and then sat down "gift vor vun, to zee how vuddled the owld deame wud make hirzel."

The farmer's wife, who, on the contrary extreme, could not taste a drop of any sort of liquor, no not, as she said, to save her life, would have been well disposed to clear her house of such a guest; but the presence of Sir Jacob, and the request of Mrs. Gerrad, were ties on her hospitality she dared not disregard: she however saw in our heroine's countenance an abhorrence of inebriety at least equal with her own, and civilly invited her to another room, while Sir Jacob amused himself by saying "gift to zee how vuddled the owld deame wud make hirzel."

But there was no "zeeing the vun" without now and then taking a drop with the "owld deame;"

so

so by the time Mrs. Garnet tumbled off her chair, Sir Jacob was calling manfully about him for "the pratty las, zustir Bet's tutress," and the little boy vociferating with no less harmony for mammy's name-fake, to come and help poor mammy up.

Rosa had manifested great presence of mind, and no small degree of fortitude when before Lady Lydear in her own mansion, where she reigned paramount, and we have seen that even the scornful investives of a Peerefs could not intimidate her; but of that sort of courage necessary to brave either a rude or in-oxicated man, she was entirely destitute. With earnest terror, she implored protection of the farmer's wife, who promised to stand by her to the last drop of her blood; but the Baronet was her landlord, whom she had never contradicted in her life: he insisted on speaking to the pratty las, and insisted too on putting a golden guineau into her hand; and whether her courage, like Acre's, oozed out, or the gold oozed in, or whether conscience took her landlord's part, certain it is, she was taken in such an "odd comicalish zort of a woiy, she was vored to goo to the doore gist vor a mouthful of air."

Nothing, it is agreed, is bolder than cowardice in despair: Rosa could now have no hope from the farmer's wife, and she had seen no other being in the house; so affecting courage, while almost choaked by the palpitation of her heart, she fixed a steady eye on the enemy, and waited the attack.

Sir Jacob, though reeling, had his hat on his thumbs as he advanced one step, and retreated two.

"Have you any business with me, Sir?" asked Rosa, with a gravity of mien and utterance that would have struck good sense dumb; but as "it is the gods only who can inspire the wisdom of silence," and as the gods had at this time nothing to do with Sir Jacob Lydear, a broad grin, which displayed the whole of his white teeth, prefaced a declaration of love, such as it was.

"Why yeez, young woman, I can't zay but what I hae a leetle zorte of a bit of caffion, if zo be az you ben't zoo crofs, vor I be desperdly teaken with you; and Jolter—you do know Jolter—he do zay az you'll be desperdly teaken with me too, only you be sheame-faced, when you do know what a vine vorten I hae gotten; but I am nut zitch a keak az to believe ale he do zay ouden a buk, and zu here iz the lang and the fhart of the matter: mioother may tauk az zhe do loik abooten geten me a woife liken oor coofin leady, but rot me if I wudn't zooner goo to statue, and teake a leady ooten a market pleace; and az to thaten painted Jezebel Waters, zhe wun't do vor the North, noo vaith! vor ale zhe thoft to coom over me with hir Lunnun slang;—ecod, if zhe loiks me, zhe's in a despered woiy, I tell hir bot that; vor there's a zartan parson noot a moile off thizen here pleace, az I do loike hir leetle vinger better nor zhes whool body."

"Have

“Have you any business with me, Sir?” repeated Rosa.

“Do ye noo have a bit of patience, wull ye? I am cooming hoame to point az vast az I con, ben’t I? zoo now, d’ye zee, I be moinded to teaken my own advice; for az to Jolter zaying I must teake you into kipeen, and zu, when mootheer has gooten a woife ready, and vitten to meake a leady, zend you packen. Ecod! there’s not a man in ale Yorke need be ashamed to call you woife: I do loike you desperdly, and zu there’s the lang and the shart on’t.”

“What is all this to me, Sir?” interrupted Rosa, glowing with indignation at the grossness of that part of his language she could comprehend.

“Why noo donte be zoo crows, I’m gwain to tell ye, ben’t I? You be so pratty, that I—coom noo duont ye luk zoo curfed glum; I’d gie, by jingo! I’d gie the sorrel crop, and zhee cost me two hoondred poonds, vor one boos.”

Sir Jacob advanced; the brandy was potent, the squire athletic; and what would have become of our trembling heroine at this moment (the gods, who manage all such critical matters, alone know), had not some gentlemen, who were passing, asked for a glass of Dame Shawford’s whey.

The sight of a decent dressed woman in a state of senseless intoxication, was, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, so equally strange and disgusting, that Mrs. Shawford’s ruddy countenance received a heightened tint

tint from the astonished looks of her guests; instead of fetching the whey, she smoothed her apron, and evinced her solicitude to clear her own character from the disgrace of such a connexion, by assuring their honours, "the pore zilly bodi war nothen at ale to she; zeeing az how hir wur a Lunnuner coomed to theezn parts to zee houzkeeper at hall."

Dame Shawford would have proceeded in vindicating the sobriety of her own character, which ignorant people do sometimes think a little hurt by bad company, had not the attention of the gentlemen been diverted by the sudden appearance of an elegant young weman, whose deranged dress, confusion, and terror proved Dame Shawford had company in her house more disgraceful than even the "pore zilly bodie" on the floor.

We have always given the reader to understand our heroine was very beautiful, and beauty, every body who read novels know, always appears most captivating on occasions like this;—what is meant by "occasions like this," will be understood by the gentle Misses who are the support of the Goddess of Wisdom—in Leadenhall-street,—when they are informed it was at this precise critical minute the hero of this history surrendered his heart to the sovereign of its fate—our little Beggar.

No mouse, escaping from the griping claw of a merciless grimalkin, ever panted with more terror, or looked round with more anxious solicitude for some
little

little corner to hide, than did our poor heroine, when she broke from the loving arms of Sir Jacob Lydear: her panting bosom, dishevelled hair, and pale cheek, as she rushed into the room in the moment Dame Shawford was defending the credit of her house, engrossed all the attention of the gentlemen; one of whom sprung forward, and caught her in his arms, just as the sight of her brutal lover, who immediately followed, rendered her nearly as insensible as the "zilly bodie" on the floor.

Sir Jacob, notwithstanding the fumes of liquor, had penitence as well as passion in his looks; and the fear of losing the object of his first attachment was visibly blended with his desire of possessing her.

"Coom, coom noo," cried he, in an accent half whining, "duntee be cross; wull ye hae me? do ye noo gie me your hond opont, an I'll goo vor a loizens, an make ye my woife, in spite of moother's teeth; coom, coom, Coptin, let the lasg goo, con't you? what d'ye hauld her zoo vast vor? hir can staund, mon, othout hauling."

The gentleman, who not only continued to support our heroine, but extended his right arm, as a kind of guard from the touch of the Baronet, was neither young nor handsome, neither was he, as we presume our young readers expect, the person whose heart, at this period, was enslaved by the charms of the affrighted Rosa; he was, on the contrary, a hardy rough-looking man, about fifty; but had he been
ever

ever so young, so handsome, so susceptible, or so addicted to falling in love, he could not have been more attentive to the lady, or more exasperated against the savage, whose looks and trembling anxiety proved the sort of insult he had offered her.

The companions of this gentleman were a tall venerable-looking person, in the undress uniform of a naval commander in chief, and an elegant young man, whose manly, handsome countenance spoke the interest he felt for the lady, and who had now run for a glass of water to keep her from fainting.

It was not without several efforts to tear Rosa from her protector, and a volley of stable-oaths, that Sir Jacob quitted a place where he had indeed no power to remain, the commands of the old gentleman being supported by the middle-aged and the young one, all of whom he knew to be respectable.

In the meantime our heroine recovered; and on looking round, encountered a pair of eyes as expressive and as brilliant as her own, beaming with benevolent kindness and repressed curiosity.

If these eyes had any other expression in them, it was such as was *only perceived* by Rosa, who certainly did recal her hasty glance, and fix her own on the ground in a manner so sudden, so new to herself, that it was some time before she could again venture to look at her other protectors, whose ardent gaze, though they were much more calculated to inspire respect, one from his great age, the other from his
active

active kindness, she could meet with less embarrassment.

The old gentleman, with the air and manner of a courtier of Queen Ann's reign, put his broad-brimmed laced hat under his arm, and approaching Rosa, congratulated her on her escape from the Yorkshire *Orson*. The middle-aged person, who had now relinquished his fair burthen, took out a massy silver tobacco-box, and having deposited part of its contents between his teeth and under-lip—"Yes, Admiral," said he, "'twas a fair gale that blew us to this quarter; the little shallop would have been fairly run down by that clumsy lugger."

"The lady," replied the Admiral, raising his venerable figure quite perpendicular, "was certainly in very impolite hands."

Rosa attempted something like thanks; but again encountering the afore said pair of expressive eyes, the words died on her lips, and she, for the first time, felt herself at a loss in well-bred company.

"But," proceeded the Admiral, "I profess nothing surprises me so much as to find so elegant a young person under the same roof with two such—"

As he spoke, he placed his eye-glass in the direction towards the snoring Mrs. Garnet.

Although this gentleman was a seaman of seventy years standing, "whose services were his patrons," a nice regard to every minutia of politeness and etiquette was a leading trait in his character, even on
the

the boisterous element on which his life had principally passed; he saw the blush on Rosa's cheek, and his own faintly glowed with confusion for having *abashed* a woman. He apologized, and his apology more embarrassed her; he entreated her pardon; he had certainly, he confessed, grossly expressed a sentiment raised by the interest he had the honour to feel in her safety, which could only be insured by her permitting him to escort her to her friends.

"Oy, oy, Madam," joined the gentleman with the tobacco-box, "we'll not part company till we convoy you into safe moorings; that *whorson*, as the Admiral calls him, won't give up the chace; he may bear down upon you again if you have nobody to keep a look out."

"Allow me, fair lady," rejoined the Admiral, holding his hat with one hand, and having first consecrated the other with a kiss, offering it "to have the felicity of waiting on you."

Rosa had yet only uttered confused monosyllables; the young gentleman's earnest and silent attention confused her as much as the formal politeness of the old one, or the blunt kindness of his friend.

Never before, since the first dawn of embellished reason, had she associated with a being of depraved mind or vulgar manners;—it was not her situation, nor her humble rank in life, which were difficult to explain; but while the old Admiral was anxious to pay her the respect, he took it for granted, she deserved,

deserved, she felt the most inconceivable reluctance to discover she was even the casual companion of the intoxicated being, so justly the object of disgust and contempt.

Mrs. Garnet's boy now ran to her, begging her to come to his mammy, who was her namesake; and finding she neither answered nor motioned to go, hid his face in her clothes, and wept.

Back started the old gentleman, as if he had been bit by some venomous reptile; he looked at Mrs. Garnet, then at Rosa, at Mrs. Garnet again, and lastly directed an interrogative glance to Dame Shawford.

"Eez, Zur," said the dame, perfectly comprehending him, "thay be ale a lungen to the same coompany."

A dagger struck to Rosa's heart could not have more seriously hurt her; had no other eye but her own witnessed it, her cheek would have crimsoned with shame at the sight of a woman in Mrs. Garnet's present condition—how then must it affect her, when, by a combination of unfortunate circumstances, she was implicated in her misconduct; it was in vain she essayed to speak; the dignified mien of the old Admiral, the astonished look of his friend, and the earnest glances of the young gentleman, confounded and embarrassed her.

The boy continued obstinately to hide his face in the coat of her habit; tears rolled down her cheeks,
and

and she threw herself on the seat of the antique window, exhausted with shame and vexation.

The Admiral, with all his politeness, levelled his eye-glass directly at her face; the tears, however, which he by that means discerned, affected him.

"'Tis a fine boy," said he, attempting to pat the child's head, "is it?—no—it cannot be——"

"Let's look at thee, my hero," said the other gentleman, endeavouring to drag him forcibly from Rosa.

The boy had fine lungs; he made the house ring.

Mrs. Garnet gave a kind of hollow groaning sign of existence; the Admiral hobbled out, leaning on his gold-headed cane; his friend stopping both his own ears, after hollowing in Mrs. Garnet's, followed; and Dame Shawford, disappointed of the piece of silver she was in the habit of receiving from the Admiral for her whey, carried it back to the dairy in very ill-humour.

Scarce did Rosa dare to raise the long lash of her eyes as the two gentlemen departed; still less did she dare encounter the gaze of him who, transfixed to the spot on which he stood, still remained.

"May I be permitted, Madam," said he, in a low voice, "to ask if you live in this country?"

"Noo, Lord! why thay be travellen voke," answered Dame Shawford.

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He gave her a look that returned her to her dairy, and repeated his question, to which, after a moment's hesitation, he received a cold and single negative.

"Do you leave it soon?"

An affirmative as cold.

"Are you safe from the further insult of the young man who—"

From the moment Rosa's fear of Sir Jacob subsided, she had been so entirely occupied by her feelings, on account of the company in which she was found by people for whom she felt an involuntary impulse of respect, that fear was entirely absorbed in shame, and Sir Jacob no more thought of than if he was not in existence; but it now recurred as a most serious evil that he had sworn, at his departure, he would "ha hir."

She was alone, helpless; and the moment the person who now took the trouble to concern himself in her safety followed his friends, might be exposed even to worse insults than those she had so recently escaped.

"Good God!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "what a situation am I in!"

"If," said Mr. Montreville, "you will favour me with your commands, you will infinitely oblige me; will you direct me to your friends?"

"Friends!" repeated Rosa, with an air at once moving and graceful, direct you to *my friends!* Ah!"

fighing deeply, and at that instant her thoughts reverting to the Colonel and Major Buhanun, "where are they?"

Mr. Montreville changed colour; he saw before him a woman whose beautiful and intelligent countenance both attracted and interested him, and he found himself irresistibly impelled to admire her. The sentiment he conceived for her was perfectly new; he gazed on her face with transport; yet he was far more pleased to discover in it the lineaments of innocence and candour, than he could have been to receive the voluptuous smile of invitation; he wished to know her, but he wished to know her worthy; yet so strangely was she situated, so mysterious were her manner and words, that he hardly dared to credit the modesty of her countenance;—and then the horrible woman! the companion of such a creature must be, what indeed must she not be! he considered and reconsidered; at length, "How long," said he, "do you remain in this house?"

Rosa had also been considering; she recollected the danger to which she would perhaps be exposed the instant this gentleman left her; the embarrassing events which had succeeded each other so rapidly since her departure from Edinburgh, might be followed by others equally embarrassing and more dangerous as she drew nearer London, should she attempt to proceed by any other conveyance than the regular stage. Sir Jacob Lydear, equally her terror and dislike, might follow

follow her unprotected steps—he might even endeavour to prevent her taking the only safe conveyance. This gentleman was, it is true, as little, nay less known to her than Sir Jacob ; but his countenance, his manners, his company, were at least sureties for a cultivated mind ; if he was the man of honour he appeared, and would put her into the coach when it passed, (for she no longer thought of Mrs. Garnet's protection) his rank, which the respect of Dame Shawford evinced, would enforce that care, and those little attentions which a woman, quite unknown and unaccompanied, needed in such a journey ; at least she would reveal her situation, and be guided by his behaviour as to the limits of her confidence. Her answer to his question was a frank avowal of her distress ; and her natural good sense superseding the transient confusion which had enveloped her faculties, she took courage to ask that protection it was now his anxious wish to offer.

Except from the warm spirit of universal philanthropy, which in some few minds greet congenial virtues with excess of pleasure, and mingle tears over human frailty, it would be difficult to ascertain the source of that benignant joy which now lighted up the fine features of Mr. Montreville.

“ You are not then the companion of that woman ? ”

Rosa blushed, not at the question, for it was a natural one, but the manner in which it was put, and the interest it implied in her answer.

The acquaintance, she said, was a mere travelling one, whom she first met at an inn, and after at the house of Lady Lydear; and having no suspicion of the poor woman's unhappy propensity, she had thought herself fortunate in meeting a fellow traveller of her own sex, whose age and experience would be a sort of protection.

Mr. Montreville, though pleased at the frank manner in which she accounted for a connexion so apparently degrading, felt a pang of regret when he understood he was to feast his eyes and heart in her charming society no longer than that one day. He asked Dame Shawford what time the London coach passed, in a manner that shewed the strongest interest in the question, yet fixed his eyes on Rosa's face, as if totally regardless of the answer.

Dame Shawford, awed into silence by the frown of the young gentleman, had been thinking it was very hard to be deprived of the liberty of speech in her own house; and no sooner was an opening allowed her, than she began to wonder what "wur coomed of Madam Gerrad, who had promised to coom and luk ater her freens, but vor zartain hir wud be daunted vor to zee the zilly bodie zoo mutch overtane; and az to the cuoch, why hap it mout be vul, and hap not; but az to that, what in the neame of vortin cud be
dun

dun with the pore zilly bodie, if zo be as zhe wur gotten to bed, happen she wut getten zoober afoar the cuoch coomed."

Dame Shawford's proposition was an appeal to decency Rosa could not resist; she offered her assistance, the dame called her maid, and between them they got Mrs. Garnet up stairs, and left her snoring on a bed. Mr. Montreville had, in the meantime, been amusing himself with the boy, whose artless tale confirmed Rosa's account of the commencement of her acquaintance with his mother; and whether it were this, or the heightened beauty which the little exercise raised in her cheeks, time will determine, something had certainly increased her interest in his heart during the short absence; he rose to meet her with a tenderness as unstudied as unexpected, and after leading her to the seat she had left, besought her to accept his protection till she was out of the reach of further insult; in order to which, he proposed sending for his chaise, and escorting her on horseback as far as she would permit him.

Rosa felt all the kindness of this offer; but it nevertheless occurred to her, that putting herself in the power of an entire stranger, might be to avoid one evil by running into another; she therefore could not accept, and was at a loss how to decline, his offer. If ever Rosa was ungraceful, it was at this moment; but Mr. Montreville's was a capacious and intelligent mind; he saw her downcast eyes were fraught with
F 3 meaning,

meaning, and recollecting that the honour of those sentiments, and the delicacy of those motives which prompted him to make the offer, were known only to himself, frankly corrected his own want of thought.

Rosa! what became of poor Rosa, when a mind so delicate, so sensible, and so honourable, broke on her with fresh lustre every time he spoke; and when she dared look up, and beheld a fine oval face, where bright dark eyes and animated eye-brows, fine teeth, regular manly features, and strong expression, mellowed by sensibility, well atoned for the absence of the rose and lily in his clear brown complexion, added to a form, whose every graceful attitude might vie with Apollo of Belvidere; and was it then only during the few hours that would elapse before the stage passed, she would see and converse with a being so every way amiable?

A silence, more expressive than words, was broken by the farmer's invitation to "zitch az they had, thof to be zure they had nothen vitten vor young zsqwire."

Rosa declined his civility, but would thank Mrs. Shawford for a dish of tea after her dinner, and would, in the meantime, walk into the corn-field before the house.

Mr. Montreville made many efforts to draw her into conversation; but an unusual weight oppressed her spirits, and a confusion of ideas, no less painful than embarrassing, kept her almost uniformly silent.

He

He adverted to Lady Lydear and her family ; spoke of her eccentricities with some compassion, of the injury they were of to her children with more ; pitied the imprudent girl, though nothing better was to be expected from the companions she was allowed to have ; the young man he could no longer pity—no, he could only hate him for having dared—

Mr. Montreville stopped, and Rosa was still silent.

He proceeded to say, that although, if she had remained at the hall, some happy chance might have given him the honour of being known to her, he could not regret her removal from so unpleasant a family.

Rosa curtsied.

He continued, “ My grandfather, the old officer you saw, does not visit Lady Lydear, although their estates join.”

Rosa no longer looked “ into the earth.” Mr. Montreville could not be more anxiously curious in regard to her than she felt at this moment about all which related to him ;—estates and grandfather ; alas ! these were blessings she knew not.

“ The young man has once or twice dined at the Grange ; I then thought he might have been improved, had he not been put into such hands as his tutor.”

“ A tall disagreeable man,” said Rosa, “ with a loud imperious voice, and staring black eyes ?”

Pleased at having at last drawn an answer, he replied, she had well described him. He could not comprehend how such a person could be engaged for the improvement of a young man with sense enough to feel his own deficiencies: he was so complete a mixture of pedantry and vice; had so much knowledge of the world, and so little principle; was so great a hypocrite, yet so daringly immoral, that it was to be feared a young man of strong passions, with large fortunes in possession and reversion, would not come out of his hands mended in mind or circumstances.

Rosa entirely coincided with Mr. Montreville in opinion and sentiment; but though she grew less embarrassed, would have been a much better pleased listener to more of the Grange family anecdotes.

Returning to the house, Mr. Montreville hoped their acquaintance, though begun in such unpleasant circumstances, would not terminate here, but that he should be honoured with her address in London.

This was not the first instant it occurred to Rosa she had no home, nor, though so anxious to reach London, sure of a single friend there; but it certainly was the first time she felt a desire to conceal her real circumstances from any being whose esteem she desired to cultivate; it was her wish to make a grateful return for Mr. Montreville's politeness, without confessing to what a destitute being it was offered; again she

she coloured, hesitated, and felt a want both of breath and words.

“Perhaps,” said he, regarding her attentively, “you are under the protection of friends, to whom it will not be convenient to announce me?”

Rosa was dumb.

“I dare not press you, Madam,” he continued, with a mortified look; “but if I must not be favoured with your address, will you do me the honour to receive mine?”

Still Rosa was silent.

“I make no empty professions when I declare I shall be zealous to serve or oblige you.”

Rosa, chusing at this moment rather to look on any other object than the amiable speaker, turned her face towards the house, at the door of which Dame Shawford stood beckoning her to come in, and she hastened, rather to conceal her emotion than to obey the summons. He however put his card into her half-reluctant hand, and had but just reached the Dame's best tea-table, when Mrs. Gerrad joined them, too full of the disturbance at the hall to recollect with whom she familiarly seated herself.

She began to lament the imprudence of Miss Betty; but Mrs. Shawford cut her short with anecdotes of imprudence nearer home, even in her own London cousin.

When Mrs. Gerrad, who was the pink of all kind of regularity, heard of Mrs. Garnet's inebriety, and

understood her present situation, she first looked round on the witnesses of her implied disgrace, and seeing a strange gentleman, for Mr. Montreville's person was not known to her, became as anxious to disclaim the connexion as Mrs. Shawford herself had been.

"My cousin!" cried Mrs. Gerrad, with a peevish and disdainful toss of her head, "no, she thanked God, she had no such relations; the woman was married to a kinsman of her deceased husband's, and plague enough he had with them both for many years—no end to his trouble and expence. People might talk of London, but Jabel was an industrious man in the country; nay, for that matter, so was his wife; but all sorts of ruination followed them in London, till poor Jabel listed for a soldier, and took his wife with him over sea, where he, poor soul, was soon killed, when some fool of an American, with more money than wit, married his widow, and as soon as it was peace, comed over to England. The foolish woman had been round at all her own and her first husband's relations, and indeed behaved very well to all who had formerly served her; the hall, Mrs. Gerrad added, was the last place she stopped at, and brought a present of a very handsome silver cream-pot with her, though it was more than she desired; indeed she thought the unhappy creature was quite reformed, but poor Rose Wilkins was no changeling."

The tea-cup dropped from Rosa's hand; she had felt herself uncommonly interested in the history

Mrs. Gerrad's pride impelled her to give of her London cousin, without the remotest presentiment it could at all affect her; but "Rose Wilkins," a north country dissolute woman; her husband a soldier, who took her abroad; the name too well remembered, the circumstances too exact, and the character too just, to admit a shadow of doubt; no wonder the child's voice and features were so familiar to her, and that his mother's own face had struck her as one she had before seen; for in the intoxicated Mrs. Garnet, the woman her relations were so anxious to disclaim—her for whom, as a being of her own sex, she had so deeply blushed, who at that moment lay in a state abhorrent to decent women, and despised by all descriptions of men, even in her did our poor heroine recognize the mother who abandoned her at Penry.

So sweet, so soothing, so ultimately full of comfort is the parental tie to those who, like our Beggar, are thrown at large on the world, that though the utmost effort of memory could not retrace one instance of parental tenderness, the favourite object of Rosa's fancy was a meeting with her parents, and both her waking and sleeping thoughts had often stripped them of their rags, reformed their evil habits, and restored them to that rank in virtuous society in which her glad heart would with transport greet them; but those dear illusions, nourished with tender delight, were now torn away. At last that mother, whose bosom she had often in her dreams wetted with her tears, was

found ; she was indeed no longer a beggar, but the poverty, the abject poverty of her soul was unchangeable ;—yes, in a state that degraded human nature, and overwhelmed her with shame, she found her only parent ; it was too much ; she sunk back on her chair ; a cold dew overspread her face, her limbs trembled, and she must have fallen, had not Mrs. Gerrad supported her, for Mr. Montreville's surprise and concern rendered him immoveable.

After a shower of tears had in some degree calmed the strong emotions of her mind ; her high sense of filial duty, together with a sensation of tenderness which the name of mother inspired, induced her to go to the chamber where Mrs. Garnet lay ; but the sight of her unwieldy figure, her bloated features, and inflamed countenance, spite of herself, repelled every impulse of natural affection.

To ask the maternal benediction of a woman from whom her heart recoiled ; to acknowledge to the elegant Montreville her near affinity to one whom it had filled him with such evident joy to find was only her travelling acquaintance ; to submit herself to the guidance of a woman so totally unable to govern herself, and who, after all, might not receive her with kindness, was more than duty enforced, more than prudence could warrant ; so at least she would have hoped, had not those principles of filial duty, which glowed in her heart, upbraided her with that false pride which prevented her acknowledging an only parent

rent after so long a separation : her temples beat, her mouth became parched, she threw herself on a chair by the bedside, and gave way to her tears ; but the scent of the spirits, with which every breath Mrs. Garnet drew was impregnated, again turned her so faint, she was obliged to leave the room, and return to the corn-field, where she had so lately passed some comparatively happy moments.

Mr. Montreville arose hastily as she passed ; but deterred from following her by the visible agony which almost distorted her features, he contented himself to watch her agitated and unequal steps ; whilst unable to reconcile feeling to duty, she addressed the common Parent of the universe, and fervently implored him to enable her to conquer the unnatural repugnance with which her heart recognized her parent. Her prayer was vain ; the repugnance increased ; she remembered that a parent must have estranged from her heart every trait of natural affection before she could abandon her child ; that it was by no means certain her's had, on her second marriage, mentioned the incumbrance of the first, which she had so mercilessly shaken off ; and even if it were admitted possible a woman, who still continued in the practice of one abhorred vice, should have forsaken others, and repented the cruel desertion of an helpless infant, how could she ever live in terms of amity with such a mother ?—a mother whose manners were disgusting, whose connexions were vulgar, and whose principles were corrupted ; and should the paternal authority be exerted,
even

even to the subversion of that integrity, which was happily become a part of her nature, how could she, after once subjecting herself to a mother, evade her power—how escape from a woman, dead as she seemed, to shame—or how, Oh! how separate one idea from the torturing mortification her shocking propensity to intemperance must always inflict?—Oh! no, never, never would Rosa acknowledge such a mother!

Yet what could she do? Should she leave her in her present situation, insensible, heated, and overpowered with liquor? and should her excess produce a fever—“Ah miserable!” she exclaimed, “abandoned by her own child, what claim has she on strangers? Oh no! I will not leave my mother.”

Mr. Montreville at that moment made a respectful motion to join her; she started into another path.

“Good God!” she cried; “Oh! forgive my weakness; I cannot, cannot explain to that amiable man the wretched origin of her for whose safety he is so anxious.”

The last reflection had at least an equal share in the immediate resolution she formed of waiting to see her mother restored to reason and health, but not to discover her consanguinity; to procure, if possible, her address, in order to acquaint herself from time to time of her welfare; to let her partake in all her good fortune, but not to trouble her with the bad; to attend her in sickness; and, in fine, to discharge all the duty, without claiming the relation of a daughter.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Very loving, and of course very short.

OUR heroine having thus made a sort of armistice with her feelings, she returned towards the house, near which Mr. Montreville yet stood, a little hurt at being left so long to himself, and not a little curious to know the cause; he did not, however, wait for permission to join her, but seeing the distraction which had marked every feature was succeeded by placid serenity, hastened to meet her.

There were certainly traits in this young gentleman's manner extremely congenial to our heroine's feelings; to manly beauty, high accomplishments, and fine sense, were united such a warm solicitude for her safety, as could not fail of attraction; her acquaintance with him commenced at a time, and in a situation, when the consciousness of her helpless state endeared a protector, and when the contrast between the rude uninformed Sir Jacob Lydear and the elegant Montreville was but too favourable to the latter; her restraint, her internal anguish, even the meeting with her mother was forgotten, as she walked, entertaining and entertained, by his side; and her inexperienced

rienced heart was expanding itself to receive for the first time

“The charming agonies of love,

“Whose misery delights.”

Nor was Mr. Montreville less charmed with his fair companion; he had before seen beauty of all colours and complexions; but “what a picture is that to which love gives a colouring, where the imagination is strained to paint something more beautiful than beauty itself.”

Mr. Montreville was easy and well-bred, but his cheerfulness was now affected; he felt a depression all his efforts could not shake off; it was in vain he would have reasoned with his feelings, for they were out of all reason; and as the hour drew near when he must no longer find new beauties in a face he felt it would be impossible to forget, the weight at his heart increased almost to suffocation. He had formed a latent design of asking her permission to accompany her one stage; but on how many chances did this dernier hope hang! Should the coach be full, should the intoxicated woman recover in time, and, above all, should Rosa object? The last idea deprived him of courage to ask, and the three hours flew as three minutes; it was mere small talk, and but little of that which passed; yet what a fund of wisdom did he discover, what capacious ideas she, what infinite delight both! but ah! the pity of it—not all Mr. Montreville’s

treville's regret, nor all Rosa's blushing sweetness, could arrest the swift pinions of passing time.

The clock struck nine, the stage was expected about ten, and Rosa was pondering on the conduct she must observe to her mother, when the hoarse voice of the latter, close to her ear, at once surprised and shocked her.

Mr. Montreville could not restrain a glance of contemptuous ridicule when he beheld Mrs. Garnet's broad red bloated face come in contact with the fair and delicate bloom of Rosa; and when, asking if she were ready, her heavy brown muscular hand rested on that which out-faced the lily, it was with difficulty he restrained himself from removing it.

What a moment was this for Rosa! her heart, which recoiled from her mother's touch, reproached her for the unnatural sensation; but with all that milkiness of human kindness it was possible to feel or conceive, with the rightest sense, and the warmest wish to perform every function of duty, she felt, and was shocked at herself, the strongest antipathy to the new and natural claims on her obedience and affection.

Mrs. Garnet, who was now sensible, though she could scarcely be called sober, complained of the head-ache; and, to the horror of Rosa, said she would go into the house, and get one of the farmer's pipes, as smoking always did her good.

Mr. Montreville, during her stay, reflected that he had imperceptibly let the time pass without making

one

one effort to ensure a future interview; and no sooner saw her waddle away, than he took Rosa's but half-reluctant hand.

"Soon then," said he, "we part; and must it be for ever? You will not favour me with your address—why are you so inflexible? Can you doubt my honour—my discretion?"

Rosa's silent fit returned; what indeed could she say? A more ingenuous heart never beat than her's; but to confess she had no home, no friends, no connexions, to one whose family, fortune, and rank formed a contrast so honourable to him, so humiliating to her, was impossible.

Grief, they say, is stout; but none of the passions that vex the human heart are half so proud as love, even in the infant state in which our heroine felt it.

Vexed, mortified, and disappointed, Mr. Montreville walked a few paces away; Rosa, unable to speak, took the contrary direction, and fell into a passion of tears, without being able to ascertain the cause. Mr. Montreville returned.

"I dare hardly hazard to you," said he, "an explanation of sentiments that are inexplicable to myself; yet I confess I am unhappy at the idea of this being my last interview with so lovely a woman. You do not answer; is it pity or obduracy that imposes this silence? I would not be importunate, but surely, peculiarly as you are circumstanced, you might venture to place some confidence in me; only say

say in what part of London I may look at the outside of a house that contains you."

Rosa's heart was full; but as Mr. Montreville was every moment rising in her esteem, her repugnance to lessen herself in his rose also; yet she was considering whether she might not venture to give him Dr. Croak's address, when a noise across the field, and the boy's whistle, who was set to watch for the coach, threw her entirely off her guard.

"Alas!" she cried, "we must part; there they are!"

"There!" repeated Mr. Montreville, "where? who?" and he sprang towards the place where now voices were distinctly heard, and where also some of the farmer's people were going.

Rosa, on finding herself quite alone, was terrified, yet unconscious of any cause for being so;—her mother was ready to proceed on the journey, and the signal that all was ready had been given; but instead of hastening towards the coach, she was turning to the house, when something was suddenly thrown over her head, her mouth stopped; she was caught up in a man's arms, who ran by the back of the house into what was called the Barton, and lifted her into a carriage, which was then driven off at full gallop.

CHAP. VI.

“Tell me, ye learned, shall we for ever be adding so much to the bulk, so little to the flock?”

“Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?”

HAVING now, in compliance with the well-known and long-established rules of novel-writing, made a breach in the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, against his liege subject, Rosa Wilkins, by putting her in bodily fear, and forcing her against her will and consent from her friends.

The author corrects herself; she is anxious the world should not have reason to suppose she has lived a few years in, and with it, without knowing a little of its customs.

Sir Solomon Mushroom had, on a former occasion, said, “One Colonel Buhann was enough for one century;” that granted, and our heroine being still poor and unprotected, she had *no friends*, and it was not very possible for any act of violence to deprive her of what she had not got.

But although, if Sir Jacob Lydear had chosen, on the credit of his own fortune and countenance, to demand a young creature, placed by his mother’s servant under the roof of one of his own tenants, it is far

far from our intention to insinuate the farmer, or any part of his family would have known, or knowing, practised so little of their duty as to refuse to obey him; yet it is but just to own, there was not an individual at Shawford farm who would not much rather have seen the unfortunate stranger set off safe in the coach, on her way to the metropolis, than thus spirited away nobody knew how or where; and one person there certainly was, though we will not presume to give even him the sacred appellation of *friend*, who would have parted with a finger or two to have her still standing on the precise spot where he had left her, even though the obstinate silence, which gave him so much pain, had still remained unbroken.

That Rosa was exceedingly frightened when she felt herself encircled by a pair of muscular arms, against the strength of which all her struggles were no more than the flutterings of a new-caught linnet against the wires of its cage, cannot be doubted; but the person to whom she was delivered was not a jot less frightened than herself.

Sir Jacob Lydear had certainly never seen so "pratty a lass" before, and not having been in the habit of conversing with any thing superior to the maids of his mother's household, excepting her Ladyship and Mrs. Gerrad, till the Countess of Lowder's visit in her way to the north, he felt himself not only filled with admiration of Rosa's beauty, but inspired with a sort of respect by the delicacy and sweetness of her manners, which

which increased with the recollection of every graceful action, and every word, even "the craf's ones" she had uttered.

Nothing, it is true, could be intended more captivating than the person and manners of the Countess; and the great pains she took to leave a lasting impression both of her sweetness and beauty on the handsome Sir Jacob, were not only observed by the Rev. Mr. Jolter, but pointed out by him to his pupil's observation; the young man's heart was, however, invulnerable till he beheld our fair Beggar.

"You shall certainly have this girl," said Mr. Jolter to Sir Jacob, after listening to an ireful and hardly comprehensible history of his misadventure at Shawford farm; and as it was an affair in which his interest, if not his honour, was concerned, the Rev. Mr. Jolter had no temptation to break his word; so, having a female friend, who lived in a little cottage on the verge of a common a few miles distant, so commodiously situated as to be out of the way of impertinent inquirers, should any little commotion happen under her roof, he laid a plan which promised, and would indeed have been crowned with, success, had not the same private road which led to the intended scene of victory, also passed the back gates of the Grange, and had not the shrieks of Rosa (who, freed by her struggles from the wrapper thrown over head, was opposing, with all her strength of lungs and body, Sir Jacob's humble petition "vor wun boos;" and Mr. Jolter's

Jolter's loud and reiterated protestations, that if she were so obstinate, it would be worse for her), been heard by some horsemen the instant of the chaise passing the gates,

"What the devil is that?" said a rough voice.

"'Tis a signal of distress," answered one more rough.

"Shall we bring to?" joined a third.

"Ay, ay, bear a hand, my lads," rejoined the first speaker, brandishing an oaken cudgel, and riding up to the chaise, while one of his companions, stationed himself at the horses' heads, and the other ran round to the opposite side.

"Holloa! holloa!" cried the person who appeared first in authority, "whence came ye, and where are ye bound with a cargo of live lumber, against their own will and consent?"

"If you do not go on," cried Mr. Jolter, in a marvellous rage, "I'll break your bones."

"And if they do, I'll send a small gun or two after every mother's son of them," said the stranger on foot.

"I'll gi voive poonds a peece, Toom, ef thee woot goo alung," quoth Sir Jacob.

"I'll tell you what it is, my lads," said the chief of the assailants, "here's a girl in the case; now, d'ye see, if so be as she—"

"Oh, for God's sake!" cried Rosa.

"What

“What the deuce!—why fure!—what is it thee, Mr. Whorson? what, hast got on the pirating tack again?”

Mr. Jolter now knew it was Captain Seagrove who stopped them; and, though well assured the Captain was no joker, yet unwilling to lose his credit with his pupil, determined on a *coup de grace*, and levelled a cane tolerably heavy loaded at the Captain's head, which would have certainly silenced him for some little time at least, had his aim been half so good as his intentions; but the blow lighting on the head of the horse instead of the rider, the animal was actually knocked down. Enraged at the injury the Captain was so near sustaining, his two followers vowed revenge, threatened instant death to the postillions if they stirred, and having released Rosa, dragged Jolter out of the chaise; then swearing they would inflict immediate corporeal punishment on both the ravishers, were on the point of laying their merciless hands on the Baronet.

The drivers, who were pickles of Sir Jacob's own breeding, seriously apprehensive of the event not only to their master, but themselves, in that moment suddenly spurred their horses, and galloped off with all possible speed, nor once stopped, till, by a turning out of the bye way, they got into the turnpike road, and so on to the hall, where Sir Jacob, bruised, disappointed, and full of rage, was received by his domestics with concern and astonishment; and as soon as
Lady

Lady Lydear heard how her poor boy had been treated, she sent express to York for the family attorney, resolved to avenge the affront and injury he had received at the expence of half her fortune.

Meanwhile the escape of the Baronet was a stimulus to the revenge vowed by Captain Seagrove's companions on the prostrate Jolter; but as he implored mercy in the most abject terms, and as the Captain was apprehensive of the excess to which his men might carry their resentment, he reminded them, that as the Admiral was a Justice of Peace, to take the law into their own hands would be an affront to him; therefore he advised returning to the house with the prisoner, and submitting his punishment to their commander.

To this arrangement, in which Rosa was quite forgotten, the men agreed with evident reluctance, and they were actually proceeding, when Rosa, terrified at the prospect of being left alone at that hour in a strange country, besought them to suffer her to accompany them.

The Captain immediately offered his arm, saying he forgot her; and one man leading the horses, the other having bound Jolter's hands behind, also leading him, the cavalcade reached the Grange.

The servants gathered round, eager to learn the cause of their so sudden and strange return, and the Captain led the way, by a private door, into a lobby, where he proposed leaving both the offender and

offended, while he related the particulars to the Admiral; but was suddenly stopped by a little dark woman, passing with a light in her hand, who, the instant she cast her eyes on the Rev. Mr. Jolter, gave a loud cry, and seizing him with one hand, threw the light away, and tore off her cap with the other, and, indeed, by her gestures and extravagance, exhibited so many marks of insanity, that the Captain concluding she was mad, pushed Rosa into a magnificent hall, and followed her and Jolter into a parlour, the door of which was instantly closed.

For some time nothing was heard but the voice of the little dark foreigner, which indeed was very audible; sometimes depressed by tears, at others raised by passion; and when she ceased speaking, all was a few moments silent till the bell rung. The servants dispersed, the Captain and his follower passed almost close to Rosa without observing her, their horses were brought to the grand entrance of the hall, they rode off, the door was closed, the porter retired, and she was left quite alone to reflection, surprise, and conjecture.

Rosa was now, she understood, at the Grange, the home of the amiable Montreville—a home, where every thing spoke the magnificent taste, and opulent circumstances of the owner.

That the man who had violated the laws of his country, insulted female innocence, and disgraced his sacred profession, would be severely punished by a magistrate

magistrate who had fought in defence of those laws he was now called on to administer, she could not doubt; but in punishing the guilty, the innocent must also be questioned; and what must be her answer when the venerable magistrate should demand who and what she was? and when eager attention should sit on the animated brow of his young heir, could she—Oh! how could she own her condition and connexions? Yet this she must do, or be guilty of a falsehood, and that, perhaps, on oath. The painful alternative dwelt so strongly on her mind, that she no longer thought on the singularity of her situation; the approach of footsteps agitated her to agony, and their retreat was a reprieve from apprehensions the most painful and mortifying. A clock struck one; the lamp, which hung at the foot of a grand staircase, now burned to the socket, and glimmered a pale unsteady light; yet no being seemed to remember there was a stranger under the roof.

Tortured with suspense, and shivering with cold, she retired to the farther corner, and wept. In that moment a distant door opposite the hall opened; through a large mirror, at the further end of the room, she could perceive a gentleman, who, by his uniform, she supposed to be the Admiral, seated by the side of a lady: Mr. Jolter, yes, Mr. Jolter was also seated near them, and the little dark woman at a small distance. “Ah! now,” thought Refa, “is my doom approaching; I must now own what will

overwhelm me with shame; I must confess I am the daughter of a poor despicable woman, so justly the object of contempt, after having told Mr. Montreville she was only a casual acquaintance; yes, I shall, in the same hour, be convicted of a falsehood, and deprived of the power to vindicate my innocence."

She was mistaken.

A servant attended with lights; she sees the little dark woman take them from him;—Mr. Jolter advances to the Admiral; he rises; she sees—heaven and earth! was it not a deception! could she believe it! she sees the Admiral, the venerable parent of him who had spoke so just and so true of the Rev. Mr. Jolter, the respectable officer, the upright magistrate—yes, she sees his hand extended to the wretch on whom she had expected his vengeance to fall. Astonished, breathless, and indignant, her eyes were yet fixed on the objects before her, and an universal trembling seized every joint;—preceded by a footman with one taper, and followed by the little dark woman with another, he leaves the room; the door closes, and he advances towards her: she shrunk behind a pedestal. Mr. Jolter, with a firm steady step, a look of more self-importance than she had seen him assume even at the hall, and an appearance of familiar friendship with the little dark woman, still advanced; but, to her unspeakable joy, turned after the servant, up the grand stairs; the female returned to the room she had left, and all again was darkness and mystery.

What

What now could Rosa think? Her deliverer, as she thought him, had left the house; instead of punishment, the vile Jolter met reward; he was caressed, honoured, and entertained, while she was left totally disregarded, to anguish, fear, and uncertainty. In this inhospitable region, guilt was triumphant; what, therefore, was left for innocence but to fly from it. It was, indeed, hard to believe the mild and venerable-looking Admiral was a patron of vice, and more hard to allow the open manly countenance of his grandson was a covering to hypocrisy; but facts were too stubborn even for secret partiality to do away; and after a thousand conjectures, the mortifying truth came home to her heart. She actually had seen a despicable vicious ruffian caressed and honoured, and the outrage he had committed on the laws of society passed over, if not sanctioned; those who could act thus were unworthy of confidence or esteem; no redress, no protection, no justice, could be hoped from them; why then should she expose herself to certain mortification, without hope of benefit, or even of safety?

The day dawned, and she ventured to remove a shutter; the same spirit of grandeur and taste, which were displayed in every article of the furniture and ornaments, seemed to be communicated even to inanimates; and as the sun, in splendid majesty, arose over hills of fine plantations,

“Of solemn oaks that tuft the swelling mount,

“Thrown graceful round by Nature’s careless hand,”

it portrayed to her dejected fancy that happiness, that splendour, and that power, which cast her obscure fate at such an awful distance, as precluded all right to the common intercourse of social kindness; it returned her to her original state of beggary, and, awed by the pride of prosperous iniquity, the secret disappointment of her heart almost reduced it to that state of abject despondence, which, if not repelled, renders poverty a more serious evil than even vice:—the weakness was, however, but momentary; that pride, which, if not the basis, is certainly the support, of female virtue, and which was in her innate, restored her to herself, and she resolved to quit the hateful mansion.

“Yes,” said she, lightly stepping from the window, “yes, I leave to specious and affected virtues the honour of entertaining real vice; I have pierced the enchanting surface; it is a covering for what I now despise; I will think no more of this terrestrial paradise, nor of its worthless inhabitants.”

The resolution was no doubt very sublime; it wanted nothing of heroism but to be kept, and that was what Rosa had the least power to do; for though nothing could be more certain than that Mr. Montreville was unworthy a single thought, yet as she hastily crossed the spacious park to a wild, but luxuriant heath, now impelled by fear, now by anger, and now by shame, he was so much connected with every sensation of her mind, that it was wholly occupied with

with the certainty of his demerits. No young lady, whose supreme felicity depends on exciting a general stare, without troubling herself to distinguish whether it be a stare of wonder, of contempt, of curiosity, or admiration, could be dressed in a style more suited to attract all eyes than Rosa was at this period. Her black habit was covered with the powder which had been profusely, for the first time, thrown on every hair of Sir Jacob Lydear's head, and was in several places torn by her struggles; her hat had, in an effort to get open the chaise-door, dropped from her head out of the window, and with it the comb that confined her hair, so that her chestnut tresses now fell from her bare head over her shoulders, below her back, at the sport of the little air that blew;—she, however, walked on; and after crossing a field directly before her, came to a road, where a finger-post pointed to Sheffield, and reminded her that was the place from whence her mother proposed to take a chaise, and where, if she was not already arrived, it would be easy to send to her.

This discovery adding as well to her spirits as strength, she resolved to stop at the first place where there was an appearance of decent people, and procure some sort of conveyance to Sheffield.

On therefore she lightly tripped, in the confidence every step was a remove from the Grange, the Hall, and all the hatefuls belonging to each of them, her eyes often, notwithstanding the tumults of her mind,

delighted with the luxuriance of the harvest, which was every where getting in. In one of those happy, though momentary respites from care, her foot got entangled, and she had like to have fallen; but adieu to every sensation of delight, every respite of care, when she beheld on the ground her own hat, and at a small distance part of her broken comb, proofs that, instead of flying from, she was actually hastening into the very teeth of danger. Her spirits in a moment forsook her. She sunk, weary and disheartened, on the ground, afraid now of letting her head be seen above the hedge-row, over which a moment before she had tip-toed to look; every air that moved, every leaf that fell, seemed impregnated with danger; she was probably now on the demesne of him who was her terror, without power either to evade or escape from him. She sat on the ground, trembling and desolate; and hiding her face in the unfortunate hat, wept in helpless agony.

The sound of wheels roused her; no longer elated with the hope of escape, nothing could move without filling her with terror; she crept close to the hedge, and turned her face from the road.

A carriage approached; the sound of voices struck her ear—yes, the voice, a few hours past, so hoarse, discordant, and disgusting, now so well known, and so welcome; she looked round; a little tilted cart stopped; a woman alighted; she shrieked with joy, and running towards her, was received into the expanded arms of Mrs. Garnet; and as her face,
covered

covered with tears, sunk on her bosom, "Mother" escaped her lips.

"Ay, child," said Mrs. Garnet, "if you have a mother, as I dare say you have, how her poor heart would ache if she knew how you have been bamboozled by a parcel of wicked fellows. Come, don't cry; I am overjoyed to meet you, though I should never have thought of finding you in a dry ditch; and though my poor old Phill wants me bad enough at home, I would not have left the country without knowing what they had done with you, no, not if it cost me fifty pounds, and fifty to that; for such wickedness to escape hanging in a Christian country is both a sin and a shame; and for a fool of a Barrow-night for to come for to go for to ruinate such a well-behaved young body; willy nilly, if it was the King himself, God blefs his honour and glory! why he ought to be gibbeted without judge or jury;—but pray, child, where have you been all night? There is Sir Jacob brought home black and blue, and serve him right too; my Lady playing up old gooseberry with the Shawfords for harbouring such mischievous folk; and when that old Captain comed to the farm, just at day-break, to inquire for the young gentleman who walked the corn-field with you——"

Rosa's heart still glowed with resentment towards the inhospitable inhabitants of the Grange; but the remembrance of the corn-field suggested a possibility

that her companion there might not partake of all the ill qualities she ascribed to them.

“Was he not there?” she asked.

“No!” replied Mrs. Garnet; “the farmer’s people said he galloped after you like mad; but that must be all a fudge, because, you see, he did not overtake you; but when the Captain called, who, to be sure, is old enough to know better than to beat out the brains of such an oaf as that Sir Jacob, I thought they would all have gone stark staring mad for fear my Lady should know it. The dame took fits; I believe ’twas all sham; and so, when she came to, ‘I bag, Mistrefs,’—that was to me—‘I bag you won’t bring that tootrefs back, for she shan’t darken my door; I shan’t take no such rubege into my house;’—and then she run on about liquor; I believe she had been taking a drop; for as to me, I han’t been in liquor this month;—however, some folk don’t care what they say; so says she, ‘I desire, Mistrefs,’—that was to me again—‘I desire you’ll take yourself off.’—Now, you know, that was downright turning me out of doors;—however, I don’t care for that; and so, as the Captain said you were at some great house, and a mortal fine place the old fellow that drived the cart says it is, I told her I did not value her nor her house; and as to cousin Gerrad, if she was turned from the hall, she should be welcome to my house as long as I had one; so she agreed to lend us her cart, and poor little Phill is fast

asleep o'top of your portmanteau; so now, if you have a mind to go to London, why we'll set off direct, and you shall stop with me as long as you please."

What now became of all our heroine's wise arrangements? The protection of a parent, even so undesirable a one as Mrs. Garnet, was an acquisition of the utmost importance; a few hours before, all her thoughts were employed on getting rid of the very connexion which was now the means of rescuing her from a situation as distressing as dangerous, and her heart reproached itself for the involuntary impulse. The proposition to set off directly for London was the only one that could effectually shield her from future insult and mortification; she therefore embraced it with the most lively gratitude. Little Phill was awakened to get at the portmanteau; and after arranging her dress, having learned from the man who drove the cart that a cross-road would carry them to Pontefract, without going near either of the two seats Rosa wished to avoid, they prevailed on him to drive them thither, purposing to take a chaise from thence.

When Mrs. Garnet found herself seated in the cart, Rosa by her side, holding her son on her lap, she felt, she said, kissing them both, so comfortable, that if her good man was of the party, she would not mind travelling all the world over in that manner, only indeed getting up so early, or rather not resting

at all ; and the cold morning air rendered it necessary she should get the least drop of spirits in the world at the first place they came to.

Rosa coloured, tears started into her eyes ; and though, in consequence of his orders, the man was driving up to the door of a little public-house, the success of her earnest dissuasions proved

The drunken deity might have been reduced to temperance by a sober one ;

for Mrs. Garnet gave up the point, and they proceeded, without further stoppage, till it came in full view of the beautiful little town of Pontefract, where, meeting a chaise and four, driving with more speed than care, the cart was overturned, and the heavy cart-horse plunged violently till it broke away, leaving our unhurt heroine offering her weak assistance to Mrs. Garnet, who, prostrate on the ground, rent the air with her cries. The man who drove the now shattered vehicle having run after his horse, Rosa found, to her inexpressible grief, that Mrs. Garnet was greatly hurt, without a being near to afford her any assistance ; she wiped the cold sweat which ran down her forehead, and to her prayer for the love of Heaven to get help, could only answer with tears ; for having got the poor woman's head on her lap, she could not stir.

All the repugnance Rosa had hitherto felt towards Mrs. Garnet vanished at this moment ; in the agonies of her only parent, perhaps dying before her, were
buried

buried all her former neglect, all her recent intemperance, and inherent vulgarity; every groan pierced her to the heart; she called aloud for help, implored the mercy of Heaven, and at length finding her cries and prayers were vain, tore her own hair, and in an agony of despair started up, determined to seek assistance, though the unhappy Mrs. Garnet begged she would stay and see her die.

Two gentlemen in the chaise were not aware of the accident, till the continual looking back of the postillions excited their curiosity; but the moment they saw the broken cart, and a woman lying by it, they alighted, and returned.

The gentlemen were Captain Seagrove and Mr. Montreville, who, though astonished at meeting our heroine in that place and situation, were anxious to offer every possible assistance.

Rosa was too much engrossed by the calamity which had befallen her mother to recognize even Mr. Montreville. "Help; assist for God's sake!" were all of her incoherent lamentations he could understand; and indeed the object for whom she was so distressed, lay in a condition truly pitiable.

Her leg was broken in a dreadful manner, and the natural impatience of her temper became now frightful; her shrieks, as they endeavoured to move her, pierced the heart and ears of the distracted Rosa, who, while all her mother's errors were forgotten, had a most lively recollection of her own want of affection,

as well as that it was *her* misfortunes which had brought a mother, for whom she had felt so little, into extreme misery, if not to death; and while sensible only of "the pain of a too late gratitude," it was in vain the gentlemen, who seemed to be peculiarly selected for her service, attempted to console her.

One of the drivers was dispatched for assistance, and soon returned, accompanied by a surgeon and the innkeeper, who, by direction of the former, had two planks tied together, and a mattress laid on them, to convey the still shrieking sufferer to his house.

On lifting her from the ground, she fainted, and continued insensible till the operations of the surgeon, in setting a compound fracture in her leg, recalled her to a sense of torture; during which Rosa wiped the drops of agony from her face, and applied volatiles to her nostrils and temples, till the dreadful scene closed by administering a powerful opiate, which took immediate effect.

The surgeon gave positive orders to keep her in profound quiet; and the room was immediately cleared of all but a nurse and Rosa, who, trembling, pale, and silent, sat by the bedside the picture of despair.

Captain Seagrove, calling at the farmer's to inquire for Mr. Montreville, was told he had "gun ater the las;" but not having met nor heard of him in the way, he doubted the truth of the information, and had reason to compliment himself on his own sagacity,

city, when, at the first turnpike on the high road, he heard from the man, who knew him, "the young squire galloped through the gate, on varmer Shawford's bald filly, axing ale fuorts of questions abooten a pusi-chaife that wur goon on avor." This intelligence was confirmed at every other gate, and the Captain, in his friendly zeal, would have continued the pursuit if it had reached to the land's end, had Admiral Herbert's fast trotter been as easy to him as the wooden horse, which no man knew better how to manage;—but truth to confess, when Captain Seagrove reached Pontefract, he made an oath never to mount a horse again; and after ordering a chaife for himself and followers, bid the waiter bring a pitcher of grog, which he was entering a parlour to drink, when the person he was in chace of drove into the inn-yard.

Mr. Montreville, in his zeal to rescue Rosa, would have armed every being at Shawford farm, had they been as warm in the cause as himself; but though men, women, and children cried out on the shame and the sin, they remembered "it wur nothen to them; and though it was neither meet nor vitten to refuse the young squire downright, yet he wur not their landlord, and Sir Jacob wur; and so, if it wur the zame thing to squire, why they had as lif stay till it wur day-light."

Mr. Montreville, to whom every moment of delay was an age of torture, flew to the stables, and throwing

ing a saddle on the first horse, galloped off alone, at the discretion of the beast, which happened to be the one that carried the farmer to market.

The bald filly soon reached the turnpike, where Mr. Montreville was told a chaise and four had passed the gate with great speed, not ten minutes before, and it never occurred to him that any body could at that time be travelling with speed, except her he so ardently desired to overtake; so flashing away with a broken whip from the farmer's stable, he arrived at Pontefract in time to hear the chaise-wheels roll on before him, after changing horses, and away again was the poor bald filly obliged to gallop. At Sheffield he was more fortunate; for arriving at the instant the chaise stopped, and running his head into it, a red-nosed personage, with a hair cap, and wrapping great coat, croaked out, "What the devil is the matter?"

This could not be Rosa, nor, had she been one of the most *petite* of her sex, could she have been well concealed in a chaise which was literally filled by one of the *greatest* lawyers in the county, who, being a leading man at Sheffield, had travelled all night in order to attend a meeting of the Corporation, called for the express purpose of nominating a new Member. No doubt, as Mr. Montreville was in the best of all possible humours to be provoked, with or without cause, he would have turned the bald filly about, without considering any thing of the fright his following

lowing the chaise so close had put the great lawyer in; but though no Houyhnhnm in all Swift's collection could be more attached to his own stall, or better acquainted with every foot of the road, the bald filly demurred, and instead of sharing the impetuosity of his rider, in spite of the broken whip, fairly laid down at the inn-door.

Mr. Montreville was not inhuman; he was only in pursuit of the most beautiful creature he had ever seen;—he desired the horse to be taken care of, and ordered a chaise, into which he stepped, though the great lawyer very cordially invited him to better acquaintance, and was driven back to Pontefract, where he met Seagrove full of news of joyful import: first, he had rescued, and left in a place of safety, the beautiful creature, in pursuit of whom his young friend had fairly foundered farmer Shawford's bald filly; and next—but as Mrs. Garnet's opiate is now doing its duty, as Rosa is stillness personified without an opiate, as the room is cleared, and the inn as quiet as an inn can well be, the editor presents her readers with the long story which begins the next chapter.

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CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The long Story, about great Folks with hard Names.

JAMES MONTREVILLE, eighth Earl of Gauntlet, a very courtly nobleman in the reigns of William and Mary and their sister Ann, was high in office, had a great estate, wore the finest cravat, and the largest perriwig of any Peer of the day; and no courtier in either reign could draw on his stiff-topped gold-fringed gloves with more grace than his Lordship, when, which often happened, he had the honour to lead a royal lady to or from the drawing-room;—but however paradoxical it may seem, though sipping at the very fountain of honour, he was far from being a happy man; for both him and his Countess were, like many other Lord and Lady, both before and since, too magnificent for their large rent-roll, and the estates, with the title, were entailed on the male heir; whereas his courtly Lordship had only a legitimate daughter, and he could not literally spend more than he possessed, however well inclined so to do. This provoking circumstance was perhaps a reason why Lady Gertrude Montreville passed the bloom of her days without any persecutions from the Adonis's of the Court, and why, after the decease of her noble parents, she accepted the hand of a superannuated Colonel

Colonel of Marines, which corps, at that period, were in the habit of looking up to the naval officers as a race of superior beings; *ergo*, Colonel Herbert's son was destined, from the hour of his birth, to be an Admiral; he was accordingly sent to sea as soon as Lady Gertrude chose to emancipate him from the nursery.

As her Ladyship still retained a place about the Court, where she was bred, her little son was a perfect courtier, when he put on the uniform of a mid, and exchanged a very polite French instructress for the schoolmaster of a man of war.

Although sailing in and out of Torbay was not always quite so much the rage as it has been in later days, the navy of old England rode at this period the peaceable, as well as triumphant masters of the seas; and young Herbert was a summer sailor and a winter courtier. As, however, his father was a brave experienced officer; as the lad was reminded, at every interview with his mother, of the heroes he sprang from, and the noble blood that flowed in his veins, and as he was naturally intrepid, it was not in court effeminacy to spoil him, though it certainly did so far tincture his manners as to deprive him of the respect of his more hardy companions, and gave a formality to his behaviour not quite characteristic with the blunt honesty of a British seaman. Well indeed was it for the reputation of young Herbert, that on the breaking out of a war, his first commission was
steeped

steeped in the blood of the foes of his country ; other-ways a certain preciseness of manner, a formality of speech, and a delicacy of person seldom met with in a naval commander, might have rendered that bravery doubted, which, at the age of twenty-two, was honoured with the approbation of the Sovereign, a vote of thanks from the Commons, and the universal esteem of the nation.

Excessive joy on this occasion was said to be the death of his mother ; and the Colonel, whether from the same cause, or grief for his wife, only survived her two months.

But though the laurels of the young hero were thus dressed in sable, he was received at Court, and at the house of his great uncle, the Earl of Gauntlet, with the highest favour and distinction.

Don Philip Rinaldo Constodello Albertina had been so long the Minister of his Most Faithful Majesty the King of Portugal, at the Court of Great Britain, that his daughters united to the brown beauty of their own country all the grace and freedom of our's ; they were twins, and precisely at that age when a brave young man, who has also the felicity to be very handsome, appears like a demigod. His Faithful Majesty happened to be an ally of Great Britain in the war which had just been declared, and Don Philip Rinaldo Constodello Albertina's house being the fashionable rendezvous for the first people of both sexes, Captain Herbert was in no small degree of favour there.

In

In those barbarous days, men, not being enlightened by the host of Pharaoh, actually did sometimes go to the assemblies of women, to make use of their faculties, without so much as the aid of an eye-glass or tooth-pick. The sure consequence of seeing and hearing pretty women, in all ages and countries, is to admire them ; so that the two fair, or rather brown, excellencies were the thing. Captain Herbert could not only see and hear, but he could talk, and truth came mended from so brave a tongue. Aurelia, the eldest twin, would have thought of nothing else but him, had he not been an heretic ; Magdalena, the youngest, was solely occupied with a proposal, which he had the audacity to make her, of meeting him at May-fair chapel ; notwithstanding it was well known Don Philip Rinaldo Constodello Albertina, besides being Grandee and bon Catholic, was worth half a million moidores, and himself a poor heretic, with nothing but his Captain's commission, his character, and good blood ; the poor Lady Magdalena was so shocked at his *courage*, and so puzzled how to rebuke it, that one morning she stole out of her father's house, got into a hack, and found herself in a few minutes the Captain's wife.

The Don was in a rage, a truly Don-like rage ; he flew to Court, and demanded revenge at the foot of the throne. Doubtless the Don thought himself in Portugal, where revenge is certainly in royal hands ; in England they order matters better ; there it is in the hearts of the people, and never called forth but by a
bleeding

bleeding Constitution : the King of England could not oblige the Portuguese Minister so far as to drag the poor Captain before an inquisition, and confine his wife in a monastery. Nor were the aids of the cup and poniard congenial to English law ; all the poor King of England could do for the Grandee, was to refer him to a jury of his Peers. Now, as there was not in Great Britain any peer for a Grandee, who was the subject of a despotic Monarch, his Excellency obtained letters of recal, fully bent on making his daughter Aurelia the pillar and support of the ancient House of Contodello Albertina, by marrying her to a Grandee and a bon Catholic ; he was, however, ready to curse his Holiness the Pope, and all the reverend fathers, when Aurelia insisted she had a vocation for the veil ; but as she had left the land of freedom, and the gentlemen of the inquisition were at that time more mighty in Portugal than even a Don worth half a million of moidores, he was obliged to acquiesce.

Lady Magdalena's letter, imploring pardon, and acquainting the Don she was pregnant, which had lain on his escrutoire three months, and would but for this event, have lain there much longer, being now read through, he commanded Aurelia to hold out the insignia of mercy to her sister, on condition her child should be sent to Portugal, and consigned entirely to him ; if she consented, twenty thousand moidores should be immediately remitted to her husband.

Captain

Captain Herbert was poor in purse, but not in spirit; he promised his daughters should be educated in their mother's faith, but his sons, who would be born Britons, and the native defenders of British liberty and British laws, were above price; *he* would never sell them, and it was his proud hope *they* would never sell themselves.

This was a conduct and language no Grandee could bear, more especially as the first child was a fine black-eyed, almost copper-coloured boy, born, as it proved, not only with the complexion and features, but the disposition of the Grandee, his grandfire, into whose head it never could enter, that a Don with so many names, and so many pieces of gold, would condescend to offer what an half-pay Captain, with a quality wife, could proudly reject; he swore never to forget or forgive the insult, and he kept the oath inviolate till the suffering soul of his once-loved daughter, after bringing a female child into the world, was called before a less rigid father.

The Captain, who was then as poor as any gallant half-pay officer in Great Britain, which is certainly saying all that can be said for poverty, then consented rather to resign his little Magdalena to be heiress to a Grandee, than to see her want that care and those indulgences to which her rank entitled her. With a thousand fond prayers and blessings, he consigned her and her nurse to two women, and three attendants, sent to fetch her by the Don, who, when he saw the infant likeness of his lost daughter, wept,
tore

tore his hair, cursed his father, and gave the first proof of his regard to the stipulations he had entered into with his son-in-law, by sending back the English nurse, whom he had promised to retain.

The Captain's honest heart glowed with rage at this treatment; but such was the low state of his finances, that after the first burst of grief and anger, he ceased to regret an event that enabled him to perform the engagement with his deceased wife, to make her daughter a Catholic.

The Don put his heiress into such hands as would impress on her young mind an awful sense of his own grandeur and authority, and the infallibility of the Catholic religion, till she was eleven years old, when he placed her with her aunt, who was Superior of the order of Mercy.

Lady Aurelia had more liberality of mind than was common in a bigotted abbess; she remembered England with regret, and Captain Herbert with that "shapeless inexpressible tenderness," with which the heart recollects the object of its first love, when passion is no more; and, though she took infinite care of the soul of her young niece, had her taught the language of her native country, in which she delighted to converse with her. As her fondness increased for the amiable child, who at once reminded her of a beloved sister, and the only man for whom her heart had beat with tenderness, she became more anxious to see her mind improve with her person; nor
had

had the reason to regret the time and pains bestowed on either.

The Don now seldom saw either his daughter or grandchild; but though that apathy towards social connexions, which is the certain concomitant of avarice, increased with his years, he was not less solicitous about the grandeur and permanence of his family.

Count Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez, the same nobleman who had offered himself to the acceptance of Lady Aurelia, retained a predilection for Don Philip Rinaldo Conftodello Albertina's immense riches, and, having obtained the consent of their Faithful Majesties, proposed to Don Philip to espouse the young Magdalena, and let his and her eldest son take the title of the Albertina family, reserving that of his own ancient house for the second issue of such marriage.

It was not that the gentle Magdalena had the finallest objection to the mode of succession adopted by the Count Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez for his children; the secret causes of that fit into which she fell at the feet of her stern grandfire, were, first, an invincible dislike to the Don himself, and the next, *tout au contraire*, a more than liking she had conceived for another person.

Magdalena was very lively, the Lady Abbess very indulgent. Miss Knightly, the daughter of an English banker who resided at Lisbon, was placed, with a very high pension, at the convent of the Order of

Mercy ; and Magdalena not being intended for the veil any more than the sprightly Elizabeth, the former obtained frequent leave to visit the latter.

It was again war, and still his Britannic Majesty was his Faithful Majesty's most true ally ; a fleet of English men of war lay in the Tagus, and an army of English foldiers guarded the frontiers.

Captain Montreville, with fine eyes, noble demeanour, and good shape, had little of the British officer about him but the immorality too often attached to the character ; he was, on his mother's side, a distant relation to the Knightlys, on his father's, more distant to the Earl of Gauntlet ; he had art enough to conceal the worst part of his character, whenever it was his interest so to do, under the appearance of a gaiety *de cœur* and frankness of nature, that was irresistible to a girl of seventeen, who, excepting the Don her grandfather, and Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez, with a few bald Monks and fat Abbés, had not been in the habit of seeing men.

Captain Montreville, on his part, having learned from Mr. Knightly the immense wealth to which Magdalena was heiress, fell violently in love.

Magdalena had fine dark melting eyes, hair, and arched brows, to say nothing of her white teeth and graceful form ; and as no man, who knew how to spend a great deal of money with infinite spirit, could well have less to spend than the Captain, his passion became exceeding violent, and Magdalena loved the Captain as

young

young women generally do love the first time, with rapture, transport, and idolatry.

Unconscious of a motive for concealing the new delight which filled her young heart, the first revealed it to her lover, and then would have confided to her aunt, had not the Captain vowed in *very soft* terms, that such a step would certainly be his death.

It is, it must be confessed, very surprising how many sorts of death environ a young Captain when in love with an heiress; he had scarce time to congratulate himself on escaping the confidence of a sensible Lady Abbess, before a new death threatened him in the shape of Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez; he cursed, swore, wept, kneeled, tore his fine hair, and acted all the extravagances men of no feeling can act so very well.

Magdalena was frightened out of her wits; she entreated him to be calm, vowed to live but for him, and said a thousand of those silly things that put a simple girl into the power of an artful designing man.

But an evil spirit had got into the poor Captain, which could only be exorcised by a priest; and, by the help of several broad pieces of gold, a priest was procured, who, in spite of the inquisition, married the greatest heiress in Portugal to an English heretic. The good father, who was appointed to propagate the Christian religion among infidels, took the gold with

a safe conscience, and sailed the next morning on his mission.

The evil spirit was yet but half laid; the Captain was too good a Protestant to submit to exorcisms of a Popish priest only; he, therefore, the next interview with Magdalena at the good banker's, introduced the chaplain of one of the English men of war, who not fearing the inquisition, nor indeed any thing else, but the accident of dying at sea, or living at home in a prison, completed the business on very easy terms.

Magdalena was full of terror, and the Captain as full of rapture; he assured her the old Don would have no right to be dissatisfied with his son-in-law on the account of blood, for that he was third cousin and next heir to an English Peer, who had only three sons; and as to fortune, gods! what a paltry consideration when opposed to love, almighty love!

Magdalena was naturally affectionate, ingenuous, and sensible; the passion she had so unfortunately conceived, threw her into the power of a man whose callous nature shrunk from nothing that would forward his interest or pleasure: he persuaded her, love was a venal fault, which the young all committed some time or other, and the old all forgave some time or other; her feelings confirmed the one, and her hope the other. But what became of the Captain's fine theory, when, after throwing herself at Don Rinaldo's feet, and confessing her repugnance to Don Joseph, she felt
his

his left hand twisted in her long dark hair, and saw a sword held to her breast with his right; and when, instead of the tremulous sounds of parental forgiveness, the keen lightning of unappeasable wrath flashing from his eyes, his voice in thunder denounced curses on her head, and his own, if he did not revenge on her all the pangs her mother's undutiful conduct inflicted on his age, and let out every drop of her rebellious blood on the spot, except she swore to wed his friend Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez.

Not one word more of repugnance did Magdalena dare to utter.

"Swear!" said the furious Don.

Magdalena obeyed; and we venture to affirm, that the young woman of seventeen, who will not in this case allow

"'Tis he that makes the oath who breaks it,

"Not he who for convenience takes it,"

would not have behaved better in the same situation.

The next evening a profusion of jewels was placed in Magdalena's hair by her trembling confidante, and loaded with gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds; she was led into a saloon to salute the forehead of the old Countess Dowager Tavora Alvarez, and the cheeks of her two fallow daughters. The moment this agreeable ceremony was ended, the old Don went to Court, and his daughter ran bursting with agony to her good aunt.

The Lady Abbess was sorry for her father's violence, but could not, at the same time, exonerate her niece, as Don Joseph's family and rank rendered him a very proper match : it is true she had not thought exactly so when he was proposed to herself ; but then her heart was devoted to a handsome English officer, which she had no suspicion could possibly be the case with her niece.

The history of her parents had, by the Don's express command, been concealed from Magdalena ; but the Abbess could not resist her entreaties to have an explanation of the invectives which, in his rage, the Don had dropped against her mother ; and such were the impressions it left on her mind, she felt at once resentment for his cruelty to her, and a momentary transport at hearing she had a father yet living, whose heart might be softened by the perfection of her charming Captain.

While things were in this train in the family, the Captain was not idle out of it. The amity of the two Courts was a protection to every British subject at Lisbon, more especially those who came to guard the country. The Captain had not married Magdalena with intention to let the secret die with him, and Mr. Knightly, who also had his expectations in the ultimate settlement of the Albertina property, undertook to apply to the English Minister on behalf of two such unfortunate faithful lovers. The banker was in high credit with all his countrymen in Portugal,
and

and his interference succeeded so far as to interest the Minister, who undertook to solicit the King's protection for the young couple.

The King, who had himself arranged the marriage of Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez with the heiress of Don Philip Rinaldo Constodello Albertina, sent, in the utmost amazement, for the old Don, and petrified him with the news. He returned home as fast as his mules could go, and, had Don Joseph been then at Lisbon, would have insisted on the marriage being performed instantly, but as he was not, he contented himself with twisting a few more ringlets off Magdalena's head; and after again obliging her to swear she would marry Don Joseph, sent her and an incoherent note to his daughter, with orders to confine her close till Don Joseph's arrival.

This mental exercise was not the nostrum to preserve an old man's health; Don Philip was seized with terrible spasms in his stomach, and, telling his servants he was dying, sent for his will, in which, after handsomely endowing the convent where his daughter was Superior, he had left Magdalena his sole heiress. In the midst of his spasms he added a codicil with his own hand, wherein he bequeathed his fortune to Magdalena, on the express condition of marrying Don Joseph, who, in case of her refusal, he made his heir; and, in order to make all sure, again added, "If Don Joseph died, or any unforeseen accident on his side prevented their union, he gave her his fortune, on

condition she married a *Catholic* and a *native* of Portugal; in failure of which, the church was his heir."

Nothing could more strongly prove Don Philip's implacability than the eagerness he expressed to finish this codicil to his will, which was done at intervals as the spasms grew stronger.

The King's physicians visited him, but the blow was struck, and neither the half million of moidores, his four great names, nor noble blood availed; "he died, and was buried with his fathers."

Magdalena felt as much sorrow as was becoming in a young bride of seventeen on the loss of a grandfather so awful and despotic, whom she had seldom seen since she was nine years old, and who, moreover, twisted his left hand in her long hair, and held a sword to her breast with his right.

The Lady Abbess was inconsolable, and Magdalena, who loved her better than any body but the dear Captain, willingly adopted the advice of the friends of the family, to continue some time in the convent, as a proper mark of respect to the dead, and affection for the living.

"The idle man treads heavy on the earth, but the proud man makes it groan;"—now Captain Montreville was both idle and proud; yet he trod on air, while he impatiently waited till the Don was buried, and his will opened, when he determined to sail with all his treasure in a yacht, he had already engaged for
that

that purpose, to England, that delightful country, where every thing may be had but that which buys every thing—"money;" but the unfortunate codicil overturned his whole system; he flew to his bride more passionate, more tender, and more enamoured than ever; and Oh! with what rapture, what enthusiasm, what eloquence, what every thing but truth, did he not speak!

Magdalena, melted, charmed, enraptured, blessed Heaven for so faithful, so honourable, so disinterested a husband—one whose fondness increased with loss of wealth.

"Exactly so, my angel," said the Captain, pressing her to his heart; "but—"

"But what, my beloved?" answered she, returning the embrace.

The Captain would tell his lovely wife, but first he must kiss her dear eyes a thousand times. He was, it was true, third cousin and heir to an English Lord, who had but three sons, and had besides great contingencies; but a few people must die before he could inherit any thing; in the meantime, could he bear to see his Magdalena deprived of any of the elegances she had been accustomed to? Oh no! that was a more cruel death than any that had yet menaced him. Now as the Romish priest who married them was gone to disseminate the true religion among a parcel of infidels, and as he could command the English chaplain—

Magdalena shed tears of grateful tenderness.

“What a dear man to forego the privilege of an husband, merely to secure her fortune to his wife!”

“*Not* exactly so, my angel,” quoth the Captain, again tenderly embracing his spouse.

“*Not* so! how then?” and Magdalena shrunk in surprise from the embrace.

The Captain’s proposal was simply to turn every thing that could be turned into specie, leave Portugal, and live together, without satisfying impertinent curiosity whether they were or were not married.

Although Magdalena’s fine sense was enveloped in her passion for her husband, her heart was pure and dignified; all her noble blood flew into her face.

What! live a burthen to her own feelings! a disgrace to her family! and a cheat on the world! sell her reputation for riches! no, she would starve, die, perish a thousand ways first.

The Captain sighed: he must then tear himself from her; his honour would not suffer him to ruin the woman he adored; no, he must be a self-banished, miserable man.

Magdalena had passionately declared she would starve, die, perish a thousand ways rather than live in dishonour; but as to the affair of parting with the Captain, that was worse than any kind of death, and required a long, long consideration; so giving the present to mutual endearments, they deferred the final arrangement of their affairs till another opportunity.

Magdalena

Magdalena, though still resident in the convent, was at perfect liberty; the interviews with her husband at Mr. Knightly's became more frequent and tender; in a few weeks she found herself in a situation that gave him absolute empire over her in all respects, and he easily contrived to possess himself of the immense riches in specie and jewels with which the old Don's coffers were crammed. Having now prevailed on his wife to leave deeds of trust in Mr. Knightly's hands, executed according to the form of the laws of the country, they left Portugal, and were settled at a superb hotel in the fauxbourg St. German at Paris, as Lord Grandon and suite, before Don Joseph's respect for the Order of Mercy allowed him to offer his compliments of condolence at the convent.

The Lady Abbess was distracted; she wrote to Mr. Knightly, and conjured him, for the love of the Blessed Virgin, to satisfy her that her dear child was married.

Mr. Knightly cared not a straw for the Blessed Virgin, but he would not venture to tell the truth, because that would immediately take the Albertina possessions out of his management, neither would he affirm a falsity, because, from the high spirit of the young heiress, he had reason to expect her explanations would soon detect him: he therefore waited on the Abbess; and after assuring her he was entirely ignorant of any of the private arrangements of her niece, had the address to persuade her the honour of

the Confitodello Albertina family would receive a mortal stab if the affair were made public; she consented, therefore, to make the best possible excuse for her niece's absence to Don Joseph, not disguising her dislike of him, and giving him room to suppose the young lady had joined her father in England.

Don Joseph did not expire! but resolved to wait with patience till he should be united either to the heiress or her estate.

Magdalena lived at my Lord's hotel, and was called Lady Grandon; so far she had the privileges of a wife; but my Lady had no acquaintance, no recommendation, wore no *rouge*, blushed at the stare of effrontery, and, indeed, was so totally ignorant of all the forms of the polite world, that no ladies could possibly visit her. My Lord, on the contrary, was so handsome, so lively, talked so fast, dressed so well, and had so much money to spend, lose, and throw away, that he was deep in engagements with the men, and intrigues with the women; while his unfortunate wife (such is the nicety of some sort of virtuous ladies) being set down as the companion of the divine Lord Grandon, could not appear in public without being sneered at by one sex, and stared into confusion by the other. The Captain, of course, was very soon seen every where, and his wife no where but at home, where, with no other consolation than a little black ugly Portuguese girl, who witnessed her marriage, internal regret and external mortifications brought on

a premature labour, which affected both her health and spirits:—my Lord considering, that if she died, there would be an end to the broad pieces from Portugal, actually gave up a petite souper with a Duchefs to attend his wife to one of the southern provinces, from whence he returned in three months, eager to resume every suspended engagement.

In the meanwhile, it happened that Magdalena made an acquaintance with an English gentleman, who, with his family, were health-hunting at Languedoc.

The ladies, indeed, understanding she was only the mistress of Lord Grandon, did not visit her, but their father, who was rather an eccentric character, did; which was the more extraordinary, as he knew Captain Montreville's person, and had heard a great deal of his character.

Pleased with the ingenuity and apparent innocence of a woman, of whose misfortune he had no doubt, he was attracted to her by a sort of active benevolence, which interested him in her fate; and plainly perceiving, by that weary, tasteless, yet affected attention which, when passion is no more, "useth an enforced ceremony," the Captain had no real attachment to her, and consequently, expecting she would share the common fate of her situation, he gave her at parting a letter to a relation at Paris, which he requested her to deliver, if she was in want of advice or assistance.

Lord

Lord Grandon's return to his hotel was greeted by a host of friends; Lady Grandon retired to her apartments, followed only by the faithful Christiana, and the next morning dispatched the letter to the friend of her Languedoc acquaintance.

Mr. Adderly, to whom his relation had written under the impressions before mentioned, put some notes in his pocket-book, and prepared to see a distressed, forsaken, frail fair; but was surprised to be ushered into the presence of a graceful woman, in possession of every elegance, whose simple request to him was to recommend a man of character, if of the Church of Rome the more acceptable, who could teach her the refinements of the English tongue, and select for her such authors as would best acquaint her with the manners, sentiments, and customs of the English nation, for which she was ready to allow a handsome pension.

Mr. Adderly promised to obey her command; but the commission was so different from his expectation, that he mentioned it at his own table as an extraordinary occurrence.

Mr. Prior, a dignified English clergyman, who had twenty years before made the tour for improvement, and now travelled for amusement, was so curious to see a woman, who, in the situation described, had a desire to be anglicised, that he requested Mr. Adderly to introduce him out of mere curiosity, as a person qualified to be her preceptor; and was so pleased with
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the fair scholar, that what was undertaken in jest, he faithfully performed in earnest, so that the two years in which Lord Grandon contrived to dissipate the riches of Don Philip Rinaldo Conftodello Albertina, was employed by his wife in improving her naturally fine mind, reading the most select authors, and in conversations with a man of an excellent heart, universal experience, and scientific knowledge.

At the end of this period, a continued run of ill-luck obliged my Lord to write, in a very peremptory style, to his friend Mr. Knightly for a remittance, having before addressed himself to that gentleman twice on the same subject, without receiving an answer, or what was of more consequence, any money.

The tardiness of so ready and convenient a friend was at this time the most provoking thing in the world; for though nobody had heard of the English *Lord* Grandon, yet, as every body knew he was very handsome and unreasonably rich, he had just then been noticed by Madame Du Barry herself. No money however arriving, my Lord's friends began to carry an inquisition in their looks; and his charming opera girl actually reclined her pretty ear, weighed down by the brilliant drops he had given her, on the shoulder of a farmer general before his face. Enraged, he flew to his wife, who was just then reading Milton with Mr. Prior, begged to speak six words, asked for her jewels to relieve him from the most heart-felt

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felt distress, received the case in which they were deposited, kissed the fair hand that gave him the key, and hastened to a jeweller's to dispose of them, while Magdalena returned to Mr. Prior and Milton.

The debts of honour thus satisfied, my Lord, so disgusted had he been with his friends and the charming opera girl, would have gladly left Paris, and returned to England simple Captain Montreville; had there not been other demands, which he found it would be impossible to evade; a few weeks, however, brought bills from Mr. Knightly of ten thousand moidores, accompanied with a letter, complaining of the difficulty he encountered in executing his trust, and hinting the probability this remittance would be the last.

"Psha!" cried my Lord, "I think I know my friend Knightly."

Magdalena was now requested to prepare for England, where she understood her husband's contingencies all lay, and where he had uniformly promised to drop the assumed name, and establish his family, so as to clear up all the doubts which she could not but feel were now attached to her character; she then apprized her English preceptor of the period to, or at least cessation of, his valuable lessons, and blushed at the limited present her husband's circumstances allowed her to make for his trouble and attendance.

Mr. Prior's refusal to accept of any gratuity, so offended, so hurt, and so confounded her, and he was

so puzzled by the various conjectures he had formed of her situation, so perfectly satisfied with the innocence, integrity, and sincerity of her heart, and so anxious for her future happiness, that he frankly acknowledged the motives both of his first and continued visits.

As this explanation could not be made without adverting to the appearances which deprived Magdalena of the society of her own sex, it filled her with indignation, and overwhelmed her with shame; but as the arrangements, which had reconciled her to a concealment of marriage, in the first instance, retained their plausible colouring, she ingenuously imparted to him the whole of her history, in a manner that precluded all doubt of her honour and sincerity, and excited the warmest interest in the heart of her auditor, who, on the authority of long experience and perfect knowledge of the world, warned her to insist on being re-married in England, and acknowledged as the Captain's wife; a measure the more indispensably necessary, as she was a second time pregnant, and two of the Peer's sons, to whom her husband vaunted his affinity, were lately dead: he even ventured to hint doubts of the Captain's principles, which, though her own observation confirmed, she did not answer; and he engaged not only to correspond regularly with her, but even to return to England, however inconvenient to his own affairs, whenever he could be of the least service to her.

Mr.

Mr. Prior was indeed a man of the most liberal turn of mind; the latitude he could excuse in others, he by no means allowed himself; he contended that there might exist circumstances under which an amiable, sensible woman might retain a claim to the respect of one sex, and the esteem of the other, even though the torch of Hymen was inverted over her head. He had studied the mind and manners of Magdalena; and while the former displayed a dignity, and the latter a delicacy, which might adorn virgin purity, he found her so apt a scholar, that the elegance of her phraseology, and the propriety of her diction, were established before he expected she could be familiar with the common rudiments of the tongue. The expansion of such a mind produced esteem on his side, gratitude on her's, and delight to both.

When the Captain, or "my Lord and his Lady," left Paris, they designed to be in London in one month; but unfortunately the pretty opera girl having taken a trip to Lille, was so much the rage there, and the officers of the garrison were so gay, so agreeable, and played so well, that my Lord took a house, and proposed to winter there; and thus Magdalena's correspondence began with her preceptor.

Mr. Prior was at once astonished and grieved; he saw the precipice on which she stood; and although he did not explain the whole of his suspicions, said enough to alarm her. As, however, the breaking in
on

on the arrangements of "my Lord" would not answer the purpose she had at heart till they arrived in England, which was their ultimate destination, Magdalena wore patience thread-bare during their long stay at Lisle, constantly corresponding with her friend, improving equally by receiving and answering his letters, and dedicating her whole time to the cultivation and enlargement of her mind, so that she was really no longer the simple, easy, tender, credulous Magdalena, but the dignified, sensible, collected matron, zealous for her own honour, and the infant she carried in her womb.

Either Captain Montreville had been too much engaged to attend to the improvements of a wife, or he wanted penetration as well as judgment; for no man could be more nonplused, when, on their arrival in London, having taken a small ready-furnished house at Brompton for her, as "Lady Grandon," and a lodging for himself in St. James's-street, as Captain Montreville, she demanded to be publicly invested with a wife's unblushing honours.

Procrastination was the Captain's favourite maxim; but it would not do;—Magdalena remembered her husband was third cousin to a Lord, who had now only one son; and as they were in England, where he had often told her his clerical friend lived who married them, she remonstrated against procrastination, which not only cast a shade over her own character,
but

but might deprive her child of its natural inheritance.

The Captain, thus pressed, promised, as soon as he received a large remittance now in the hands of his friend Mr. Knightly, he would let the Lisbon estate go to the devil, and live in a cottage on love with his Magdalena.

It was not his wife's reason, but her situation that at length acceded to this delay; she was far advanced in her pregnancy, equally a stranger to the manners, the country, and inhabitants: she therefore agreed to wait till the remittance arrived; and though she did not mention it to her husband, privately resolved to throw herself at the feet of her own father, whom Mr. Prior informed her was at the head of his profession, rich and respectable.

Thus then was she delivered of a male child, at an obscure house at Brompton, where the visits of the Captain in his phaeton, or town-chariot, excited both the sneer and stare of all the little neighbourhood; but the clerical friend could not be found, and, what was worse, no remittances arrived from Lisbon.

Magdalena was now the less anxious on either account, as her child engrossed all the faculties of her soul; and solicitude for its future welfare rendered her passive, in hope, as Knightly certainly had great property in his hands, some part might be secured for her child.

The

The Captain was no less solicitous for the remittance on a dearer interest; he was a great loser in all his gambling adventures; and while his wife had the credit of being his mistress, a mistress had the credit of being his wife. He removed into a fine house in Portman-square, with a beautiful woman, whom he called Mrs. Montreville, who perfectly understood how to make money circulate; so that by this time the Captain was on the debit side of all his tradesmen's accounts, and it was high time to think of love in a cottage with Magdalena; in other words, he was obliged to secrete himself at her house from a description of people with whom he had formerly been very familiar, called bailiffs, and was too well known by them to be long in safety.

He revealed his situation to his wife, who, ignorant of the amount of the sums he had received, as well as the manner in which he had squandered them, gave him what money and few valuables she had left.

The Captain flew to Portman-square, took Mrs. Montreville with him, and set off directly for Paris.

CHAP. VIII.

The long Story continued:

THE Captain's absence for days, weeks, and even months, was nothing new to Magdalena; but as she had not only given him her few remaining valuables, but all the contents of her purse, save one solitary guinea and a little silver, she began to fear the approach of a fiend to which she was yet a stranger, "Poverty."

She had been used sometimes to address billets to him at a coffee-house in Pall-Mall, and now, instead of the ordinary conveyance by post, dispatched her faithful Christiana to inquire for Captain Montreville, and, in case of not meeting him, to leave a note.

"We have not seen the Captain," said the waiter, "these three weeks; here are several letters and a large packet from Lisbon for him."

"Ah! give me, give me, mine Gote! give me!" cried Christiana eagerly.

The man started; "Give it her! he would do no such thing; he would deliver it to none but the Captain or his wife."

"Oh!

“ Oh ! ver vel, ver vel, I go, I go,” cried Christiana, jumping into a coach, which soon returned with Magdalena to demand the packet from Lisbon.

The waiter's answer was still the same ; he would deliver the packet to none but the Captain or his wife.

Magdalena solemnly affirmed that title belonged to her ; the waiter as seriously protested the Captain's wife lived in Portman-square ; and the master of the house settled the business by declaring he would keep the packet till he saw the Captain himself, whose real wife, he had the honour to know, lived in “ Portman-square.”

Silent and indignant, Magdalena turned, waved her hand to the coachman, and sighed “ Portman-square.”

This was the first moment she suspected the magnitude of her misfortune ; and, when set down at Captain Montreville's, she heard from the servants, that their master and mistress had gone to pay a visit in the country on the very day he parted with her, no words can describe the anguish of her soul.

Magdalena was remarkably happy in her diction ; and though she still retained a foreign accent, there was a mellifluous flow in her speech, a suavity of voice, and a grace in her delivery, more touching than eloquence itself ; but it was, nevertheless, very difficult to convince a number of true quality servants, that a lawful wife would live with her child
in

in obscurity so near town, while another woman, who kept great, if not good, company, usurped her place and honours.

It was indeed a hard lesson of experience, such as Magdalena could not have learned in all the volumes her friend Mr. Prior recommended to her perusal; *there* she had read men as they should be, *here* she was to know them as they are.

As proofs of her husband's perfidy crowded on her remembrance, the pride of the descendant of a Grandee sealed her lips; but the anguish of the wife, and the tenderness of the mother streamed from her heart: she could not adduce the real source of the unfortunate facts which proved so much, and scorned to have recourse to fiction.

Silent she turned from the clamour of servants, who, left with their wages unpaid to answer innumerable creditors, wished to transmit the burthen from their own shoulders to any one who would receive it.

But while Magdalena silently submitted to her fate, poor Christiana, in a barbarous jargon of mixed Portuguese, French, and English, talked enough for both, though no creature but her mistress could understand more than that Mr. Casey, formerly soldier in Captain Montreville's regiment, but now his valet and prime counsellor, had done her every injury except marrying her. Mr. Casey had, indeed, often sworn, and with truth, he loved the lady's maid as much as the Captain could possibly love the lady; and Christiana certainly

tainly loved him a great deal more ; in three words, all her savings were *in his care*.

Groaning with remorse for the violation of her grandfather's will, with anguish for her child, and compassion for the companion of her misfortunes, Magdalena pulled her lace veil over her face, and reached the door.

The clamours of Christiana, her wrung hands, odd figure, and torn hair, collected a number of passers by, chiefly common people, round the door, who, concluding she was a mad foreigner, thought her tears and exclamations the most comical and diverting things in nature.

Through this assembly Magdalena, concealing her woe-worn countenance, would have found it difficult to pass, had not her elegant figure, added to the singularity of the circumstance, attracted a plain middle-aged man, who offered her his protection to the sorry hack in waiting, and who, being master of each of the languages in which Christiana so loudly complained, did not think female distress a subject of amusement, and perceiving that the crowd seemed disposed to see all they could of what afforded them so much diversion, after handing Christiana into the hack to her Lady, he declared his intention to protect them home.

This plain man was one of the richest subjects in Great Britain ; and his person happening to be known to some of the standers by, his getting into

the coach was such a damper on their curiosity, that before they reached Piccadilly the crowd were all dispersed.

The plain man addressed himself to Magdalena several times, but her senses were pre-occupied; her hands were folded, her eyes closed, and suppressed groans convulsed her bosom; she spoke not, nor was a tear seen on her pale cheek.

Christiana, on the contrary, was as communicative, though not quite so coherent, as he could desire; she vowed her angel Lady was the most injured person in existence, herself only excepted; that one Captain Montreville, third cousin to a Lord, and heir to a vast number of rich people, was the greatest brute that stood erect, and his valet, Mr. Casey, the most perjured, false-hearted villain in the world, though he had such a flattering tongue.

The plain man was silent.

Many reports were in circulation respecting Captain Montreville, but the most probable, and indeed most generally received, was that to which he gave the least credit; for, said the world, if Captain Montreville lived on the fortune of a foreign Lady, would she not at least share it? The plain man reasoned otherwise; "For," said he, "as this Captain had dissipated about ten times as much as his whole patrimony before he escaped the bailiffs, and got abroad, how came he possessed of means to game deeply, live profusely, and take to the old mistress, who ruined him

him once before, if he had not robbed the exchequer, or caajoled some fond credulous woman."

These reflections passed in the plain man's mind, while Christiana was calling thunder from the skies to punish Mr. Casey, and while Magdalena, with her face still concealed, thought only on her injured honour and her deserted child, till she beheld him stretch out his infant arms towards her, and cry for the maternal nourishment, of which he had never before been so long deprived, when she fell back in convulsions, and exposed to the astonished plain-looking man the face he had thought so interesting in the south of France, when he foresaw the desertion of her companion; little, however, did he suspect that amiable creature, and the rich foreigner, to whom rumour gave the credit of *keeping* the gay expensive Captain Montreville, were one and the same person.

Happily the discovery did not lessen the interest he felt in her affairs; and as he generally succeeded in whatever he undertook, Christiana never before found her orders so punctually obeyed.

Physicians, apothecaries, and even surgeons were sent for, and the house filled with offers of assistance of all kinds, except that most affectingly pined for by the lovely infant; this too the respect due to so rich, as well as so plain a man, at length procured.

The wife of a naval officer, then abroad, who, though she lived at the next door, could not be in habits of civility with a person in Magdalena's sup-

posed situation, without risking her own character, was attracted by the bustle at the door ; and observing Mr. Adderly, whose power and principles she had some reason to know, helping the insensible Magdalena from the carriage, sent her maid servant to offer *him* any assistance in her power.

Mrs. Littleton was at that time herself a nurse ; and the servant, moved by the cries of the infant, took it in her arms, and carried it to her mistress with Mr. Adderly's compliments.

Mrs. Littleton, though at first very loth to risk her own and her child's health by so delicate an exertion of charity as suckling the offspring of what she supposed to be an illicit attachment, could not long resist the plaintive cries of the child, or the desire to oblige so rich and respectable a man as Mr. Adderly ; and whether compassion for the infant, or the *well* expressed thanks of that gentleman were the motives, she continued to give it maternal nourishment six weeks before the fond and grateful mother was sensible of her goodness.

During this painful interval Mr. Adderly was a constant visiter ; and while the acute misery of the suffering Magdalena was lost in wild delirium, Christiana told him her Lady's story and her own, which, though improbable, he implicitly believed.

Mr. Adderly, we have said, was rich ; his fortune was indeed so immense, that he could scarce be said himself to know its amount. Instances are not un-

common, where great treasure are disposed of with equal ease and brevity ; he was not, therefore, in that respect quite unique, though the singularities of his mind, which some called wise, some benevolent, and more imputed to an imbecility both of head and heart, were perhaps without an exact parallel.

It was a maxim with him, that as the widow's mite was accepted, little charities should be annexed to little power ; and those whom Providence highly favoured, should favour highly. But he considered it as his particular duty to make himself acquainted with the real deserts of those objects with whom he chose to share the blessings he enjoyed ; he was, no doubt, often imposed on, but as that was no fault of his own, he bore it meekly, without a thought of restraining an impulse which, like mercy, " twice blesteth ;" he therefore made such inquiries of the Lisbon Consul, and several respectable merchants, as must have detected Christiana, had she attempted to deceive him, and found every thing confirmed except the marriage, which was not believed to have taken place ; but Christiana so positively insisted on the contrary, and gave so many particulars of time, place, and circumstances, from her own knowledge, as well as from what the false Mr. Casey had told her, that if he had doubts, removed them ; and when Magdalena's high spirit, bending under a sense of such accumulating obligations, and oppressed by powerless gratitude,

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vainly

vainly strove to put her feelings into words, he told her, with a countenance from which he endeavoured to banish feeling, that understanding Admiral Herbert was her father, and that she had been wronged out of her fortune, he had represented her situation to the Admiral, and was glad to inform her——”

“Ah, my God!” exclaimed the trembling Magdalena, “is it possible! Have I, after accelerating the death, and violating the will, of my venerable grandfather, have I a father who will deign to receive a poor undone penitent to his protection? And who are you, Sir, who, like the angel of mercy, stepped out of your way to succour misery, to give to my poor infant a mother, to me a father—Ah! tell me, that I may venerate your name!”

The plain man, whose white teeth contradicted the furrows in his cheeks, was dressed in black; he wore a brown single-curved wig, a round hat, very fine linen, square-toed shoes, and gold buckles: he could look any thing in the face but sorrow; and therefore, fixing his eyes on a common print over the chimney, answered, with nervous trepidation, he was simply a man blessed by Providence with the will to do all the good to his fellow-creatures that fell in his way; that he was a banker of some eminence, his name Adderly, with whom her father, Admiral Herbert, kept his cash accounts; that he had thought it his duty to inform him of the situation in which her husband had left his daughter.

Magdalena

Magdalena hid her face, and wept.

The plain man was sorry to add, that he found the Admiral and his son much and proudly hurt at the disposition which the Don had made of his fortune.

"His son!" exclaimed Magdalena; "have I then a brother? Hurt did you say? Are they then needy?"

"No; but though wealthy, would be more so; such at least is your brother; he affects not to believe you are married."

"Ah, cruel brother! and unjust as cruel!"

"Not so; they who, without knowing, think ill of us, do not injure *us*; it is a phantom of their own imagination they attack; to that they are cruel, to themselves they are unjust. Your brother *will not* know you; he is selfish, irascible, and fastidious; he knows not how to appreciate the worth of such a sister; he has all his father's personal skill and bravery, without his wisdom and moderation."

"Alas! Sir," cried Magdalena, pressing her child to her heart, "I tremble to ask——"

"Your father," interrupted the plain man hastily, "has so long considered Captain Herbert as his *only* hope, that he is wholly governed by him, and he——"

"Is inexorable. But my father?"

"Allows you three hundred pounds a year, and I am directed to pay you the first quarter down."

“Heaven blefs my dear father!” said Magdalena, dropping on her knees.

The plain man looked at the bad prints in some confufion : the truth is, he had made his firft effay in a fcience for which no man could be worfe qualified—“the fcience of fiction;” and though he had fpoken truths in fome refpects, he had in others both added and diminished; for the Admiral and his fon were fo much hurt at the difgrace in which Magdalena’s conduct implicated them, if fhe was *not* married, and at her injufice if fhe was, as well as difpleafed at the Don’s will, that they rejected the good banker’s application on her behalf, and forbid his further interference, in terms haughty and decifive enough, to fucceed with any man who did not prefer the approbation of his own heart to the favour of a Prince.

“This poor lady then,” said the plain man, “is a new partner in my firm; but however delicate the manner in which I acquaint her with her pretentions, it will be much more genial to the feelings of the grand-daughter of a Grandee to receive fupport from her own father, than from a fimple individual, who has nothing grand about him but the image of his Maker; I muft therefore ornament an ungrateful truth with fiction, and by that means preferve her afflicted mind from the humiliating fenfe of pecuniary obligation.”

Magdalena grieved fhe could not fee her *generous* father; but as he was a father fhe had never feen, fhe
wrote

wrote a grateful letter to him, which Mr. Adderly took charge of, and calmly endeavoured to reconcile her mind to her fortunes.

Mr. Adderly, who was a widower, continued to find himself at Brompton, when he had intended to go a contrary way, till he was near forgetting he had not yet outlived the passion so beautiful and interesting an object was formed to inspire; but the extreme pleasure he found in her society, and his reluctance to leave it, reminded him of the ties it was impossible for him to break, and of that situation of which he dared not take advantage; he therefore made his bow, and after giving her his address, with a check for the second quarter, wholly declined his visits.

Magdalena, though little used to a practical delineation of the passions, had yet sufficient observation to give Mr. Adderly full credit for the conquest over himself, and now gave up her heart and all its faculties to the sweet and rapturous enthusiasm of maternal fondness; while the but half-understood communications of Christiana, which included her Lady's affinity to Admiral Herbert, his supposed settlement, the credit of Mr. Adderly, and the simple rectitude of her own conduct, so far retrieved her character in the neighbourhood, that Mrs. Littleton's increasing intimacy did not expose her to censure; the children were near of an age, and so dear an obligation as giving her infant nourishment, could never be forgotten by the fond mother.

Two years Magdalena continued at Brompton, retaining, out of mere indolence, the name of Grandon; "Lady," was a title her rank in Portugal had a right to claim, and what Christiana must be dumb to forego; but as her son grew all a parent's fondest love could ask, as she discovered in his countenance lineaments of a noble mind, she remembered his high descent on her side, and his relation on his father's—strong arguments against any longer retaining a fictitious name; yet having been so long and well known at Brompton by it, there was no way of resuming her husband's with effect and propriety, without changing her place of abode; and in doing that she would lose a most agreeable neighbour, and her son his loved foster brother. This consideration delayed the arrangement her judgment sanctioned, till an event happened which enabled her to satisfy the generous feelings of her own heart, and in her turn oblige Mrs. Littleton.

Captain Littleton died on his voyage from the West Indies, where he had been stationed, without making any other provision for his wife and child, besides her pension, than leaving them his paternal inheritance, near Truro in Cornwall, which his progenitor had piece by piece so diminished, that it was reduced to a large old mansion, a garden, orchard, and a few acres of bad land.

The Captain's agent had removed from London to Belfast, but still retained the agency of such officers as

had not cleared their accounts; from his clerk, who was sent to London on the business, it was Mrs. Littleton first heard of her loss, and the reduction she must make in her expences. She was a Cambrian by birth, and was hesitating, with all the fluctuation natural to weak minds, whether to retire to board in Wales, or occupy her own house, when Magdalena's offer to accompany her, and pay two hundred pounds for the board of herself, her maid, and child, determined in favour of Truro. The furniture was immediately packed, her servant sent by sea, and herself removed to Magdalena's house till her affairs with the agent, or rather his clerk, were finally settled.

Mr. Hanson, who had all the easy intrepidity of his country, paid the widow a thousand unmeaning compliments in the course of his business with her; and happening once to catch a glimpse of Lady Grandon, as Magdalena was called, was so struck with the grace and elegance of her figure, that he became curious to know her history and connexions, which, as Mrs. Littleton was really pleased with the frequent *tête-à-têtes* that occurred with Mr. Hanson, she very readily gave him; and whether it was her manner of telling, or the story itself, that so interested him, he did not explain, when he took the trouble to commit the heads to writing at his last, and indeed somewhat tender, interview.

Mrs. Littleton's affairs being all settled, the ladies, their sons, and maid set off from Brompton in hired chaises, and reached Truro without accident.

Holly Ash was a venerable pile of building, in one wing only of which all the furniture was placed.

But Magdalena immediately fitted up a long gallery and two large rooms in the center, where she proposed to commence the tuition of her son and his foster brother.

The situation was pleasant and romantic, and Magdalena, who carried her mind with her, was happy.

She had, previous to her leaving London, solicited an interview with Mr. Adderly, and was by him informed, that reports of her marriage gaining credit at Lisbon, Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez obtained an order from the King not only to stop further remittances, but to attach all the Albertina property, which was in the hands of Mr. Knightly; that the Captain having previously received a very considerable remittance, supported his usual splendour, and gamed with his usual success; but future resources being now stopped, he was expected to make a very precipitate retreat from Paris.

Magdalena, after blessing Heaven for having given her such a father as Admiral Herbert, and such a friend as the plain man, his banker, expressed the strongest satisfaction at the steps taken to execute the will of her grandfather, as far as it could be now executed;

cuted; and having made inquiries after Mr. Prior, who she found had accompanied some scientific traveller on a tour round the English Colonies, parted with the plain man, who wore a jewel of the first water in his heart.

The fair recluse was every hour more pleased with a retirement where her avidity to acquire knowledge could not be interrupted; and Mrs. Littleton, who was rather a simple inoffensive woman, than that sort of enlightened mind which could claim congeniality with Magdalena's, fancied every field weed a miracle, every tree paradise, and every stream an helicon till she was familiar with them all, when the novelty ceasing, she became indolent, spiritless, and fretful.

Magdalena, who saw from what vacuity of mind the alteration sprung, listened with patience to the little domestic troubles her temper made, and for some time took pains to inspire her with that cheerful resignation to fate, which was visible in the whole tenor of her own life; not succeeding, she gave the matter up, and having taken Mrs. Littleton's son under her tuition with her own, made their improvement the principal business and pleasure of her existence, till after two years' vegetation, Mrs. Littleton's *ennui* was broken by the death of her son in the small-pox.

Giddy in prosperity, heartless in adversity, and imbecile in affliction was poor Mrs. Littleton; she wept in all the extravagance of grief for her son. but was so
eager

eager to embrace any change in her present joyless life, that her tears were dried up, and her son forgotten, when one fine evening Mr. Hanson, the agent's clerk, rode up to the porch, having, he said, come from London on purpose to visit her.

Magdalena, who never forgot who she was, used to breakfast and take tea in her own apartment; and her son being now scarce recovered after the disorder which deprived him of his companion, she chose to keep there altogether while a stranger was in the house.

To Mrs. Littleton, who pined under the terrible disease of "*well* wanting to be *better*," and sick of the Holly Ash, where, except a Romish priest, a cockney curate, a lame doctor, and rustic servants, no male being ever entered, Mr. Hanson of course appeared a combustible of charms.

Right willing indeed was Mrs. Littleton to be persuaded to take an unceremonious leave of the old mansion, and all its faded sweets, had Mr. Hanson been so indecorous as to make such a proposal; but he was not. He slept indeed at the inn, but every day and all day were passed with the widow, walking in the meadows in the morning, in the groves at noon, and by the purling streams at moon-light; so that when the dear man made his congee, he took with him the better half of the widow's soul, and left it so void of resources against inanity, that she listened with complacency even to Christiana's tedious detail of the charms

charms and perfidy of Mr. Casey, merely on the principle of having on that account a right to talk of sweet Mr. Hanson.

Christiana, who was herself in a sort of half-existence, having many hours unemployed, while Mr. Hanson so engrossed the widow, being reminded by him of her family at Lisbon, and of Mr. Casey, whose address he said he knew, took it in her head to become a letter scrawler; and having wasted half a quire of paper, pleased herself in two epistles, one a philippic to Mr. Casey, against himself, she did not know where; the other to her sister at Lisbon, full of invectives against the Captain; and Mr. Hanson obligingly took charge of both.

Meanwhile Magdalena,

“By fortune sunk, but form’d of generous mould,

“In a lone cot, amidst the distant wood,

“Sustained alone by providential Heaven,”

was the happy instructress of her charming boy, and proved

“Contentment walks

“The sunny glade, and feels inward bliss

“Spring o’er his mind, beyond the power of kings

“To purchase.”

Thus she lived under the proud banner of her own honour, in all the serene delight of conscious rectitude, reading and improving from the best authors, without once asking her heart if the man once so dear was in existence.

Short

Short-lived, however, are all sublunary happiness; her son caught the measles, the whooping-cough followed, and he was reduced to extremity.

The sufferings of Magdalena can only be conceived by a mother as fond and as desolate. When the child began to recover, she was herself but the shadow of a shade.

About this time a letter was delivered at Holly Ash, which affected Christiana as joyfully as the sight of Mr. Casey himself could have done; it was from her sister, who lived with Lady Aurelia: it said a great deal of the joy they felt at hearing from her, and desired Lady Magdalena to be informed that the poor Lady Abbess was given over by her physicians, but declared she could not die till she delivered into her dear niece's own hand, one hundred thousand rix-dollars, which Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez consented should be her's, provided she claimed it personally, as they were determined that vile heretic, calling himself Captain Montreville, should not touch a dollar.

Magdalena wept; Christiana, on her knees, implored her to visit the dear dying Abbess, and take the one hundred thousand rix-dollars for her sweet son.

The child was too weak to take such a journey, and his mother too tender to part with him; but the hundred thousand rix-dollars were the cuckoo song with Christiana, and the dying Abbess the burthen of it.

In

In a few days a second letter, with the packet mark and the Albertina seal, was delivered at Holly Ash, from the Abbess, who, too ill to write herself, implored her beloved niece to close her eyes, and take the fortune.

Magdalena's conflicts were terrible; but she was bound by a threefold duty—to her aunt, to herself, and her son: how sacred the first, how dear the last! She could no longer hesitate; with so faithful a servant as Christiana, and so warm a friend as Mrs. Littleton, who had indeed been a mother to him, she would trust her boy, while, tearing herself from all joy, she performed so solemn a duty.

The priest's certificate of her marriage was an essential paper to carry into the presence of her virtuous expiring relation; she packed it carefully, with a few trifles, for the voyage, there being plenty of every thing, as Christiana said, at Lady Aurelia's; and after having solemnly recommended to them her darling, and received as solemn assurances of their care, she threw herself into a chaise, and reaching Falmouth just as a Lisbon packet was under weigh, embarked to close the dying eyes of her good aunt, and receive one hundred thousand rix-dollars for her son.

CHAP. IX.

No End to the long Story.

MRS. LITTLETON and her confidante, Christiana, having now nothing to do but amuse one of the best tempered children in the world, con over the delicious anecdotes of past scenes, and complain of the inanity of the present, were in danger of becoming two very pitiable beings.

Christiana had indeed the advantage of Mrs. Littleton, having the hundred thousand rix-dollars for her Lady, besides presents from Lady Aurelia to herself, in perspective, to amuse her; but notwithstanding she neither talked nor thought of little else, even that was growing "weary, stale, and unprofitable," when her spirits received an unexpected electrical stroke within a week after her Lady's departure; for who should present his erect figure before her but the gay seducer, Mr. Casey!

His reception was by no means flattering; it was loud, harsh, and dissonant: he however bore all with true Christian patience; and when the raging of the storm was succeeded by a heavy shower, swore he was pressed going from Brompton, had been twice shipwrecked since he beheld her dear face, and moreover,

over, had never seen his vile master from that blessed hour to this.

Christiana scolded, bid him never see her more, cried, and *forgave*; after which, it is to be presumed, they too walked the meadows in the morning, the groves at noon, and by the purling streams by moonlight.

"It never rains but it pours," cried Christiana, seeing Mr. Hanson, who, by mere chance, came to pay a second amorous visit to the widow, more in love than ever. As to Mr. Casey, he protested he would not part with *his* love till she was his own; only as his mother, who lived at Dulwich, near London, had made him swear she should see his wife before he married her, and as the old woman had a few houses to give away, he thought it mought be as well to humour her.

Christiana could not hear of leaving her young charge; but then, to be sure, Mrs. Littleton would take care of him; but her Lady—how could she face her Lady, after breaking her solemn promise, not to let her son be out of her sight? but then, to be sure, as she would be Mrs. Casey long before her return, how could it be known? Mrs. Littleton would not blab; besides, she would not always be a servant; no, Mr. Casey assured her she should keep a servant herself; and so Christiana consented to be married at Dulwich, to humour the old mother.

Now every body knows that the cheapest way of reaching London from the coast of Cornwall is by
sea.

sea, and it would have been also, as the wind then was, the most expeditious, had not the ship steered the course to Cork instead of the river Thames; in short, poor Christiana was again deceived, robbed, and deserted; and miserable must have been her fate in a strange country, without money or friends, had it not occurred to her that a letter to Mr. Adderly, the great banker, would reach him with more expedition and certainty than one she wrote by the same post to Mrs. Littleton.

Mr. Adderly, who could make out little more of her scrawl than that she was in distress, wrote immediately to his correspondent at Cork, inclosing her direction, and an order to supply her with money to defray her expences to England by the first vessel to Liverpool or Plymouth, from whence she made all the haste her finances would admit, to return to Holly Ash; but what was her grief and astonishment to find no Holly Ash standing! the house and all the out-buildings were reduced to a heap of ashes. Almost frantic, she ran to the nearest neighbour, of whom she learned that the house took fire, no mortal could tell how, at day-break, and, before any assistance arrived, was burnt to the ground, but that no lives were lost; Madam Littleton and little master, with her maid and the gentleman, who was belike her sweetheart, went off to London, after letting the land to farmer Tolly.

Christiana

Christiana was now more distressed than when abandoned at Cork by Mr. Casey.

She was become so inured to misfortune, that she not only dreaded, but suspected, every thing; and therefore, with a heavy foreboding heart, was preparing to set off on foot on her way to London, when the man who usually brought the letters, told her two were lying at the post-house at Truro directed for her, and promised to bring them the next day.

Christiana was received with kindness by the neighbours, and invited to stop with them till she recovered her strength; but the letters actually in some degree deprived her of reason.

Letter the First.

"MY DARE JEWEL,

"I hope you are got home that; as for me, I am after taking a trip over sea, and faith, jewel, if I bury Molly Casey, my lawful wife, and get a black Princess, I will truly pay you all the money and goods of mine I had of your's, being your faithful servant,

"PATRICK CASEY."

Letter the Second.

"In the present confusion of my mind, I know not whether to address this letter to Lady Magdalena

lena or Christiana; alas! I never more shall behold either. What can I say? how account for my actions? Oh, good God! forgive me. Dear Lady, believe your child is as dear to me as my own existence; he is safe—he is well. Oh that I dared say more!

“S. LITTLETON.”

It was not possible for Christiana to conceive that Mrs. Littleton could be guilty of so cruel an act as to deprive an injured and unfortunate mother of her only consolation; but it was very clear that she had herself deserted her trust, and dreading nothing now so much as the sorrow and reproaches of her beloved mistress, she set off on foot for Plymouth instead of London, resolved to beg a passage to Lisbon, not to meet Magdalena, but to hide from her.

The master of a Lisbon trader, a prime sailer, who was in the custom of running without convoy, heard her pitiful tale, and consented to give her a passage.

Fatigue, grief, and hard living before she was received on board, affected both her body and mind, and she was in the height of a delirious fever when the ship was becalmed in sight of a French fleet, then bound to the East-Indies, and captured.

The situation of the poor Portuguese excited the compassion of Monsieur Blandel, a surgeon appointed to the garrison of Pondicherry, who, with his wife, were

were passengers in the ship to which the trader struck; and instead of sending her into port with the other prisoners, he prevailed on the Admiral to let her remain on board *to die*—an event he expected would certainly happen.

The care of this good man, and the kindness of his wife, counteracted the fatal symptoms; Christiana's constitution was remarkably good, and she recovered to repay the charitable kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Blandel by the most grateful and zealous fidelity; and though often seized with such fits of frantic grief as proved at times a mental derangement, she became so essential to the comforts of her master and mistress, that they looked upon, and treated her rather as their child than servant.

It was at that period of the Carnatic war when the prisons of Seringapatam were crowded with Europeans, who, to the great mortification of Hyder-Ally, daily expired under the cruelties inflicted by his officers, when, added to their other miseries, the small-pox broke out among them.

Hyder wished to have his people instructed in the European arts by the unfortunate prisoners; and anxious to preserve their lives, applied to the governor of Pondicherry, the representative of his good ally, the most Christian King, for medical assistance.

Monsieur Blandel, whom avarice only now detained in the east, flattered by Hyder's particular mention of him, and tempted with the large reward he expected

pected to receive, offered himself for the service; and Madame, who indeed was not only a very good doctress herself, but had instructed Christiana to be serviceable, insisting on accompanying Monsieur, they set out, with a grand convoy, first to Arcot, and then to Seringapatam.

Christiana was at least as much an English as a French woman, and could not see so many miserable wretches groaning under every species of tyranny, who, in their own country, were free and uncontrollable Lords, without feeling a desire to alleviate their sufferings.

A young officer, who had refused to obey Hyder's order to instruct his battalions in the manual exercise, was, with some other refractory Europeans, ordered into close confinement preparatory to the torture under which many of the English troops expired.

Christiana, in one of her curious rambles over the prison, happened to see this young man, and was, at first sight, so smitten with his physiognomy, that she did not rest till she had convinced Monsieur Blandel first that he exerted himself too much; then, that he must have an European assistant added to the six natives he brought from Pondicherry; and last, that she had selected a young Englishman for that purpose, who, though an officer, could read Latin, and would of course be of infinite service.

Monsieur Blandel, who loved his ease above all things but money, was not averse to accept an assistant who
could

could read Latin, and therefore, at Christiana's instance, made formal application for the aid of the young officer, which was immediately granted on the part of Hyder, but refused by the prisoner himself.

"Sancti Dei!" exclaimed Christiana, "will such a handsome creature give himself up to be mangled by these barbarians; get my palanquin directly; he must hear reason."

Hyder-Ally had by this time drawn his last accursed breath in the commission of innumerable murders; scarce had the gallant Colonel Bailles fallen a victim to his infernal draughts, before a period was put by the Almighty to his own life; but change of tyrants rather increased than softened the misery of the wretched European prisoners. Tippoo Saib might be said to feast on their agonies, and drink their tears; and chiefly it was his delight to reek his bloody vengeance on the Bedamore captives, who, crowded into different prisons, were ignorant of the fate of their fellow-sufferers, nor indeed knew who among them had survived the carnage of the defeat; and so far was Tippoo from paying any respect to the officers, they were the particular objects of his revenge. Oh! may Britons never forget that a general officer in one of the prisons had food set before him, which he was given to understand was poisoned, and that he was after kept without sustenance, till, in a raging delirium, he allayed the cravings of nature, by greedily devouring his own death!!

The young man, who made so sudden and sure a conquest of a little brown ugly woman, old enough to be his mother, had lost his only friend in the last fatal fortie; Europe had nothing, Asia nothing for him, and misery, like joy, is of all countries; yet his soul rose against the savage crew, by whom his only friend fell; and when Tippoo commanded him to teach his slaves the English exercise, he preferred death to obedience, resolving to die by his own hands the moment they were unbound.

So said the little brown ugly woman, holding her nose as she passed to the dungeon, "I have indeed known some Englishmen cruel to women, but this is the first time I thought they would not have consideration for themselves."

The despairing prisoner started; though broken and bad, it was English she spoke.

"What a filthy hole," continued she, "is this! and what a fool are you to refuse the great place I have procured for you! You don't speak; and, mercy upon me! how ghastly you look!—come, rouse yourself; you will else be a Musselman in the next twelve hours, and how soon after a corpse, Heaven knows!"

"I am resolved to die," groaned the prisoner.

"Then you resolve to be a fool," replied Christiana; "what, die with those eyes, those teeth, that shape! no, you shall not die; you shall live with Madame Blandel, the best doctress, and Monsieur, the
finest

finest surgeon in all the world; and instead of teaching the Chaylahs to murder your countrymen, you shall learn of me how to heal their wounds, and relieve their misery."

The prisoner listened attentively. "Could this woman deceive! in his own tongue too! no! Again he listened.

Christiana was very ugly, but she was also very sincere; the benevolence beaming from her black eyes, concealed the deformity of her fallow cheeks; and though our young officer had resolved to die, it was because no means offered to preserve life without a breach of the duty he owed his dead friend and himself; for as to King and country, they were ties in air to him; but death, however gorgeous the robe in which heroes dress him, is by no means so pleasant a resource to a young man as the house of the best doctress and finest surgeon in the world, who had a little ugly good-humoured female assistant.

"You certainly are my good angel," said the young officer, following Christiana to the palanquin, after she had produced the order for his liberty.

"Ah!" replied Christiana, "I have been called angel before, but that was by a devil;"—now looking earnestly in his face, and twinkling the tears from her eyes, "I do really think you an angel every time I look on you; you, on the contrary, perhaps think me a devil; but they have a saying in your country,

‘Praise the bridge that carries you safe over;’ mind that, and follow my palanquin.”

Never was the judgment of Christiana so high in the estimation of Monsieur Blandel and Madame his wife, as when the young man had for two days lived in their presence.

“He knows Latin,” said Christiana; Monsieur thought there were few things he did *not* know.

“Except,” replied Christiana, “curing the backs of his countrymen after the tamarind twigs have laid them bare.”

Madame thought practice would teach him that too; “But,” added she, “what do you call him?”

“I call him Christian,” said Christiana, “because he is my *protégée*; but though I delivered the order for his discharge from the prison, I am ignorant of his name.”

While this discourse was passing, a papilliot having dropped from Madame’s *tete*, Christiana was replacing it.

“His name,” said Monsieur Blandel, putting on his spectacles, and looking on a list, “his name is Horace Littleton.”

Off came Madame’s *tete*, which, together with a load of fine muslin and lace, was in an instant torn to pieces.

“Horace Littleton!” shrieked Christiana, flying out of the saloon; and having found the young man, dragged him with her to Monsieur and Madame.

“Is

“Is your name Horace? are you from England? did you live at Holly Ash before it was burnt? where is your blessed mother? and how is it possible you can have forgot her poor Christiana?”

The young man burst into tears.

“Ah yes!” cried he, in a voice smothered by excess of feeling, “I well remember the burning of the house, and never, never will that dear shadow, which at this moment is present to my imagination, be eradicated from my memory. My mother! yes, my *true* mother is before me!”

Poor Christiana was near fainting; Madame supported her.

“What does all this mean?” said Monsieur; “his true mother! is he then your son?”

“My son!” repeated Christiana, throwing herself on her knees, and kissing his feet, “no, the Holy Virgin forbid he should have such an unworthy mother! no, he is son to Lady Magdalena, who was daughter to his Excellency Don Philip Rinaldo Constodello, who was son to Don Perez Xantiver Constodello Albertina, who was son to the first Don Henry Rinaldo Constodello Albertina, who married a Princess of the house of Bourbon, who——”

“But who was his father?” interrupted Monsieur.

“The third cousin to an English Peer, who deserved to be drenched with mayum, and cut up with twigs of tamarind. Oh, my dearest child! where is

my Lady? and what is become of—? But now I think of it, you call yourself Littleton; how is that?"

Horace could not tell: all he remembered of that early period of his life, was being carried on board a ship, and living a long while at sea, where he was told to call Mr. Hanson, who was his mamma Littleton's husband, papa; and that then, as he afterwards knew, he lived at Philadelphia, from whence he was sent, when Mrs. Hanson died, to Europe, to the care of a relation of her's, the master of a free grammar school.

"What," interrupted Christiana, "have you then never seen my Lady?"

"Oh no! though I have tried to see her in whatever country I have been, my heart has every where fondly sought to trace her grand demeanour, her melting eyes, and that tender voice of which it retains so lively an idea."

"Oh Jesu!" cried Christiana, "and have you never heard of your aunt, the Abbess of the Order of Mercy?"

"I never heard of any relation but the people I have named."

"Sancta Maria! nor of the hundred thousand rix-dollars my dear blessed Lady went to Lisbon to fetch?"

"I never

“ I never was master of five shillings till taken under the protection of the friend who was killed in the last fortie at Bedamore.”

“ Diable! diable!” cried Christiana, tearing off her cap, and, seized with one of those fits of frenzy to which she was subject during the early part of the time she lived with Monsieur; she fell into convulsions, so that the young officer was obliged to suspend the interest and curiosity she excited till her recovery.

Meanwhile the reader will return to Holly Ash, at the period when Mr. Casey set out to humour his old mother with the sight of his bride.

Mr. Hanson was that sort of adventuring spirit, who never let an opportunity of forwarding any design he had formed, slip through his fingers; and so successful had been his address to Mrs. Littleton, that there was at this time nothing he chose to ask which she could refuse.

The unfortunate woman was indeed now waiting her fiat from him with all that trembling solicitude a female, not totally abandoned to vice, and invulnerable to remorse, must feel, while, panting for the honour of a wife and pride of a mother, she fears to be left to shame and reproach.

But in order to elucidate the character and motives of Mr. Hanson, we must retrace the old story still further back.

Captain Montreville, the reader knows, was third cousin to the Earl of Gauntlet; and remote as was his hope of being ever benefited by his noble relative at the time, he vaunted it to the simple Magdalena; a course of years not only opened his prospects, but rendered his younger brother an anxious watch on all his arrangements.

James Montreville held a place of more honour than profit at Belfast, when a beautiful young girl, daughter to a dissolute clergyman of noble family, from the north of Ireland, grew so weary of the vigilant care of her mother, that, happening to dance with Mr. Montreville at a race-ball, she agreed to elope with him, and her father following the fugitives very close, the young man was presented by him with an alternative, which ended in a public marriage.

Mr. Montreville was not in the best spirits on the occasion; but, like many other odd things in the chapter of accidents, this turned out the most prosperous event in his life.

Mrs. Montreville, whose dress and company at first promised to bring her husband's affairs into a very narrow compass, became celebrated for her beauty and fascinating manners; without a single merit of his own, except an unlimited confidence in his wife, she introduced her husband to all the gay men round that part of Ireland, and in the following winter procured for him the notice of the Viceroy, who broke the heart of a very amiable wife, while he exposed himself to
general

general ridicule by his passion for Mrs. Montreville, and the favours he heaped on her accommodating husband.

Mrs. Montreville disguised, under the appearance of juvenile frivolity, strong observation, great policy, and deep cunning, which, added to a face where the Graces seemed to unite their power of fascination, a bewitching softness of manner, and an apparent frankness of heart well justified her boast and practice, that she would enslave whatever man she pleased.

Mr. Whittall, the agent we have before mentioned, was distantly related to this lady, and a sharer in the family hope that a coronet would grace her brow.

The Captain's dissolute life was well known, and often canvassed in the family; he had no children, denied his marriage, and lived openly with a woman as dissolute as himself.

Matters were exactly in this train when Mr. Hanson returned from London with the written anecdotes from Mrs. Littleton, and completely confounded the rising family of the Whittalls, who, however, enjoined him to keep secret what they affected not to believe.

Mr. Hanson had once committed a trifling *sauvage*, which, for want of some person to speak to his character, had like to put an early period to his adventures. This accident perhaps first suggested the extreme importance of a good character; and as no

man could be more nice in that respect, the family of the Whittals were perfectly easy with so faithful a confident.

The Earl of Gauntlet, having buried his three sons, died; and Captain Montreville, with his female companion, were received through a whole county, as they approached the family mansion, with bonfires, ringing of bells, and every other demonstration of joy which takes place when one Lord, no matter how good or how bad, drops, and another Lord of the family succeeds.

Admiral Herbert, who was much nearer related to the coronet than the new Earl, could not be ignorant of so important an event; but as his son was still irascible, and as he did not really believe his daughter was married, he contented himself with declining the acquaintance of all his family.

The Earl's companion now, regretting that avarice which, in order to retain the wages of her iniquity in her own power, had hitherto induced her to decline the infatuated *Captain's* offered hand, resolved at last to be generous, and resign both her riches and charms wholly to the *Earl*.

Mrs. Montreville could not bear this; she paid an uninvited visit at the mansion, and proved herself so complete a Machiaval in the art of pleasing, that the quondam Mrs. Montreville was actually displaced, and after violent struggles, obliged to retire on a pen-

sion, glad to secure that small wreck of all her former power.

The Earl was now in a delirium of happiness; his charming sister sacrificed even the Viceroy to him: she sat at the head of his table, managed his rent-roll, engaged and discharged the servants; and finding Mr. Casey when sober, rather difficult to manage, she procured for him, by her interest with her old friend the Viceroy, a collector's place in the Customs, where, as he was fond of spirits, she for more reasons than one, hoped he would soon close his accounts.

Lord Gauntlet had certainly, reckoning *nights* as well as days, lived to a good old age. He was at present only in his thirty-fifth year, but in constitution ninety; and in spite of the tenderness of his beautiful sister-in-law, his physicians advised a voyage to Lisbon.

My Lord started; there were very few things he would not do to wear a coronet, and live with his dear sister a few years longer, except going to Lisbon, and therefore he proposed Italy.

The beautiful and now honourable Mrs. Gauntlet, had some private arrangements to make with Mr. Hanson previous to her accompanying her dear brother abroad; true, she would not believe his marriage, and of course could not *fear* an heir, but it was as well to be *sure*.

Mr. Hanson pleaded the impossibility of carrying off the reputed son of a nobleman.

The Honourable Mrs. Montreville pleaded the Anglesea cause as a precedent, where the noble injurer was gathered to his fathers in peace, if not with honour, and the injured heir expired in a prison.

He next hinted at the danger.

She proved she could protect him.

His character, his dear character! on which he set so high a value!

The Honourable Mrs. Montreville smiled, and displaying three Bank of England notes for one thousand pounds each, said, it was his character, and the very high value she knew he set on it, that gave her confidence in his ability and prudence, well assured no other person would outbid her; therefore she would be plain—three thousand pounds should be his own as long as the horrid boy was kept from the world; it must be returned with interest, if he was known to exist.

Mr. Hanson's eyes devoured the notes, but the penalty was distressing.

"You would not have the boy dead?" said he, in an under tone.

"I would not be in your power, Sir," answered the lady; "all I desire is never to hear of him."

"Well, Madam," and he held his open palm for the notes.

The lady produced a bond, well and firmly worded by her cousin Whittal, the agent, who now appeared to

to witness it, and take the notes in trust for his friend Hanson till the boy was conveyed away.

Mr. Casely, of whom Mr. Hanson had heard much from poor Christiana in his visits at Brompton, was the only ally in this business he could think of, who would undertake any desperate job, for which he was well paid, without asking questions, provided it was not attended with personal risk; as to the matter of going over the old ground with Poor Christiana, that was a mere joke, which indeed he had no power to turn into earnest, as he was married to a bog-trotter of his own dear country, of whose interference he stood in some awe.

Mr. Hanson's first visit at Holly Ash had for its object and reward three thousand pounds, besides all expences; and, as the Honourable Mr. Montreville rightly judged, his regard to character prevented his making confidants. He took charge of both Christiana's letters; one of which suggested the means of getting rid of her; the other opened a fair prospect of separating the mother from her child. He held a council with Casely as far as related to the favour intended Christiana, and drew from him, among other secrets, that somehow he possessed a family seal of the Albertina; Hanson gave its weight in gold for the valuable trinket, and directly took his passage to Lisbon, from whence he wrote the first letter to Christiana by one packet, and by that in which he returned himself, the last to Magdalena.

Casely,

Cassey, who understood his cue, acted his part well, received his reward, and returned to his post, where Irish whiskey, and smuggled brandy, very soon made him a "grave man."

Mr. Hanson had been a week at Holly Ash, not less tender, and apparently more enamoured than when he left it, without dropping one word on the subject of all others the most important to Mrs. Littleton, who, a novice in guilt, wanted courage to mention her interesting situation; but when the day after Christiana's departure he spoke of returning to Ireland, the long-pent anguish burst out; she avowed her situation with a deluge of tears, and waited that answer he, notwithstanding his affected consternation, was well prepared to give.

Folding her in his arms, he reminded her, that in all the transports they had shared, the word marriage never escaped his lips; worlds would the affectionate Mr. Hanson give if it were in his power to marry her.

Mrs. Littleton's bloodless face sunk on his shoulder.

It had been his unhappy fate to be united early in life to a woman destitute of the power to charm like his dear Sarah. She was old, peevish, and ugly, but rich; and such as she was, though he did not live with her, he could not unmarry her.

Tears, hysterics, and every tender excess of sorrow, followed this explanation.

Mr.

Mr. Hanson's sorrow and regret were blended with her's; he sat by her bedside, bewailed their hard fate, and at length proposed going off to America, where they might be every thing to each other.

Mrs. Littleton's mind, naturally weak, was enervated by her situation; she was one of those straight-laced ladies, who made not the smallest allowance for female frailty, and naturally expected as little charity from others; so that Mr. Hanson was very right in concluding she would joyfully accede to his proposal.

"What is done basely, should also," Mr. Hanson knew, "be done safely." While Mrs. Littleton was fatiguing herself about disposing of her little property, he was taking very effectual methods to save her every kind of trouble on that score. Lord of the mistress of the house, he ranged through the apartments without controul or delicacy; and having fixed his eye on a scrutoire, about which Mrs. Littleton was very uneasy, as it contained, she said, all Lady Magdalena's valuable papers, particularly the certificate of her marriage, Mr. Hanson chose to gratify his curiosity at the expence of the locks, after Mrs. Littleton was retired for the night; but though he found several papers of consequence, the one he was in search of was in a safer place.

This was a transaction of which Mrs. Littleton always remained ignorant; for she was next morning alarmed by the cry of fire, and though assured the roof
must

must fall in immediately, would not leave her chamber till she had awakened her young charge, and descended with him in her arms.

A few wearables were all, besides the plate, which was principally Lady Magdalena's, that could be saved; and as Mrs. Littleton had quite made up her mind to the America business, she allowed the sooner it was put in execution, the better. The child might be left with Christiana, whom Mr. Hanson was sure to find in London; so off set the fond pair, with Dorothy, Mrs. Littleton's handsome maid, and Master Horace, in one post chaise.

Arrived at London, an American vessel was found, which had just cleared outwards, and Mrs. Littleton having nothing to do but to deliver Lady Magdalena's child to Christiana, agreed to sail in her.

Two vexatious things, however, seemed to menace a destruction of the well-concerted plan; Christiana could not be found, and after sending their little baggage on board, Mr. Hanson, with great and delicate confusion, inquired how his charmer had prepared for the voyage, and their future subsistence.

Mrs. Littleton was speechless; it was an inquisition which would certainly have quite as well become her to make, as to answer: the result was, that it was indispensibly requisite to pay down sixty pounds; and though very rich in love, the fond couple, their maid, and charge had not, as Mr. Hanson said, five pounds amongst them.

Mr.

Mr. Hanson, who was equally ready with Mrs. Littleton to place confidence in the maid Dorothy, had prevailed on the former to pass for his wife at the lodgings, and she now felt "it would be misery to lose that which it was not happiness to possess;" yet what was to be done?

Mr. Hanson folded his arms, and looked dismal; Mrs. Littleton wept; and the rosy-cheeked maid Dorothy fretted herself pale. But at last, when despair sat brooding on the soul of poor Mrs. Littleton, when Mr. Hanson had been absent two whole days, and when Dorothy had changed the last guinea, the truant returned with a brow on which renovated hope was bid to sit in triumph, while, under oath of secrecy, he revealed to Mrs. Littleton a proposal which had, he said, *that day* been made him, from which she started with horror; it was simply that of finally adopting or rather stealing young Horace, for which trifling piece of service the Earl of Gauntlet, he said, would reward them with affluence.

In Mrs. Littleton's present desperate circumstances and situation, is it necessary to add her horror was transient?

But though thus seduced step by step into an action which but to have heard suggested a few months before would have made her tremble, though happy in the apparent increasing fondness of the man she loved, and though presented with a number of the little offerings to vanity which please and gratify a fond female,
more

more in respect to the giver than the gift, there were moments when her heart smote her, when she felt part of the anguish she was inflicting, and when her fallen state, from the respectable widow of a brave officer, to the mistress of a married adventurer, whose deep policy was every hour more evident, and who at some moments she feared as much as at others she loved, filled her with confusion and regret.

It was in one of those painful paroxysms she wrote the letter to Christiana, poor Christiana! who at that moment she was more than suspicious was an innocent party in the barbarous cheat put on her Lady; but regret and reflection were now equally vain, as the die was cast, and the ship was sailing before the wind to her destined port.

But whatever melancholy sensation oppressed the mind of Mrs. Littleton, or as she was now called Mrs. Hanson, Mr. Hanson enjoyed profound tranquillity; so well had he acquitted himself in the business, and so perfectly were the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Gauntlet pleased with his zeal and activity, that Mr. Whittall not only remitted every kind of expence he had been at, but added a fourth bank note of equal value with the other three. When, therefore, Mr. Hanson set his foot on American ground, with four thousand pounds in his pocket, and no other drawback on his felicity than a fond woman, for whom he cared very little, a fine boy he wished in heaven, and a rosy-cheeked damsel, of whom he thought more than of any thing
but

but his four thousand pounds, he was one of the happiest men in the province ; for, besides the fortune we have just mentioned, Mrs. Hanson was, as he concluded, agreeably surprised when he informed her he was appointed to a lucrative post in the revenue.

Mrs. Littleton, who was now far advanced in her pregnancy, and felt her mind, weak at the best, sink at the approach of the trying hour of child-birth, could not but see the regular train by which a scene of iniquity, in which she was a principal actor, was conducted. The place so opportune, the large sums ostentatiously shewed to her by her husband, and the expectancy of further advantages, all contributed to convince her of the importance of that service he had rendered *his* friends, and the magnitude of that injury she had done to *her's* ; the fond and distracted mother was continually before her ; she heard her cries, and felt her agonies : if she experienced a moment's cessation from torture, it was when lavishing a thousand tender caresses on the innocent victim to avarice and cruelty.

For some time Mr. Hanson did take the trouble to sooth the perturbed spirit of his repentant companion ; and as he trembled lest the compunction she felt might lead to a discovery, he resolved to become a widower, and make her his own legal property.

The truth is, the incumbrance of the old wife was an invention to alarm and throw the credulous woman
more

more into his power ; had he married her in England, she would have had but one tie on her secrecy and compliance—in the situation to which he reduced her, she had many ; but now, he considered those, who would not dare to entertain and encourage the disaffection of a wife, would not have the same scruples in regard to a woman who was her own agent, and whose situation would gain credit to a story so evidently subversive of the tender interest of her heart.

Mrs. Littleton could not but be pleased with the joy her husband expressed at the news he pretended to receive of his wife's death, and the eagerness, as well as delicacy, he shewed in espousing her. Pretending business, he carried her to New York, where they were privately married.

The journey, taken at an inclement season, was fatal to the miserable bride ; she was delivered of a still-born infant on her return to Philadelphia, and brought to her house in a state of health that alarmed the medical people, whom Mr. Hanson immediately sent for.

Mr. Hanson now devoted himself to the duties of his office with a zeal which, added to his regard for *character*, would have soon established a friendly intercourse between his family and those of the most respectable settlers at Philadelphia ; and his house might have been crowded by visitors, had not the situation of the wretched mistress, who carried death in her face, and

and remorse in her heart, precluded a possibility of paying and receiving visits.

As Mrs. Hanson grew weaker, her anguish became intolerable. Mr. Hanson had worn the mask till he was weary; it now dropped, and his wife's sick chamber was no place for him.

Horace was old enough to know and feel, while his mamma, as he was now in the constant habit of calling her, hung on him with a fondness as tender as touching, that he was treated with constrained civility by her husband. As to Dorothy, while her mistress lay ill, who so proper as her to keep the keys, and manage the house? She had no time to pay any attention to him; besides, her own health was so very indifferent, she was obliged to take country air more than once during Mrs. Hanson's lingering decline.

As her last struggles advanced, Mrs. Hanson became more and more desirous to make atonement for the injury she had done Magdalena; and confiding her sentiments to Dorothy, wrote a long penitential letter, which she addressed to Mr. Adderly, and enjoined her to send to England by the first packet.

Dorothy, the rosy-cheeked Dorothy, was in high favour with her master, and could not, without breaking a solemn compact between him and her, send any letter to England which was not first submitted to his inspection; the result of which was, getting another servant to superintend the domestic affairs, and
placing

placing Dorothy wholly about her mistress, not only with the view of intercepting letters sent by any other means, but to prevent the assiduity and tears of the boy from being rewarded by too unlimited a confidence.

Whether the dying woman, tormented by the reproaches of her own conscience, and severely hurt by her husband's neglect, was less credulous than she had been, or whether it was the thought of the moment, it is impossible to say ; but she sent Horace, in her own name, to the most respectable minister in the place, to request he would visit her ; and the first notice Mr. Hanson had of the matter, was the entrance of the very unwelcome guest into his house.

Mr. Hanson was very happy in respect to his religious principles ; he might at this moment have adopted what form of worship he pleased, but he now chose to be in a sanctified passion, when a clergyman entered his doors ; his dear wife, he protested, should die in the dissenting faith, in which she had always lived, and he was certain she had not sent for that gentleman.

This the gentleman readily admitted ; but added, that his friend, whom she had sent for, being confined to his bed, he was moved by the earnest entreaties of the little boy.

“ D—n the little boy ! ” vociferated Mr. Hanson, too much agitated to remember what was due to his character.

“ Is

“Is he your father, my dear?” asked the clergyman, with a displeased countenance.

“No, Sir, he is only my poor mamma’s husband.”

“Shew me the way.”

And in spite of a declaration from Mr. Hanson, that his house was his castle, the clergyman was conducted by the child into the sick chamber, followed also by Mr. Hanson, who, pale, enraged, and trembling, expected no less than a full confession from his wife.

If such were the poor woman’s intentions, they were prevented by faintings, (which now continued successively, and she had only strength to request the gentleman would have the goodness to visit her next day.

Never had the rosy-checked Dorothy seen so stern a glance directed to her from her kind master, nor indeed never had she less deserved it; as the watch she kept on her mistress was so incessant, that the child, whose anxious gaze explained her half-uttered meanings, could not make the most trifling reply she did not note.

Mr. Hanson, however, from this hour kept watch himself, re-assuming the fondness he once professed, and affecting the most profound sorrow—so very profound and unutterable, as nearly persuaded the dying woman it was not the want of, but the excess of tenderness that kept him from *living* by her bedside.

During

During this night, which was one of dreadful agony to Mrs. Hanson, she would not let Horace leave her; but collecting all her strength and spirits to one point, implored her husband to restore that dear child to his injured mother and—

“Sally! my dear Sally!” answered Hanson, “take care what you say; do not ruin your husband.”

“Tell me not of ruin,” faltered Mrs. Hanson, “my soul is in torture; promise you will!”

“I do, I do,” he eagerly interrupted, “I will by heavens!”

“One thing more; I am ill, very ill, the hand of death is on me; but I must have him sent to England; he must go to my brother.”

“He shall, he shall.”

“Alas! Mr. Hanson, would to God I dared to trust you!”

“Not trust me, Sally! my dear Sally! By the God that made me, by his judgments, and by my soul’s eternal hope——”

“Do not swear, Mr. Hanson, for in this I *will not* trust to any interested being; I mean to make this request to the minister.”

“The minister! Oh, Sally! you will then ruin me with your dying breath—you will reveal——”

“No, I will not; you have promised, and Oh! remember how sacred the promise to a soul on the verge of eternity; will you remember that?”

“May

“May I be annihilated when I forget a wish of my dear Sally!”

“Well then, you have promised to restore this dear boy to his injured mother. Horace, you are old enough to remember; I tell you *I am not*, and Mr. Hanson knows *who is*, your mother; he promises to restore you to her.”

Mr. Hanson swore, and swore again; a torrent of protestations, which all the host of heaven were adjured to witness, were passing his lips, when convulsions seized the poor mortal to whom they were addressed, and she expired before night.

Mr. Hanson could now think of his *character*; he recollected, that to his wife's parting breath, in presence of a doctor, who had been summoned to administer the last cordial, and pocket the last fee, she persisted in declaring the child was neither his nor her's; in adjuring him to commit him to the care of her brother, and, finally to restore him to his mother, the whole forming that kind of interesting mystery as might be remembered. Had there been no witness but the child himself, means might have been found to quiet him; but as matters stood, he dared not hazard a common contingency by sending him out of the way; still less did he chuse to keep him in the eye of curiosity; his *character* and his interest were at stake; therefore, resolving to make a virtue of necessity, he sent for the good clergyman, and, as the surest mode of enforcing belief, pretending to sacrifice

his own wish to the whim of his dead wife with an ill grace, besought him to take on himself the trouble of sending the boy to Europe, not without strong expressions of resentment at his wife's doubt of *his* care of the child, whom however he declared should be his heir.

The clergyman, who was as sensible as devout, could not but acknowledge the request was extraordinary; but as he was not a resident in the country, it might be intended to his sick friend.

Mr. Hanson, who had very cogent reasons to prevent the poor weeping boy's being talked of, expressed so much anxiety to perform his promise to his wife, and so much impatience at any delay, that the clergyman entirely forgetting the oath of the preceding day, consented to take a joint share in the concern of sending the lad to his uncle, which an opportunity offered of doing before Mrs. Hanson was buried; and he wrote to a friend at Bristol, where a ship was immediately bound, to receive the boy, and send him to Merionethshire to Mrs. Hanson's brother, a clergyman of probity and character, who was master of a free grammar-school.

A scene so impressive, awful, and interesting, could not fail of retaining a place in the memory of a boy of seven years old, although the few days he remained with Mr. Hanson, he treated him with the utmost tenderness, and his young heart, now bereft of one maternal friend, languished for that moment, when Mr.

Hanson's promise to restore him to his mother should be fulfilled.

Mr. Lewis received Horace with true Cambrian hospitality; he had heard from his sister when she lost her own son, and therefore would have known, notwithstanding her desire to consign this lad to him, that he was not her's, had she not so far eluded the close attendance of the rosy-cheeked Dorothy as to write a few incoherent lines to her brother, beseeching him to be a father to her adopted son; and as he had never heard of her from the time of her departure from England, he became curious to learn all the child could remember of her strange history.

Mr. Lewis was very learned, but a man of that simple integrity of heart, as effectually laid him open to flagrant imposition, and prevented his suspecting deceit till he suffered by it. It was a strange story the child told, but it might be exactly true; and as he found he had a brother-in-law of some respectability, he was disposed to think the best of him: Mr. Hanson's punctual remittances of the money for the boy's board and clothes, was a proof of his justice, though the dropping all epistolary correspondence, and ceasing to testify the smallest curiosity in respect to his health, morals, or improvements, were none of his affection or humanity. His neglect, however, acted as a stimulus on old Lewis as long as he lived, and his successor, who, though more a man of the world,

L 2 adopted

adopted his partial regard for the elegant unfriended youth.

Horace by degrees thought on past scenes as of a dream of youth, and at length ceased to weep with impatience, to hope, to expect the time when Mr. Hanson would perform the engagement so solemnly enforced by his wife, so sacredly promised by himself, of "restoring the child to his injured mother;"—he knew not the riches, the pride, or the power of him he once called father; and so much had high living and prosperity improved his person, that it was not till long after he was told he had no father, no friend, no patron but Sir Solomon Mushroom, when bid to look up to him with humble gratitude for that support he dearly earned, that he could, by combining circumstances and recollections, be certain his poor mamma's husband, and the little great Knight, was one and the same identical person.

Isaac Mushroom, who had figured in the great world in the several characters of shoe-black to a Jew broker, pencil and slipper-seller in St. Paul's church-yard, jackal and understrapper at a lottery-office, bailiff's follower, money-broker, man of the ton, husband to a woman of fashion, whose heart, had it been endowed with an atom of feeling, he must have broken long before she died of a surfeit, and, lastly, as receiver of stolen goods, having been transported for the last offence, he easily obtained liberty to recommence his manœuvres in the Colonies.

But

But though he did not want for money, he could not get connexions or correspondence, not even among the tribe of Abraham, for Isaac Mushroom was not a man of *character*; but it had fortunately happened, his Lady being Irish, he, on some occasion, did an act of kindness in the money way for one of her near relations, who accepted the obligation without asking about his *character*; that relation was father to the beautiful and honourable Mrs. Montreville, afterwards Countess of Gauntlet, who, at her worthy father's request, wrote to her good friend, Mr. Hanson, in his behalf. Isaac Mushroom had plenty of what Mr. Hanson most loved, "Money;" and Mr. Hanson having that which Mr. Solomons found most need of, "Character," they privately agreed to support each other.

Mr. Hanson had the name of great imports and exports, while Mr. Mushroom found the cash, stood the risk, and shared the profit.

This league lasted as long as the old Jew, who was worn out with vice rather than age, lived; and though such a weakness cannot be charged to Isaac Mushroom during his life, he certainly did manifest a sense of gratitude at his death, by leaving all his wealth to his friend Mr. Hanson, on the express condition of his dropping the name of Hanson, and taking up that of Mushroom, which condition Mr. Hanson was very ready to accept; and the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Montreville having become Lord

and Lady Gauntlet, he recollected certain services for which, though when executed, he had thought himself well rewarded now,—that he was not only a man of character, but fortune, his secrecy ought to bear a higher price; he accordingly left a deputy in his place, and embarked for England, to visit his noble friends.

CHAP. X.

The Conclusion of the long Story.

THE beauty, the interest, the virtue, and the husband of the lovely Countess of Gauntlet were now transplanted to the British Court, where the reader has been already informed the extraordinary qualities of her mind and person pleased some, diverted others, and surprised all.

Mr. Hanson was announced at the Earl's Windsor residence just as her Ladyship was taking the opinion of a jeweller on the value of some fine diamonds, presented to her by the husband of her most intimate female friend.

“Hanson!”

“Hanson!” repeated the Earl, “Hanson! what the devil brings him here!”

“Hanson!” exclaimed the Countess—“Oh the horrid nasty fellow! what does he want?”

“Whatever he wants,” said the Earl, “*we must see him.*”

“You may, if you please, Lord Gauntlet; but besides the little house, I must positively ride with Lord Dupero this morning; he requests it in the card which accompanied the jewels, and *they* cannot be refused.”

“The jewels are certainly very fine,” replied his Lordship, “and I think I will see this fellow below.”

“Do, my dear Lord, and say any thing you please for me to the brute. Good morning!”

The Earl bowed to the ground, and having seen her Ladyship’s pretty foot and ankle grasped by her tall valet as she vaulted into her saddle, ordered Mr. Hanson to be shewn to his study, if the place where he dressed, and where a few books were every morning covered with powder, could be so called.

His Lordship did not find Mr. Hanson so unimportant a visiter as he expected; he was dressed in handsome mourning, came in his own fashionable well-appointed carriage; and as soon as, with his Lordship’s permission, he was seated, talked of the India Bonds, Navy Bills, and Bank Stock he inherited from a friend, on the trifling consideration of

taking his name; and that he was come to England to obtain an act of Parliament for so doing.

With this conversation my Lord was the less likely to be entertained, as his visiter, who, in writing to him after his wife's death, had mentioned a mortality in his family, in a way that was interpreted by the Peer and Peerefs exactly agreeable to their own wishes, was now most provokingly silent on the subject of most consequence to the Earl and his beautiful Countess.

Mr. Hanson, however, whose *character* rose in price with his fortune, spoke of the value of his place in America with contempt, and of the situation with disgust, as the troubles were already menacing every province; and, in short, was so completely independent, that he ventured to speak of a contract, which, if the disturbances ended in a war, must be given to somebody, and which, in confidential hands, might be made productive to the person who could procure it for a friend.

Lord Gauntlet was in many respects extremely slow of apprehension; he was often seized with a convenient deafness, and had the misfortune to be, on some occasions, very dim-sighted; but none of these impediments happened just now to affect him; he perfectly understood how a large sum of money, of which no nobleman stood in more need, might come into his own hands; and as soon as his Lady and Lord Dupero had reposed themselves after the fatigue
of

of their ride, he took an opportunity of talking over the affair with her Ladyship.

“Well now,” cried the Countess, “it is really the most provoking thing in nature for a horrid fellow to get a heap of money, who has not a single idea how to spend a guinea agreeably; it certainly will be clever enough if you can contrive to hold the bank for him; but I can’t understand how that is to be done.”

My Lord put himself in the attitude of a man who was perfectly master of his own ideas, and willing to make them as clear to the conception of others; but her Ladyship begged she might not be teased with particulars; if my Lord would just say in three words what was to be done, she would send for Lord Dupero, and make him or somebody else do it.

The Earl bowed, smiled, and pronounced, “The contract.”

Lady Gauntlet was the rage; the war broke out, the contract was gained, and Mr. Hanson became first Mr. Solomon Mushroom, the contractor, and afterwards Sir Solomon Mushroom, the Member of Parliament, and great newspaper orator, under the auspices of his noble friends and patrons, the Earl and Countess of Gauntlet.

Horace, when, instead of being sent to college from the grammar-school, he was brought to Penry to write speeches, could not comprehend how such miracles had been worked; he was a disciple of

Sophocles, and entirely ignorant of the dark labyrinths through which worldly wisdom works its way.

As soon as, by the help of his own observations and recollections, he had convinced himself that Sir Solomon Mushroom was the identical Mr. Hanson, whom his mamma Littleton had so earnestly implored to restore him to his injured and unfortunate mother, a number of other particulars were revived in his memory, which at once surprised, delighted, distressed, and enraged him.

Sir Solomon Mushroom's conduct was not such as tended either to elucidate, relieve, or mollify; the recollections, to which the mind of Horace was perpetually recurring, appeared to have totally escaped his memory; nor did he, by the smallest hint, indicate that he knew such beings as Mr. or Mrs. Hanson ever existed.

Nothing indeed can be stronger proof of the fallibility attached to extreme vanity than the aid Sir Solomon Mushroom gladly received from the talents of a young man of universal reading and strong memory, whose fine mind was endowed with faculties "strew flowers in the path of science," when there were so many existing and potent reasons why he, of all others, should have been kept in the shade, ignorant of the change in his name, circumstances, and exaltation. But Sir Solomon, when poor, considered riches as the grand achievement of human wisdom, and,

and, when rich, had nothing so much at heart as to be thought wise; delighted with the talents, language, and erudition which he contrived to make in appearance his own, he never thought of the penalty vanity would inflict on his feeling and self-love, till one rainy evening, after revising a long speech for the paper, which Sir Solomon chose to persuade others, and tried to believe himself, was his own, the young man, with a dignified, though respectful earnestness, both of voice and look, reminded his patron of his and his wife's promise.

The error of his conduct struck like lightning on Sir Solomon's mind; he had solemnly assured the Earl and Countess the object of their apprehension was no more; what he wished to forget himself, he had never supposed a boy, a mere boy, would presume to remember; and he would in this moment have sacrificed every rhetorician from Demosthenes down to Sir Joseph Mawby, or even chicken Taylor, to replace the modeller of his own eloquent orations in the Welch grammar-school, from whence he took him; he had, however, one certain card which served him in all exigencies;

“ With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
“ And amply too, the place of being wise;
“ With that smooth falshood, whose appearance charms,
“ And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,”

he affected to be moved almost to tears. Vain as it now was to deny his own identity, he lamented the angel

he lost at the period Horace mentioned, and added, with pretended reluctance, that, had he not feared to wound his high spirit, he would have before told him, that he was the illegitimate offspring of a relation of Mrs. Hanson's; that the injuries and misfortunes, which indeed were part of his beloved wife's last words, alluded to the treatment of her relation from his father, which it would answer no purpose now to relate, as both the injurer and the injured were long since in their graves.

The black and penetrating eye of the young inquirer watched every muscle in the face of the callous speaker; and though practice and interest combined to bronze his visage, it could not stand the inquisition;—he blushed; and Horace rising, sternly replied, “By what misfortune it is in your power thus to brand the fame of *my* mother, I know not, but certain I am you *do* brand it. I will not believe I am the abject thing you say I am, till I have your authority that what you have said is true; give me instant proof who were my parents: the blood which this moment swells my soul, and throbs in every vein, cannot be so despicable as you (for what end I am not capable of judging) have painted it.”

“Young man,” replied Sir Solomon, “take care; I am your only friend; you are a poor outcast, dependant on *my* mercy; and do you presume to charge *me* with a falsehood? do you owe *me* no respect?”

“Prove

“ Prove to me who and what I am ; I shall then better know what respect I *ought* to owe you ; I again demand *who* were my parents ? ”

Sir Solomon was nonplused.

“ Who were your parents ! Have I not already said you are a bastard ? ”

“ How, Sir ! ” and Horace arose.

Sir Solomon also arose.

“ And can you suppose I will entrust with so hot-brained an inquisitor the peace and honour of the living relations of a frail mother, whose shame, which they consider as buried with her, would again revive ? Make yourself easy, Sir ; curb the fiery spirit which so ill becomes you ; you will never hear more from me. ”

Sir Solomon then rang for his valet, and stalked to his chamber, leaving Horace in fixed astonishment, under the painful conviction that the school of Sophocles was not the school of the world.

From this hour Sir Solomon Mushroom remembered how much he was every moment adding to the poor youth's injuries, and never was the most poisonous reptile more obnoxious to a timid mind than the sight of Horace to him ; to mortify and get rid of him were the objects of his meditation, when he first suspected the growing partiality of his eldest daughter by the rosy-checked Dorothy. The observation which confirmed this suspicion increased his hatred ; and after insulting the native dignity of soul which,
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in spite of oppression, would soar above the mean triumph of riches and power, by proposing various mean occupations for his subsistence, he at length, as he flattered himself, cast the hateful burthen off for ever.

Horace, who carried in his despairing mind a conviction of the fallshood endeavoured to be imposed on him by Sir Solomon, and the keen resentments which were the natural consequence of such conviction, had acquired a fiern and reserved habit, which was far from being a genial trait in his character. But long before the voyage to India was completed, his confidence in Sophocles revived; and had he not been thrown on the Nabobs and Nabobesses of that happy country immediately on his arrival, when the Colonel departed to join his regiment, if the little more he saw of the school of the world had not endeared the great deal less of that of Sophocles, he might have returned to Europe a rich Nabob, and made speeches for himself.

Horace so faithfully and honourably entered on the duties of his place, that he soon became an adept in every point, except that most studied by his compeers; they all saved money, while he could barely live. Time, however, must have quickened his ideas, had not the news reached Calcutta that General Matthews's army were expected to have some severe conflicts with Tippon, whose troops were drawing in vast numbers towards Bedamore.

Horace

Horace stood aghast at the news; his friend, his paternal friend, the only being to whose kindness his heart beat with responsive gratitude, might be wounded; no affectionate being near to staunch the sacred vital stream; he might fall,—his beloved remains lie exposed on the unhallowed ground, no grateful hand to cover them. His varying cheeks were deluged with tears; it was no time to deliberate; orders were forwarding to the army; he exchanged the pen for the truncheon, and almost expiring with agitation and fatigue, presented himself before his patron.

The Colonel mildly blamed him for giving up an advantageous, lucrative, and rising situation, in exchange for one of danger, fatigue, and uncertainty.

Horace might have adduced his motives in very few words, had he been able to speak at all; he bathed the Colonel's hand with tears; and as the language of the heart was precisely that his patron best understood, as well as preferred to the finest turned periods of the most studied eloquence, he was received to the warm heart he venerated without a second reproof.

Horace was too young and too sanguine a soldier to be trusted with any distinguished post in battle; but it was not the honour, it was the danger of his friend he was anxious to share.

The Colonel, on the contrary, was solicitous to prevent a young man from rushing into peril who could not add to the skill or strength of the troops, and privately applied to the General to appoint him

to command a guard on a magazine of ammunition, a post of confidence and importance, on the day when the sortie, which, in the desperation of their then situation, was determined on.

Three hours, the evening before that fatal day, were passed in private conversation between Colonel Buhannon and his young friend; the former exhorting the latter to obey what he called the cruel commands of the General.

"Why," cried he, "am I here? wherefore did I leave Calcutta, if not to share your danger, to serve, or at least to die with you?"

The Colonel was solemn, not dejected; he recurred to past events, and reminded the young man of other means of doing honour to his memory, if he should fall, than dying; he opened to him every secret of his heart, charged him with commissions no less sacred than interesting if he fell, and bid him claim a share of his glory if he returned victorious. Nothing less than the confidence the Colonel, at this awful period, reposed in Horace could have reconciled the latter, after all, to the separation; but certain solemn obligations, to which only one other being in the world was privy, on the promise of executing which the Colonel declared the peace of his last moments rested, and which was of that sort of solemn binding and delicate nature, which convinced him, the service required was dearer far than life to his beloved friend, changed the passionate wish to desert the post he was commanded

commanded to guard into a melancholy acquiescence.

Sad and solemn was the parting. The Colonel, having totally disapproved the late arrangements of the army, felt a secret presentiment of the fatal event of the coming day, and retired in silence from Horace, who took his post as the General was beating the march.

A few hours determined the fate of Bedamore; the fortie was made with that determined zeal and bravery which distinguish British troops, but the enemy were superior in the proportion of one hundred to one; the Seapoys were struck with a sudden panic, and fled; the few Europeans who escaped carnage were, with those left in garrison, driven, rather than marched, to Seringapatam, handcuffed to each other.

"And is it," said Horace, on hearing Christiana's tale, and comparing it with his own recollection, "is it then where I cannot look round without beholding the miseries of my fellow-creatures—where affinity is of no advantage—where I have lost him whose warm heart would have glowed with resentment at my wrongs, whose powerful arm would have arrested the guilty oppressor of my parent—where he

"Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead;"

in this savage region, in those lamented circumstances I must impatiently bewail, instead of avenging the injuries of my noble mother! and Oh God! did I suffer the brave, unsuspecting, open heart of the first
of

of men to be imposed on by the specious outside of a monster?"

This is a reflection that has probably occurred to the reader; but he is already acquainted with the reasons which prevented the communication of his ideas in the first instance, and in the last, when he received the commands of his friend respecting his affairs, it was at a time when his soul was agonized with the repetition of the misfortunes of his youth — when his heart, torn by the most interesting recollections, was unburthening all its former sorrows, its present sufferings, and future behests,—when, to rob it of a single particle of confidence, would have been cruel to him, and could not have affected any of his arrangements.

Madame and Monsieur Blandel were moved to tears by Magdalena's sad story, though related by Christiana, and mutilated by her exclamations, self-reproach, and lamentations; and Monsieur, who was ordered, after a few months, to return to Pondicherry, having obtained permission to take his assistant with him, generously supplied him with money and letters of credit to return to Europe.

As the war was not concluded, Monsieur made it a point of honour not to leave the garrison; but though Madame, who was not in good health, and who had been long used to Christiana, felt the loss she should sustain in parting with her, yet it was necessary to take a witness of such importance to England, where

Horace

Horace was determined to prosecute his claim, and where, as the Colonel had added a codicil to a counterpart of his former will, which would furnish him with money, he predetermined not only to expose, but if possible, punish every party who had been accessory to his mother's sorrows, as well as to exert every possible means to find her out, which indeed was his first wish.

Christiana therefore returned to Europe with Horace, and Monsieur desiring her to fix a residence against their following her, hired a neutral vessel to carry them to the Cape, from whence they got a speedy passage to Holland, and then took the first conveyance to Lisbon, in hopes to hear of, if not to meet, Lady Magdalena.

The Superior of the Order of Mercy, to Christiana's astonishment, was yet a fine comely Lady Abbess, without a symptom of mortality about her; and what was still more surprising, she found her own sister had been buried full twelve months before the receipt of the loving letter she received at Holly Ash from her.

The Lady Abbess was well acquainted with the villany practised on Magdalena, in order to separate her from her son.

The present Lord Gauntlet succeeding his brother, was an eventful elucidation of motives, which at the time of acting appeared incomprehensible. To that deep and cruel fraud, her sister was sacrificed, and her
loss

loss was more particularly grievous after the last interview, when all disgrace, which a doubt of her marriage attached to the house of Albertina, was cleared by the certificate of the Romish Priest, and the evidence of Miss Knightly, who now, her father being dead, was married to an opulent Portuguese merchant; and, happy for the Priest, he also was dead.

The announcing this fact was extremely agreeable to Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez, as it gave him the undisputed and immediate possession of the estate so long forfeited; for neither of Don Rinaldo Philip Conftodello Albertina's daughters thought of putting riches in competition with honour.

The Lady Aurelia fainted away when Horace was introduced to her, and on her recovery acquainted him, that on the death of her sister—

“What!” interrupted Christiana, “is my Lady dead? and shall I not present to her this fine handsome Cavalier, to make amends for the sweet little master I was so wicked as to leave?”

Horace wept; the infantine remembrance which he constantly nourished of his mother, was so strengthened by his own feelings, and the description of others, that he might be truly said to see her in his mind's eye, and to bear the sense of her injuries in his heart's core.

Irritated as the Abbess was at the usage of her sister, it would seem she had some pleasure in retracing the features her heart once preferred, as well as gazing on the bright, yet melting eye which bore so strong a resemblance

resemblance to his mother; for after the first agitation at sight of Horace, whom she declared resembled his English grandfather, she was never so easy as when he was in her sight, and insisted on having him introduced to the Don Joseph Tavora Alvarez, who, already bending under the decrepitude of a premature old age, and insensible to any greater happiness than counting his immense riches, was so pleased at the compliment, that though he could not afford to part with a dollar during his life, lest he should live to want, he solemnly promised to leave Horace heir to the Albertina estates, when he could no longer enjoy them himself.

“Now,” said the Lady Abbess, “you may write to your English grandfather; I will take care you shall not appear before him an indigent beggar, to alarm his narrow-hearted son with fear of pretensions to his fortune; no, you shall first be presented to our Sovereign, as the future representative of the Don your great grandfather, and then demand the reparation of your mother’s honour, and the justice due to yourself from the Admiral. There was a time when, as one of your poets of that day elegantly wrote,

“Great as the gods, the exalted chief was seen,

“His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien;

“Jove o’er his eyes celestial glances spread,

“And dawning conquests play’d around his head.”

If he retain his senses and his honour, he will zealously assert your’s; but should he, under the illiberal in-

fluence of his favourite son, refuse to acknowledge you, behold, presenting a pocket-book, the magnet of your boasted laws, and here also," opening it, and separating a folded paper from a number of English bank notes, for which she had purposely exchanged the coin of her country, "is the certificate of your mother's marriage, left with me for safety, when, trembling for your fate, she tore herself from my bosom, and returned to that abhorred country to be murdered."

"Murdered!" exclaimed the trembling Horace.

"Ask me not—I cannot," resumed the Abbess, her cheek pale, and her voice faltering, "I cannot repeat the circumstance; *my* sister! the heiress of the first family in Portugal! *your* mother! was first dishonoured, and then murdered. Oh!" continued the Superior of the Order of *Mercy*, the deadly pale of her countenance increasing, "Oh! that the villain your father had fallen by her hand; and that the extirpation of his whole race, the child of my virtuous sister alone excepted, had depended on the blow!"

"Good Heavens! Madam," cried Horace, as soon as the breath of the enraged religieuse failed her, "of what are you speaking? To what horrid acts do you allude? My father fall by her hand! the hand of my mother! she whose soul-subduing tenderness left on my then infant mind impressions time can never eradicate!"

"Yes,"

“ Yes,” resumed the Abbess, with unallayed rage, “ your mother, that beautiful child, tender as the ring-dove, when seduced from her God, her duty, and her family, by your unprincipled father, that excellent woman ! keen as the hawk, and soaring as the eagle, when she blessed my eyes, after he had basely deserted her, Oh ! had she avenged her own injuries, and the stain, the insult on the house of Albertina, well had our race ended with such a glorious act ! I may never more behold thee, Horace ; but remember I, Aurelia Conftodello Albertina, sole surviving daughter of that once noble, now extinct name, tell thee, *my sister, thy mother*, was murdered ; let not her blood cry in vain for vengeance ; do not stamp thyself what fraud cannot prove thee ; do not bastardize thine own blood ;— Oh ! remember thy mother ! ”

Scarce had the Superior of the Order of Mercy concluded her harangue, when the strength of her body being vanquished by the superior force of her great spirit, she fell lifeless before her astonished nephew, and he was obliged to retire from the refectory without assuring the last survivor of the name of Albertina, that although he did not regret the accident of his father not falling by the hand of his mother, he was by no means disposed to suffer a stain to rest on her fair fame, or tamely submit to the machinations of her enemies.

He immediately resolved to obey the commands of his aunt, and the dictates of his reason, by writing a letter

letter to his grandfather, in which, had he been disposed to make undue concessions, the certainty that the Abbess must see the copy of the letter would have prevented him.

The next morning he was surprised to receive intimation from the Don, that at his aunt's request he would have the honour to present him as the Albertina heir at Court. As this step was tantamount to an actual settlement of the estate, and proved the interest the Abbess really took in his affairs, he sent off his letters in a packet, by way of Ostend, and made the necessary preparation to appear before their Faithful Majesties.

As the estate he would inherit was large; as he was young, handsome, and had no favour to ask but that of bending his knee before the King and Queen, it is unnecessary to add, he was received with smiles, and addressed with condescension, as wherever there are Kings, Courts, and presentations, that is the precise and unchangeable rule.

It was near a week after this important event before the Superior of the Order of *Mercy* had so recovered the oppression which her vindictive philippic against the family and adherents of the Montrevilles left on her spirits, as to hear her nephew's letter to Admiral Herbert.

Horace indeed seemed to possess all the powers of charming the Superior of the Order of *Mercy*, excepting only that union of sentiment which would regret

regret that his father had not fallen by the hand of his mother. She approved of every thing he did, and, after many attempts at delay, admitted his argument, that procrastinating punishments was to sanction injuries; and at length permitted him to follow his letter to England.

Christiana, who had been so long attended by a race of black beings, at such an immense distance in point of rank in the creation from her white self, who had been carried in a palanquin, and called Missy, was so much mortified at the familiar address of the innumerable swarms of miserable creatures, who, pouring from all the obscure parts of the city, claimed kindred with her, that she was in a far greater hurry to leave her native country than she had been to return to it.

Landed at Harwich, Horace took a chaise to Penry, and in spite of the remonstrances of Christiana, who recurring to the journey she had before taken in this strange country on foot, alone, did not approve of being sent on to London without her young master.

Horace found Penry vastly improved; formerly small country houses were only occupied by those city people, whose long industry in trade was crowned with success; at present so intolerably unhealthy is our scurvy hemisphere become, and so refined the natives, that in the trading streets it will be found nine out of ten houses have treble establishments; they have town houses for business, and country houses for health, and put their children first out to nurse, and

then to board ; and yet this miserable country is in such a state of improvement, in every respect, as proves it utterly undone.

At Penry new houses, new inhabitants, a new gable end to the church, to accommodate such of the quality with pews who chose to shew the fashions at church ; a new chapel, new inns, a new rector, two new lawyers, four new doctors, new millinery rooms, new taylor's warehouses, new shoe repository, new clear-starching manufactory, new perfumers, five new schools, where every thing in the world was taught ; two new circulating libraries, a new Vickery, a new Birch, a new road, and a new turnpike, must have satisfied Horace, had he been to be satisfied with new things ; but his business at Penry was with people who were not at that time in the vicinity of the new improvements ; so having made some inquiries in the neighbourhood, and at that once capital inn, now a mere hedge alehouse, " the White Horse," to the great annoyance of two powdered landladies of the new inns, who curtsied to the postillions as they passed, he took the road to London ; having requested Admiral Herbert to address his answer at the hotel where the Colonel lived previous to his leaving Europe.

Several years had now elapsed since Admiral Herbert's refusing to hear the tale of sorrow that wrung the heart of his distracted daughter after her return from Lisbon, betrayed to her the charitable secret of the

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the good banker, Mr. Adderly ; and several years had also passed since, at morning's dawn and evening's close, he cursed his own cruelty. At the moment when anguish, despair, and a proud sense of injury carried Magdalena to the feet of her father, his son, the proud, miserable, true descendant of a Catholic Grandee, swore he would lay down his commission, and for ever retire from a father who pardoned, and a house that sheltered his wretched sister ! That brother no longer dictated rules of conduct to his father, he no longer reigned lord paramount of his house, nor, in reviewing the accumulating riches obtained by a series of honourable and successful services, any longer proudly vaunted, " all this is mine ;" for a cannon ball gave what Captain Seagrove called " a fomerfet" to all his prospects.

Admiral Herbert had the misfortune to see his son shot by his side, in an engagement where he commanded the fleet ; and the veteran, who would not on shore suffer the smallest foil on any part of his dress, stood unmoved, covered with the blood of his only son, till the enemy struck, when he was carried to his cabin in the deepest affliction.

Captain Seagrove, originally a fag midshipman, brought up, and grown grey under the Admiral, was second Captain in this engagement ; he attended his old commander during his severe illness, and when he began to recover, put his quid of tobacco out of his mouth, and made the following speech :—

M 2

" Why,

“Why, lookye, brother, it does not signify a rope’s end blubbering; your son is gone, and he could not go in a better trim; you ought to thank God he did not kick the bucket in the prime of his life, like a lubber, in his bed, seeing as that is the dirtiest thing that can happen to a tough sailor in war time; and as to yourself, Admiral, why you have weathered a pretty many strong gales, and got a few hard knocks. Now, d’ye see, to my mind ’tis full time your old crazy hulk was laid up; you have got your hatches well stowed, and grog enough to keep all tight, let the wind blow from what point of the compass it will; and what’s all the world to a man when he’s feed for fishes, or worms; ’tis much the same thing, only to be sure there is more spunk in one than tother.”

“Alas!” replied the old Admiral, “I am a desolate old man; for this dear son, whose death is at once my glory and grief, I rejected my daughter.”

“You did, did you, Admiral? more’s the pity; but it signifies nothing overhawling one’s conscience; put your daughter out of the question, and your heart is as sound as a biscuit. But however, we can’t live for ever, and so d’ye see, my advice is this here: as soon as the beggarly Monsheers have had enough, why I’d have you turn into your station at the Grange; and seeing as how you have got nobody to stand by you, why I’ll take my station in your wake.”

“My

“ My good friend, will ye ? ” and the Admiral extended his hand.

“ I wool, I wool,” replied the Captain, replacing his quid, and walking away.

When Horace’s letter arrived at the Grange, the Admiral was at that period of life when

“ ————The general pulse

“ Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,

“ An awful pause, prophetic of her end; ”

and the Captain, meeting age with a dauntless weather-beaten front, a strong voice, a few grey hairs twisted into a cue, and an increasing appetite after the true Virginia.

“ What the devil is all this ? ” quoth the Captain, picking up the Admiral’s glasses with one hand, and the letter with the other ; “ why Admiral, zounds ! why all your dead-lights are out ! ”

“ Read, my good friend, read,” answered the Admiral, in a faltering voice, and trembling every limb.

“ Read, well, why so I can, and so I wool, when you have done yawing. “ Hon—ered Sir.” Well, and what’s in that ? I have been addressed so a hundred times myself.”

“ Read, Tom, dear Tom, read.”

“ Well, I wool, I wool. “ I am—the son of—” Why, what hey ! “ your injured—daugh—daugh.” Yes it, it is daughter.”

The Captain’s broad stare now coming in exact contact with a flood of tears, which, forcing their passage from the good Admiral’s eyes, disproved the

assertion, that "age does not weep," he caught the infection, and before he had spelt six words more, fobbed like a child; then jumped over the table, threw down his grog, broke the glasses, tossed his hat out of the window, and his shoes in the chimney, and at length took another crying fit, when the Admiral, having rallied his spirits round the anchor of hope, read, though not without extreme agitation—

"HONOURED SIR,

"The son of your injured daughter addresses you; he is acknowledged and received by his maternal relations; he is the adopted heir of the estates of the Albertina family; and he possesses a heart burning to assert their wounded honour; he will die a thousand deaths rather than suffer calumny to rest on the character of his revered mother; he challenges you as an officer, he invites you as a man, he implores you as a father, to join him in a cause so interesting and so dear; and will hope, on his arrival in London, for permission to prove the legitimate claim to your counsel, advice, and protection of, honoured Sir,

"Your dutiful and obedient grandson,

"HORACE MONTREVILLE."

With

With such claims, credentials, and appearance as Horace and Christiana brought to the Grange, no one will doubt their welcome. Attornies were already employed; the most eminent counsel retained, and agents engaged in every seaport of Great-Britain, to find the chaplain of the English man of war who married Captain Montreville to Magdalena Herbert: the advertisements for evidence, indeed, were inserted as soon as Horace's first letter arrived at the Grange; but what every effort hitherto failed to obtain, an accident discovered.

The Rev. Mr. Jolter was a blue-coat boy, on the presentation of his own father, a wealthy tradesman, who thus provided for the son of his pretty maid-of-all-work; the boy being sent to College on the foundation, and a private allowance from his father, became as great a rake, as deep a drinker, and as profane a swearer as any student in Oxford; and had his courage to repel equalled his will to merit chastisement, Mr. Jolter would not have been a character in this history.

There was a laundress in the skirts of the University, who had saved money enough to give long credit; she had one son, a farmer, and a pretty daughter, who helped to iron the linen. Mr. Jolter, being deep in the mother's books, offered to pay in a coin the daughter first demurred about accepting, and then referred him to her brother, the farmer.

As the farmer was, and Mr. Jolter was not, very anxious for an explanation, the latter, to avoid unnecessary trouble, one day married the pretty laundress; but as a loss of all advantages in the College would be the consequences of a discovery, he enjoined, and the family promised, to keep the secret.

After the usual period of servitude, Mr. Jolter removed to a small living in a distant country, with A. B. to his name, where, as he knew both quadrille and whist, played on the flute, when there was news, told it—and when there was not, invented it—he got into a string of visits, which made him remember to forget the accident of marrying the pretty laundress.

“Two things I wonder at,” said the pretty laundress, “that I don’t hear from my husband, and what is meant by A. B.”

“’Tis a Bachelor of Arts,” said a Collegian, whose band she was at that moment ironing.

“And how can a married man be a bachelor?” asked she.

“He cannot be married,” replied the Collegian.

“He married my daughter Molly, at Woodstock church, four years ago last May,” joined the mother.

“Then he cannot be a Bachelor of Arts,” rejoined the Collegian.

“I will know more of this,” said the farmer in a rough tone of voice.

Farmer

Farmer Green put up his horse at the Dunder-Arms the very evening before a marriage between the Dowager Lady Dunder, a crooked widow with a large jointure, and Peter Jolter, A. B. Rector of Dunder parish, was to be celebrated.

Farmer Green told every body no more than he knew; Mr. Jolter lost the dowager, his A. B., the living, and all hope of rising in the sacred profession; but as he could not lose his wife without going abroad, a College companion got him appointed chaplain to one of the ships of war, furnished by the King of England to his good cousin and ally, his most Faithful Majesty.

Nothing is less possible than for a clergyman to conceal certain liberal opinions; Mr. Jolter never attempted it; he was consequently the man to marry Captain Montreville, and assured him, on receiving ten Johannes from Mr. Knightly, that if he wished to have the affair concealed, he would be d—d before he would whisper it to his own soul; and if it should ever be inconvenient to own it, why he would be d——d if he did not deny it on oath.

As the Captain had not then a presentiment of any event that could possibly happen to put the chaplain to a proof of the latter kind, he never after thought of Jolter, who, on his part, went through as many changes in life as a patched-coat hero, and was always either too full or too much ashamed of himself to claim old acquaintance, except when, on a chance

meeting, he borrowed money, no chance ever tempted him to pay. He had been by turns a parson, player, quack-doctor, gambler, schoolmaster, itinerant preacher, auctioneer, writer for a newspaper; and having had the good fortune to borrow ten guineas from the crooked Lady Dowager Dunder, whose coach-horses had once drank water from a pail held by him who had been so near being their master, he put himself once more in a whole suit of black, and seeing an advertisement that a gentleman was wanting to teach a young gentleman of nineteen, reading, writing, and the Belles Lettres, he answered the advertisement, took a written recommendation from himself in his pocket, and was referred to Dr. Parker, to whom he lost fifty games of backgammon, at sixpence a game, in one evening, and was settled at the hall, as tutor to Sir Jacob Lydear, the next.

The moment Christiana saw Mr. Jolter at the Grange, she recollected him; the truth is, Christiana always loved, what is called among servants, junketting: and though the secret of her mistress's marriage was of such importance, she could not resist the vanity of entertaining the English chaplain with her Irish lover at the Don's magnificent house. Mr. Jolter, as well as Mr. Casey, having an extraordinary *gout* for excellent sweetmeats and fine wines, had repeated his visits so often, that though so many years had elapsed, his face was perfectly familiar to her, and

and the transaction recurring fresh to her recollection, she seized him as has been related.

Though Jolter was entirely ignorant of the family history of the Gauntlets, he immediately understood his evidence was of great consequence, and that he was at this time of too much importance to fear the report of the Captain, who was indeed himself so entirely engrossed by the various occurrences of the day, that he now only thought of quieting the Admiral's apprehensions for the personal safety of his grandson, in search of whom he was going when he met our heroine, and in search of whom he again went when our heroine's situation, and the outrage that occasioned it, were equally forgotten; and when the Rev. Mr. Jolter was ushered most respectfully into one of the best bed-chambers, and the poor Rosa left to darkness and solitude in a cold hall.

CHAP. XI.

"If these characters do not take, I shall wonder;

"If they do, I shall wonder not less."

CAPTAIN SEAGROVE, having informed Mr. Montreville of the important and accidental discovery made by Christiana—a discovery of equal consequence to his interest and honour; and having besides, as he said, strained his old timbers by riding all night, was no less surprised than offended to find nothing was at that moment further from Mr. Montreville's thoughts than getting into the chaise, which waited at the door, and returning with him immediately to the Grange.

Mr. Montreville indeed expressed and felt the most lively satisfaction at having obtained the ultimate proof of his mother's honour and his own legitimacy; yet, as the delay of a few hours could injure neither the one cause nor the other, he declared he could not be guilty of such an unfeeling act as to leave the old woman, with her compound fracture, nor the young one, with that tenderness of heart which implicated her in the unfortunate accident, until he saw how it would terminate.

The

The Captain's esteem was without profession, and his love without flattery; he had no sort of curiosity to see how the *accident would terminate*; he was sorry it had happened, and willing to lend all the assistance in his power; but the demands of humanity being satisfied, he was himself anxious, and thought it natural his young friend should be more so, about the termination of the events at the Grange, than any thing which concerned either the old or the young woman.

"So," said he, in a surly under tone, "only a few hours back you were resolved to prove your mother spliced to your father if you went to the devil for witnesses; now one of his worst imps, in the shape of a wicked parson, runs foul of ye, and you are as dumb as an oyster, and willing and ready to slacken your sails, as if you were afraid to grapple with that son-of-a-gun of a Lord; besides leaving your old grandfather, with all his signals of distress out, to founder, while you run on a lee-shore, without sail or compass, in chace of an old crazy hulk, and a little cock-boat, not worth ballast, under false colours."

"To founder!" repeated Montreville.

"Oy, oy, 'twas my word, younker; the owld boy has been keeping watch ever since you slipped your cable, and so if you won't hail him with a word of comfort, why I wool, that's all, and so good bye t'ye, good bye t'ye!"

Mr.

Mr. Montreville hesitated; a sentiment perfectly new coloured his cheek; he felt the strong ties of real affection and gratitude which bound him to his venerable grandfather, and his heart smote him;—at a time when an event so unhoped, so unexpected, as the discovery of the only man, among the myriads who inhabit the globe, happened—him, whose single evidence must flash confusion on a host of the slanderous enemies of his mother, and usurpers of the rights of her son, and when the old officer's heart must swell in the proud certainty of establishing the honour of his family; at such a moment, the absence of his heir would doubly affect him. This Mr. Montreville felt, and his reason acknowledged; yet such was the irresistible bias of his mind, nothing could prevail on him to leave Pontefract till he saw *how the accident would terminate.*

This, he endeavoured to persuade the Captain, and to believe himself, the old Admiral would not entirely condemn, as it was founded on his own favourite maxim, of assisting all who were in distress.

“None of your palaver,” cried the Captain, striding towards the chaise; “will you bear me company or not?”

“I will write three lines, if you will have the goodness to carry it.”

The Captain, not deigning an answer, cursed the postillions for not drawing the chaise up in an horizontal line, and very devoutly consigning his young friend,

friend, the old hulk, the cock-boat under false colours, the doctors, and the whole town, to a warm birth, bid them drive to the devil, and was in a minute out of sight.

Montreville retired from the door with that sort of pang at his heart, ingenuous minds are subject to feel, when an internal monitor whispers its secret censure on either motive or act.

“Yes,” said he, “the honest Captain is right; I inflict pain on the most respectable of parents at the instant I should be sharing his triumph, and exulting in my own. Has then my soul’s most ardent wish subsided? Do I sacrifice the fame of my noble mother? Do I cease to feel for the honour of her aged father? Am I become indifferent to the most momentous concern of my existence? The good Admiral expects me; he, no doubt, believes the moment I hear the vivifying tidings, I shall fly to his feet; how just, how natural are such expectations! yet I disappoint them, and for what?”

Rosa, in all the bloom of beauty, and all the grace of elegance, rushed before his mind’s eye; and her dulcet voice reproaching him for the treasonable——
“for what?” vibrated in his ear—“for what? Ah! is there such a creature in the world? can she belong to the woman for whose misfortunes she feels so much? and if not, is it not likely she also will leave Pontefract,—leave *me* without a single clue, except her uncommon charms, to trace her by? And can I
for

for ever relinquish the hope of again meeting so lovely, so perfect a creature? Blessed shade of my revered mother, your son abates not of his ardour,—resentment for your wrongs still glows in his heart! but a little while only, till he sees *how the accident will terminate*, forgive him.

One of love's first miracles is to extract excess of pleasure from excess of pain; that miracle was this night wrought in the heart of Montreville; from the secret reproach of neglected duty, from the pain of self-accusation, what a delightful transition to meditate on charms so admired!

"Yet it is not," he cried, "beauty alone that renders me thus anxious to know more of Miss Walsingham; no, beauty might arrest my transient attention, it might attract my eye, but it is grace of animation, the blush of ingenuity, the union of sense and sentiment; and nothing can be more amiable, more celestial, more worthy adoration than the charming stranger."

How fine was all this! it had every thing on its side but common sense! since Rosa, pre-occupied, filled with apprehension, and distracted by secret conflicts betwixt shame and duty, never shewed her mental perfections to less advantage; and however Mr. Montreville might please to settle it with himself, in the sublime contempt of mere beauty, certain it is, that the lovely figure and beautiful face, which had captivated his sight, and floated on his fancy, was insensibly

winding round his heart before he could pronounce with justice on her grace, ingenuity, sense, or sentiment.

But while Mr. Montreville was thus arguing with his own feelings, Rosa, no less divided between her wishes and her duty, sat silent, dejected, and almost hopeless by Mrs. Garnet's bedside, her mind by turns torn with fears for the life of a mother, whose ill qualities were now no longer remembered, and oppressed at once with a humiliating sense of her inferiority to the family of the Grange, a resentful recollection of their rude treatment, and an unconquerable disposition to believe Mr. Montreville could not share the manners of those to whom he was so near allied in blood.

But however blameless he might be, and however gratifying his attention, the inference which might be drawn from it in a country where she could not but suppose her adventure had excited some curiosity—the scorn of the old Admiral, the contempt of his friends, the sneer of his connexions, which, considering her humble state, it must be expected would be opposed to the respect he paid her, together with the continued repugnance she felt to disclose to him her affinity to Mrs. Garnet, struck forcibly on her mind; yet she resolved nothing—no, not the fear of being known to be the daughter of the wretched woman, whose groans went to her heart, should induce her to abandon her mother in her present state.

She

She also had just resolved to discourage an acquaintance to which must be attached so many mortifying, and perhaps injurious, consequences, when, soon after day-break, a soft tap at the chamber-door, and Mr. Montreville's whispered entreaty to be favoured with an audience of five minutes, put her late-formed resolution to an immediate test. Her heart beat, her cheek betrayed a confusion for which he could not account, and her cold, but steady, refusal both hurt and surprised him; he looked earnestly inquisitive, as if to explore the secret motive of a conduct, which, considering the zeal he had shewn in protecting her from violence, appeared rude, if not ungrateful.

Rosa shrunk from the inquisition of his eyes; and fearful of his discovering what passed in her distracted mind, offered an apology, which more confounded him than any part of her mysterious conduct; she thought it as her duty to devote her whole time to Mrs. Garnet.

That poor woman's state was indeed pitiable enough; but what motive could induce so elegant a creature as Rosa to sacrifice, or at least suspend, the innate delicacy which spoke in every act, and risk her health, to say nothing of his own deprivation, by fixing herself in the sick chamber of such a woman as Mrs. Garnet, who was only a casual travelling acquaintance, he could not comprehend; and again his eyes sought her's.

Seized:

Seized with a sudden fear he would penetrate her secret, she retreated from the door, and gently closed it, leaving him in a statue of wonder on the outside.

After a moment's pause, he determined in his own mind, that such incomprehensible mystery and contradiction must cover deceit; and admitted, with a mixture of regret and mortified pride, that appearances were such as strongly impeached the infallibility of his judgment, when it decided on the merit of an object, whom at that instant he pronounced destitute of every good quality. He hastily returned to his chamber, and ringing the bell with such violence as to break the wire, ordered a chaise to the door in a moment.

"Yes, your Honour," said the waiter without moving.

"This moment," he repeated; and the man flew to execute his order.

"Devote her whole time to Mrs. Garnet!" well, he would not interrupt such agreeable society; and he threw himself into an arm-chair, where he continued musing in silence till the chaise was announced, and till his whole ideas had undergone so complete a revolution, that he ordered it to wait, and breakfast to be brought in.

"Can then this creature," said he, stirring the sugar into boiling water instead of the tea, "so frank, so gentle, so polished, can she, as Seagrove said, carry false colours? can she be the voluntary associate of
vulgar

vulgar inebriety? Impossible!" and he rung a hand-bell, which was brought in with the tea things, for the chamber-maid. The girl had made half a dozen curties before he observed her.

"How is that old woman?" he asked.

"That braked her lag, Sir? She is as well as can be expected; I just axed the young lady who—"

"Where is *she*?"

"In the old gentlewoman's room, Sir. Dear heart, she has not been a-bed all night; and, poor young gentlewoman, she cries and takes on so; I just popped my head in as softly as a mouse, and there, if your Honour will believe me, I never was so frightened in all my life."

"Frightened! at what?"

"Why there, Sir, if you'll believe me, there I ketch'd her—"

"Ketch'd her! who, what, what did you ketch?"

"Dear me, I hope your Honour be not angry with me; I am sure I mean no hurt; but, to be sure, 'twas a terrifying fight for so young a gentlewoman."

Montreville had sent for this girl to feed a lover-like curiosity; he longed to hear what, though possible to be true, it was impossible for him to believe, or believing, would make him hate both informer and information; and found himself so interested in the discovery which had frightened the poor chamber-maid, that he bade her go on, in a voice scarce audible, and listened in eager attention, till the girl's astonishment,

ment, which seemed to increase on recollecting every particular of the strange event, subsided, and she declared, she believed in her soul she had ketched the poor young gentlewoman at——prayers!

All the angry passions subsided in an instant.

“At prayers!” repeated Montreville, in a no less interested, though infinitely softened, accent.

The girl had all the shrewdness attached to her office; she understood the question as now put, better perhaps than the propounder.

“Ay, as sure as you are alive, Sir, she was down a top of her bended knees and her hands; well, then, in my life I never seed such white arms and pretty hands, they be like the driven snow; well, they were folded together, and her cheeks! Lord, I never seed such a maiden blush colour! Will Offler swore as she was a painted Lunnener, and he lived a matter of two year up at Lunnun; but as cunning as he is, he is out for once, for I’m certain if there was any paint atop of her face, her tears—”

“Tears did you say? when was this?”

“Soon after your Honour went from the old gentlewoman’s door; and sure enough if her maiden blushes had been put on, they must have been all washed away, for the tears trickled down her face like pease, and she did so sob and sigh!”

Mr. Montreville took half-a-guinea out of his purse, on which the chamber-maid glanced a longing eye, and proceeded.

“I dare

"I dare say she was praying and crying for the poor red-faced old gentlewoman."

"I dare say not," replied Montreville, replacing the half-guinea in his purse, with a sort of peevish re-action, not quite genial to the feelings of the chamber-maid, who continued in an under disappointed tone.

"Poor old gentlewoman! the doctor says her bones are broke all sorts of ways! and if the young Christian gentlewoman was praying for her, so much the better; for we must all die; and some say the sooner, the better; for this world is nothen but losses and crosses; and they all say in our house, that, though she is so mortal good, she's nothen at all to the old red-faced gentlewoman, only met her hap hazard."

The poor half-guinea was destined to be parted from its companions; the "hap hazard" business secured its possession to the chamber-maid, who gaily tripped to the old red-faced gentlewoman's chamber with a card from his Honour to the young gentlewoman, and received a second half-guinea on carrying back an answer.

The human mind is prone to credit its own wishes. The reader is, no doubt, astonished at the novelty of the observation; but there certainly is an irresistible suavity in the rhetoric of any being who has the art to scatter roses on the path we wish to tread; and Rosa, who within the last hour had been degraded from the celestial rank in which the reveries of the night placed her, was again exalted into a divinity; the figure the girl

girl described, the white arms and pretty folded hands, the modest blush, washed with tears, kneeling, addressing her Creator, not only recalled but increased the respect her coldness banished.

THE CARD.

“ Mr. Montreville entreats Miss Walsingham’s pardon for the mortification he ill concealed, when his perhaps improper request was rejected. Mr. Montreville would not presume, and Miss Walsingham cannot be unjust; he respects her humanity; the office she volunteers is a sacred one; but must all her compassion be engrossed by one object? Mr. M. is now going to pay his duty to his venerable parent, and hopes he may depend on being allowed to make his bow to Miss Walsingham at his return.”

ANSWER.

“ Miss Walsingham has a very proper sense of Mr. Montreville’s politeness.”

This short answer Mr. Montreville chose to consider as an accedence to his request; and though the ride from Pontefract to the Grange is perhaps the finest
in

in that part of the country, it afforded nothing so worthy admiration as the clear hand-writing and neat turned letters of the short card, which was yet in his hand when he arrived at the Grange.

All the affection, the fondness, and hope of Admiral Herbert were now centered in his new-found heir; the regret, which had embittered many of the latter years of his life, was changed into a placid, but steady resolution, to clear the fame of his injured daughter, and support the claims of her son, even to the expenditure of his last guinea, and the entire destruction of the old groves of fine timber, with which his estate abounded.

The instant he received the first letter from Horace, he ordered consultations to be held among the first men of the law; and upwards of six months had now elapsed since, by their advice, the following advertisement was inserted in all the public newspapers.

THE EARL OF GAUNTLET.

“Whereas there are strong reasons to believe a marriage between the late Right Honourable the Earl of Gauntlet, Baron Delworth, and Magdalena Constdello Albertina Herbert, generally known and addressed as Lady Magdalena Constdello Albertina Herbert, took place at Portugal some time near about the year —; and whereas it is believed that the said Magdalena Constdello Albertina Herbert, after the contraction of such marriage,

marriage, was delivered of a son at or near Brompton. Any person who can give evidence respecting the said marriage, or the birth of the said son, that may substantiate a legal proof of either, will, if required, receive bonds of indemnification, and be very liberally rewarded. Apply to Worthy and Carrington, Attornies, Gray's-Inn."

As this advertisement, though repeated every week, failed of the least success, the Admiral's joy and surprise at Christiana's recognition of Mr. Jolter, and his ready recollection and avowal of so important a fact, may very naturally be supposed sufficient to occupy the head and heart of a man of seventy-six, so far as to render him forgetful of less interesting matters. Had Jolter been brought before him, accused of treason, or any other crime less atrocious than murder, the having joined the hands of Magdalena and Captain Montreville would have most probably placed vice itself under a shade; but, in fact, no accusation had been made: Christiana seizing on the delinquent, and the immediate explanation which followed, as completely turned all the Captain's late adventure topsy-turvy, as a cask of the strongest grog could have done; so intoxicated was he with the new aspect of affairs at the Grange, that he even forgot the business on which he was going when he so fortunately met

with Jolter, till the Admiral's elated countenance suddenly fell, and he demanded, in a tremulous voice, where his dear boy was, and why he was absent at such an important and joyful period.

Captain Seagrove made no answer, but snatching his hat, and brandishing an oaken cudgel, which he called his little switch, hattered out, followed by his two companions, Will Ratlin, formerly the Admiral's boatswain, now acting as butler at the Grange, and Ben Gunter, once ship's steward on board the old *Terrible*, but now, as he called himself, *walley de sham* to the Captain.

The Admiral had really kept watch, as the Captain said, with all his signals of distress out; the widow of his first lieutenant, who was killed in the same engagement with his son, a woman of mild temper and pleasing manners, had been taken under his protection from the hour she became a widow, simply, as he declared, because, "poor thing, she was not fit to buffet the storms of adversity." She lived at the Grange, not indeed as manager, for the household, which consisted of a selection of the ship's crew, were not in the habits of being governed by a woman, "seeing as how, poor souls, they were only fit for other guests matters;" nor as the head of the table, for there the old Admiral always presided himself; but to live exactly as she found most pleasant: she had access to her benefactor's iron chest, rode in his carriage, saw what
visitors

visitors she pleased, and returned them when and how she pleased.

Mrs. Lynn proved the value she set on a situation so respectable and easy, by an uniform and obliging attention to the Admiral's health, which depended in a great measure on the composure of his mind.

She won his money at piquet, made his whey, administered his medicines, read the papers, and what new novels he chose to hear; and, in short, was become so necessary to his ease, that she had long flattered herself she should, at his death, return to the world perfectly fit to encounter any of the *vicissitudes of adversity*.

The first letter from Horace having, however, in part levelled her Spanish castles, she put a good face on the matter, and appeared to adopt, among other of the Admiral's partialities, all his affection for his grandson. The soothing attentions of this lady were never more needful than during this long night, when every passing hour added to the apprehensions of the anxious grandfather; so many machinations as had already come to his knowledge, invented and executed against his darling, taught him to fear what had been might be; and when Captain Seagrove got out of the chaise, unaccompanied by any but Ratlin and Gunter, he shrieked, "My boy!" and fell back in his chair.

The Captain, who could swear what he called a tolerable good stick when he saw occasion, did not now spare his talent, and he was literally out of breath when the Admiral revived, to hear, with extreme satisfaction, that it was by the enthrallment of a pair of bright eyes Horace was detained from home.

"Well, well, Admiral, I tell you but this," cried Seagrove, "that strolling witch has grappled the boy, and I'll be shot if he clears her without damage."

"Beauty, my dear Tom," replied the gallant veteran, "is the sailor's tutelar goddess; Venus herself sprung from the sea; do not therefore be too severe."

"As to Venus, I know nothing about where she came from; all I know about her is, that wherever she comes to, she does mischief enough, and most of her spite is against sailors; so, if she sprung from the sea, the greater jade she, that's all I say: but as to the wench at Pontefract, and the old hulk with her shattered timbers—but now I think on't, how the devil, or when got she from hence?"

The Admiral was surprised.

"I might rather ask how or when she got here?" he replied.

This led to the occurrence of the preceding evening, when though, as matters stood, it was neither politic nor possible for the Admiral to take a decided part against

against the Rev. Mr. Jolter, yet he was absolutely overwhelmed with confusion at the idea of a woman, a young, a beautiful, a distressed woman, being denied the rights of hospitality under his roof, and who had, as was now understood, after staying the night unnoticed, left it at break of day; he could not answer it to his heart as a man, or his character as a gentleman, and therefore declared he would take the very first opportunity of making his apology.

The Captain, weary and displeased, ordered his walley de sham to carry a pitcher of grog into his chamber, and retired without attending to a syllable of the Admiral's polite regrets for the rudeness of his family, which lasted till his servant drew his curtains, when he dropped, with the word apology half uttered, into that sweet and refreshing slumber with which the spirits of the aged and just are renovated, to dream his Horace was Earl of Gauntlet.

Want of rest the preceding night prevented the gentlemen from meeting as early the next day as they were accustomed; but Captain Seagrove's morning matin began where the evening one ended, with his fears of the little cock-boat; because why, Horace was not the lad to take a girl in tow, and when the wind changed, turn her adrift; and as to being spliced to her—

The Admiral started, and his pale face crimsoned at the idea. Horace, *his* grandson, the future Earl of Gauntlet, marry a little adventures!

As to his being an Admiral's grandson, and a future Earl, the Captain saw nothing in that, seeing as all the sons of father Adam were related either at the head or tail; and if a man would steer his course among breakers, why the only thing to look out for was safe anchorage.—"Now," continued he, "you know as well as I the lad is under promise; a seaman's word I take to be as good as a landsman's bond; it may be another guess thing with a land officer; but give me the man, whether land or sea, who steers through the voyage of life as if every man was his mother's son, and every woman her daughter—that's my way.

"And a good way too, your Honour," quoth the walley de sham, who came to announce the return of the young Squire.

Mr. Montreville, whose fine eyes were lighted into rapturous expression by the inspiration of the god within him, knelt before the Admiral, and would have apologized for not accompanying the Captain; but the joy of his return, added to the happy event which occurred during his absence, forbid any retrospect except those of pleasure.

The Captain gave his hand with a sort of surly "What cheer? what cheer?" and Mr. Jolter, whose slumbers on the down bed, aided by very free libations of the Admiral's old Burgundy, were not broken till a very late hour, was introduced. He gave a very clear and succinct account of every circumstance relative to the
the

the marriage, which Mr. Montreville having written down, to send off by express to Mess. Worthy and Carrington, the attornies employed, he very naturally recurred to the accident which had been of such happy import to him ; but when the Captain began to recapitulate the adventure which occasioned their meeting, and he saw in the man, on whose testimony the assumption of his rights so much depended, the pander of vice, the violator of social law, and the insulter of Rosa, his changed countenance shewed in what detestation and contempt he held him ; and the severity of his remarks on a conduct so atrocious, made even the old Admiral for a moment forget the interest of his family, to join him in the cause of moral rectitude.

Mr. Jolter had very little to offer in palliation of his conduct ; he was, he said, in liquor—an apology that made no impression on the young philanthropist ; and he took his leave with confusion in his countenance, and rancour in his heart.

Horace, from reflections on the evil tendency of corrupt morals in a man of a sacred profession, recurred to the object against whom the infamous plan had been laid ; he spoke of her as he felt ; he thought her superior to praise. The Admiral, in whose fond opinion Horace united the nerve of Demosthenes, the wisdom of Cicero, and the modesty of Pliny, had only to hear his sentiments to adopt them ; and in consequence,

quence, was more angry and more vexed at the inhospitable neglect which, at such an improper hour, had driven so angelic a creature from the Grange.

Mrs. Lynn was sent for ; she had not heard of any lady being in the house ; the butler and the Captain's walley de sham accompanied him ; and since it must transpire one time or another, the reader may as well know at once that, excepting the Admiral himself, there was not a male domestic at the Grange whose senses were not every night well steeped in grog ; the rum-casks, with which the cellar was always well stored, being left to the discretion of Will Ratlin, who, knowing the comfort of the excellent mixture himself, dispensed it bountifully to his fellow-servants ; so that, as often happens in large families, though there had been a grand error, *nobody* was in fault. As to the Captain, he frankly owned, that from the moment he found Jolter was the man they had been boxing the compass after, he thought no more of the wench than if she had gone to Davy Jones's Locker, where indeed he wished from his soul she had been before Horace clapped his two precious eyes upon her, seeing as how she was in such crazy company, and therefore must be damaged herself.

"Suppose," said Horace, "the old Terrible, which you say was a prime failer——"

"As ever shewed her keel to salt water."

"Suppose

“Suppose she fell in with a vessel in distress, would she sheer off?”

“No, d—me! never.”

“What then would she do, if you were Captain?”

“Send provisions on board, to be sure.”

“But it is not provisions the vessel wants; she is crippled; her rudder is useless, her mainmast is broken, and she has a leak in her hold, so that she can scarce float—then would the old Terrible sheer off?”

“No, d—me, never!”

“How then?”

“Why, Horace, I did not think you had been such a lubber; how then! either take the ship in tow, or the crew on board, to be sure.”

The Admiral smiled. “Dear Tom, you are fairly caught.”

“Caught! I don’t understand you; but setting case—”

“The case is already set, Captain,” interrupted Horace; “the vessel in distress is the old hulk the—”

“No more of your palaver; the old Terrible is a sound vessel, a prime sailer, goes on her own bottom, and carries no false colours; if she towed a sinking vessel into port, why there she would leave her, and proceed on her own voyage; so that’s case for case. As to this here wench, she should not be boarded by a pirate while Tom Seagrove stood by; but I should be glad to see her bear away, with all her sails up, out

of our course, seeing as how you can't give up the chase; and if so be as she strikes, what then? you can't marry her, can ye? And if she is an honest girl, you wou'dn't ruin her, would ye?"

"I beg your pardon, Captain," joined the Admiral, "as Horace would not certainly do so unhand-some a thing as marry any woman but her to whom he is affianced by honour, the alternative is by no means a fair one. My own opinion of women is, that it is the duty, and should be the choice, of every brave man to protect them; that has been one of the standing maxims of my life, and I am proud to see it is a family trait, which will descend to my progeny."

"Oh rare Admiral! I can't deny but you stand fire like a salamander: you are a good and a brave officer; a little too much of the martinet on board, and a little too finical on shore. But as to this family lingo about women, 'tis all gibberish to me, seeing as how you let your own daughter founder, without hearkening to one of her signals of distress, poor soul!"

The Admiral was painfully affected, and the Captain obliged to drink three successive glasses of strong grog before he could reconcile himself *to himself* for being the cause; after which the rhetoric of Horace carried all before it; and as, while Rosa remained unprotected at the inn, further insult might be offered from the Squire, though perhaps his coadjutor would not be openly seen in the business, he suggested

the gallantry of his sleeping at Pontefract while she remained there.

This was opposed by the Captain, seeing as how if watch was to be kept, he was more fitter for that there sort of duty ; " And besides," added he, silyly, " while I am keeping a good look out for my convoy, I shall be in no danger of a lee shore myself."

To this arrangement Horace did not object, provided he was permitted to return that night ; the next day the Admiral would, he said, visit the young lady himself.

After this agreement, they dined together in the greatest harmony ; and having passed some hours in conversation on the state of their family affairs, Montreville, attended by two servants, mounted a fleet hunter, and rode the winds till he arrived at Pontefract.

CHAP. XII.

“ Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
“ Have oft times no connexion : Knowledge dwells
“ In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
“ Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.”

*On which authority the author assures her young readers,
wisdom and love are synonymous terms.*

ROSA'S declining to grant Mr. Montreville the requested audience, was a severe penance on her own feelings—it was a sacrifice of inclination washed with tears at the shrine of duty ; but the consciousness of right acting, which ever will console a reflecting mind, even under the most severe deprivation, would have soon restored her to tranquillity, had she in other respects been at peace with herself : but the terrible condition of Mrs. Garnet so interested and so distressed her, that, considering her as being reduced to it by the concern she had taken in her safety and welfare, she reproached herself as the primary cause of her misfortune. With what desire, what anxiety, and ardent hope she for many years anticipated a meeting with her mother ! when in affluence, how had she wished to share it with her ! and how, when distressed, had she
panted

panted for the sorrowful child's natural asylum, the bosom of a parent ! yet, after all, with what antipathy, what unnatural disgust, and even horror, did her wayward heart turn from her ! how she shuddered at the sound of her voice ! how her eyes, and how her soul shrunk from a reminiscence of the author of her being ! and while every faculty was devoted to a stranger, one who was indeed too amiable and too interesting, how entirely repugnant had her feelings been towards one to whom God and Nature enforced obedience ! " Alas ! " she cried, " poor unhappy mother ! this calamity would not have happened to her, had she not been tempted from her own purpose by that natural attraction against which my heart was hardened ! Oh miserable ! is it then the death of my parent only that can awaken me to feeling and duty ? Merciful God ! " continued she, kneeling by her mother's bedside, " Oh pardon the barbarous conflict between pride and nature ! thou who alone hast seen how strong the one, how weak the other ; thou who in judgment hast overtaken me ! Yes, my poor afflicted parent, God is thy avenger ! "

It was at this moment the chamber-maid popped in her head, and ketched her——at prayers.

The card from Mr. Montreville neither lessened her solicitude for her mother, nor increased it for himself ; her soul was at that moment in a state of humiliation, and the only consolation she felt, arose from the consciousness

sciousness of adhering to a painful duty, and rejecting a sweet temptation.

The surgeon soon after visited Mrs. Garnet; her blood, heated by the "least drop of spirits in the world" at Shawford farm, was in a ferment; he apprehended a fever, and desired further assistance might be called in.

Rosa, sinking with terror, received this intimation as the most fatal prognostic; and in presence of the surgeon and nurse, while almost blinded by tears, examined Mrs. Garnet's pockets, where, besides sixty pounds in cash and notes, she found a letter written and directed to Mr. Philip Garnet, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe. As this letter was not sealed, she inclosed a short note in it, mentioning the accident, and entreated Mr. Garnet would use all possible expedition to join his wife.

Having done this, and inventoried the contents of her pockets and small trunk, she desired an express might be sent for the most experienced medical men in the neighbourhood, and again vowed not to leave her mother.

Mr. Montreville heard from the chamber-maid, on his return to the inn, that two other surgeons and a physician had been called in to the red-faced gentlewoman, who it was thought could never hold it; and that the sweet young gentlewoman neither eat nor drank.

He

He sent his compliments, but received no answer; and, unable to believe she could be so entirely absorbed in grief for a stranger, again sent to request a short audience, which was declined.

Montreville was in a very fine humour to be angry; but the inexorable was still shut up; and as anger may mar, but can never mend, a good cause, he called patience to his aid, and waited two hours before he sent again, when he was desired to go into a room next to Mrs. Garnet's chamber, where, soon after, Rosa joined him.

Her pale and dejected looks, while they surprised, interested him; he complimented her on the humanity which impelled her to risk her own health, by attending to a woman who had no other claims than her misfortunes.

Rosa cast down her eyes, and after one deep blush, her pale became paler.

He was sorry to hear more assistance was called in, because it implied danger.

Rosa wept; and as Mr. Montreville found himself at a loss how to proceed, after a short silence, she rose to go.

The gift of speech was now again returned to Mr. Montreville: he seriously remonstrated against her behaviour, as cruel and even unjust.

Rosa felt that her conduct was inexplicable; Mr. Montreville's manner was too flatteringly earnest, too congenial to the secret good opinion she had formed
of

of him, to offend; but her heart was oppressed with anguish, and all the reply she could make was tears.

Mr. Montreville was extremely moved; he took her hand, and begged her to be seated one moment, while he apologized for the rudeness with which she was treated at the Grange. His own history, he added, was a strange and almost incredible mixture of mystery and misfortune; the former, he hoped, was clearing up, and the latter changing into blessings; the frustration of the infamous designs against her were productive of an incident more fortunate to him than, he feared, she would allow him now to explain; but when he had that honour, he was sure she would pardon the seeming neglect of Admiral Herbert.

All Rosa's penitence for want of natural affection, all her concern for her mother's dangerous situation, could not steel her heart against an apology so frank and interesting: it was a welcome oblation to pride; it relieved her from a painful sense of debasement, and restored the old Admiral to her respect, and his friend, her deliverer, to her esteem.

Never was there a being whose countenance was a clearer index of the mind than that on which Mr. Montreville's regards were now fixed; he held her hand during the time he addressed her; and while watching the workings of her ingenuous mind, it is not certain that he did or did not tenderly press it; and perhaps it is still less certain whether, after all her self-accusation, prayers, and tears, she did not, for a few

few moments, forget she had a mother with a broken leg. It was, however, for a very short time her heart was sensible to a cessation of pain; she answered in a low, but not depressed accent, that so much obliged, as she could not but esteem herself, to him and his family, it was very acceptable to her to know no intended affront had been offered her; and she added, deeply blushing, "So many and so repeated are my obligations to you, Sir, in particular, that I must think light of an inconvenience to myself, from which you derive advantage."

Mr. Montreville was full of acknowledgments, and more full of admiration; and time was not marked till the nurse, who attended in Mrs. Garnet's chamber, sent to let Rosa know the surgeon was there. Mr. Montreville, however, did not suffer her to leave him till he had prevailed on her to promise to see him half an hour the next morning.

After the surgeon was gone, and Rosa retraced what passed at her interview with Montreville, she was astonished at the ease with which she had dispensed with all her resolutions to give up an acquaintance so infatuating; again she went over the reasons which forbade her to indulge a predilection so unequal; the reasons were still too strong for self-deceiving sophistry to combat, but the predilection was still more strong.

During this night, contrary to the expectations, and beyond the doctor's hope, the feverish symptoms
were

were greatly lowered; Mrs. Garnet, whose terror of death was extreme, having heard from the doctors the awful sentence, that if she did not keep herself quiet, she must die, became, from fear, gentle and patient: she still took strong opiates, but, in the time of her waking intervals, bore her anguish without a murmur, and followed every movement of Rosa with eyes that expressed both solicitude and gratitude.

In the morning Rosa made some alteration in her dress, and met Mr. Montreville according to appointment.

Mr. Montreville had not indeed watched by the bedside of a sick person, but his thoughts had been too much engrossed by one charming object, to rest; like Zadig, though in love, he might eat, drink, and sleep; but it was not precisely that soft passion or sentiment which now prevented the latter; it was a combination of untoward circumstances, totally inimical to the end of virtuous love; the truth is, Mr. Montreville actually was engaged.

The infidelity his heart was tempted to commit, might, perhaps, be called a venial trespass, as he had not yet seen the lady he was bound to marry; the pecuniary penalty of a breach of his engagement was considerable enough to insure the fidelity of half the crops about town, but half the crops about town have so many ways of disposing of all the hard cash they touch, to which Horace was a perfect stranger, that it was no wonder the precious metal, on which they
set

set so high a store, lost all attraction with him. As, however, there was another penalty, which he ignorantly preferred to gold, attached to the engagement, namely, his honour, it was a serious consideration; and it was this subject on which he pondered during the whole night, and which was succeeded by an aching heart and head in the morning.

Rosa was startled at his changed looks and address; instead of that delighted admiration which shone in his countenance, that lively and insinuating tenderness which marked his manner the night before, he was melancholy, solemn, and silent for some minutes after he entered the room; but a certain magic power seemed to hang over these young people; whatever were their sentiments when they met, a few moments, without the aid even of speech, banished every unpleasant idea; mutual frankness added an age to the term of their acquaintance, and confidence in the honour and principle of each other begat a familiarity of intercourse, from which delicacy banished all appearance of passion.

Mr. Montreville's clouded brow cleared; neither the engagement nor penalty were remembered; Rosa's white arms and pretty hands managed the coffee; and as Mrs. Garnet still slept, he, with great delicacy, adverted to her situation, which being, as he took the liberty to hint, both dangerous and improper, he was hurt to hear her declare her intention of continuing.

Mr.

Mr. Montreville had formed a wish to prevail on her to go to the Grange; and as she persisted in declaring she would not leave Mrs. Garnet till she was wholly out of danger, engage her to make that her home, and pay occasional visits to Pontefract.

In this arrangement it is needless to add, the pre-engagement was not at all considered; and in order to carry his point, he adduced her danger so near Sir Jacob Lydear, should his incorrigibility revive with his recovery from the correction he hoped he had received. It was true indeed Mr. Jolter would not perhaps be his coadjutor, but his mother was popular, and her misfortunes would render her an object of pity; her son disgraced, her daughter eloped with a mean mechanic, and herself overwhelmed in sorrow, were circumstances that could not fail to raise some prejudice for her Ladyship against all the causes of her distress. Rosa at once saw Mr. Montreville wished to make his protection necessary; and as all he had suggested was reasonable, she was very much alarmed; but as, notwithstanding the apology which reconciled her to the Admiral, the Grange was, of all places, the one she most disliked, and as, except Mr. Montreville remained at the inn, he could not offer, nor if he did, could she accept his protection, she affected the heroine.

“It is Sir Jacob Lydear,” said she, “who should fear, not me; I am under the protection of that law which he has violated;—let his power be what it may,

may, he cannot combine a whole town in a breach of the established police of his country; and with respect to Lady Lydear, she knows, she *well* knows——”

Montreville drew nearer; he feared to breathe, lest it should prevent his hearing what Lady Lydear *well knew*; but he was disappointed.

Lady Lydear had perhaps by this time not only received the promised recommendation from Lady Hopely, but heard a history of her from Lady Lowder, with all the additions the candour of the latter would infallibly give it; and thus the credit she might hope would result from one source, must inevitably be destroyed by the other.

After waiting some moments in expectation of her proceeding, Montreville, with a mortified air, resumed—

“It was far from his wish to lessen her confidence in the protecting law of the land; but he would ask whether youth, delicacy, and innocence, without acquaintance or protectors, were competent to demand that safety these laws were, without dispute, so well framed to insure, should the provoked, the ignorant, head-strong Sir Jacob meditate?”

Rosa could no longer conceal her alarm, or repress its effect; she burst into tears; fancy realized the picture he had sketched, and fear magnified a small disturbance at that instant near the door into the hostile approach of the very person of whom he had been speaking. She shrieked out, “Save me! save me!”

me!" and threw herself into the arms of Montreville in the moment when the door flew open, and discovered Admiral Herbert, his gold-laced hat carried in a courtly manner in one hand, his gold-headed cane in the other, his tall person, dignified and erect, followed by the short fat figure of Captain Seagrove close behind, except one arm, which was extended forward to open the door.

A florid apology, which the Admiral had studied, when the persuasions of Seagrove, aided by his own secret inclinations, prevailed on him to be guilty of such a solecism in good manners, and violation of the respect due to the apartment of a lady, as to enter it unannounced, was entirely forgotten at the sight of Rosa in the arms of his grandson.

There was something in the gentlemanlike appearance, and mild blue eyes of Admiral Herbert, that impressed Rosa with a respect, which had even more of sentiment than politeness in it; and perhaps, notwithstanding her dread of his pride and noble alliances, the laced full uniform, and stiff ramillee wig, never appeared to more advantage than when it occupied the precise place where she had expected to see Sir Jacob Lydear in his ungraceful drab coat, round hat, and dirty boots; nor did Captain Seagrove, with his nine grey hairs on each side, his red shining ample half-bald head, fat round figure, long sword, and short-skirted uniform coat, appear wanting in charms, as standing where her fear had anticipated the Rev.

Mr.

Mr. Jolter. She disengaged herself from Mr. Montreville's arms without a sensation of that confusion which would have overwhelmed her, had any other emotion than terror placed her there; and her reception of the intruders was so frank, easy, and graceful, that it immediately dissipated the unpleasant surprise into which the Admiral had been thrown, and was indeed so accordant to his own ideas of true gentility, that he hesitated not to believe the opinion Montreville had formed of her, was in every respect just, as she was, he whispered Seagrove, not only the most beautiful, but the finest bred woman he had lately seen.

Captain Seagrove, whose regard for Montreville was little inferior to that of his grandfather, saw the lady and the transaction in a different light. Hugging between a young man and young woman, as he called the position in which our heroine and Montreville were surprised, had, he said, but one meaning; and a wench who could submit to it, without at least blushing, was fit for all weathers.

Rosa now particularly addressed the rough diamond, to whom she was so much obliged; but instead of the blunt good humour which had left an impression of the goodness of his heart on her recollection, he hastily averted his eyes, which had been attracted involuntarily by the beauty and elegance of her face and figure, and to all her professions of gratitude, answered

answered with a surly "What cheer, what cheer, young woman?"

Confounded at this behaviour, and abashed at the gold-mounted eye-glass levelled at her from the Admiral, in despite of the politeness and good breeding of the reign of Queen Ann, none of which allowed the staring a modest woman out of countenance by the natural organs of sight, much less with the aid of those auxiliaries, without which a modern pair of eyes cannot see an inch beyond its neighbour nose; perhaps, considering the Admiral's age, some people may fancy spectacles might have been the least annoying to a blushing beauty, but never had his features been so disgraced in the presence of any female whatever; and no crooked coquette could be more anxious to conceal the shoulder pad, than was the veteran beau to keep his spectacles from the ken of a woman.

Mr. Montreville perceived Rosa's embarrassment, and whispered the Admiral, whose glass was withdrawn with such precipitancy, that, in his zeal to repair the breach of politeness, he dropped both his hat and cane.

Captain Seagrove had always been in the habit of tendering every little attention due to age and superior rank, which, since he became a commissioned officer, the Admiral, with great politeness, declined to accept; the Captain, as usual, offered to pick up and restore his patron's supporter, which, contrary to

custom, he was suffered to do, without apology, or even acknowledgment.

Whenever Captain Seagrove received an act of civility or tenderness, "Thankye, thankye," sprung from his heart to his lips; when, on the contrary, he conferred an obligation, he was perfectly satisfied if the thankye never came; but to lose the civilities of his old commander, civilities not worth a fegar till they were missed, on account of a girl, against whom he had conceived what he thought a well-grounded dislike, and against whose increasing influence he had a mountain of objections, was too bad; it inflated all the little gall in his disposition, and he retired in high dudgeon to the farther end of the room.

Rosa, charmed with the mild benevolence of the old officer, as he alternately regarded his grandson and herself, found all her attention drawn to him, and did not remark the ill-humour of the Captain.

It is true the Admiral's address was stiff, his manner formal, and his language too full of compliments to be perfectly understood; but the joyful expression which darted from Montreville's fine eyes communicated an equal degree of placid pleasure to the countenance of his venerable friend, who could not help regarding with approbation an object on whom his darling looked with such evident delight.

Montreville recurring to the cause of Rosa's emotion at the moment of his entrance, he frankly offered her his protection, till she could send to inform her

friends of her situation, and till the tax laid on her humanity by that unamiable being, whom he was sorry to call a woman, was removed; he had, he added, a very worthy woman, who did him the favour of residing at the Grange, to whom he would with pleasure introduce her, and who, he was sure, would do all in her power to retrieve the credit of his house, if she would again condescend to enter it.

Rosa bowed; but, though as little inclined as ever to assign the real motives, persevered in her resolution not to leave her mother.

Mrs. Garnet's situation, she said, was such as, however strange it might appear, laid an obligation on her, no consideration could tempt her to wave;—while her life was in doubt, her own station should be in her chamber.

The Admiral was confounded; his eye met the dejected glance of Mr. Montreville's; disappointment sat on his brow, and the colour forsook his cheek.

The Admiral resumed, he would then remain at the inn; he would himself defend her from insult.

“Awaft, awaft, Admiral!” cried Seagrove, “you are a little out of your reckoning, I believe, this bout; for a first rate to keep guard on a little cock-boat not worth ballast, is, as I take it, a new line of service; besides, you can't turn in out of your own birth without shattering your poor calico carcase to atoms—

you know you can't; so, as I said at first, if watch must be kept, I am the man that's most fittest for that duty, and I will do it."

Rosa now understood, to her great mortification, she was, for what reason it was not possible for her to conjecture, an object of dislike to a man for whom she felt a particular esteem, as, besides the services he had rendered her, his rough manner appeared to cover a tenderness of heart, and warmth of character no less pleasing than new. After a momentary surprise, she thanked them for the kindness of their intention, but added, that, although in the moment Mr. Montreville suggested the possibility of Sir Jacob Lydear's repeating the insults he had already offered her, she was exceedingly alarmed, yet, on reflection, she had no doubt of her personal safety in a house where the countenance of so respectable a person as Admiral Herbert would insure civility; she therefore hoped neither him nor Captain Seagrove would inconvenience themselves on her account.

The Captain nodded at Rosa, and winked at the Admiral; the latter, indeed, after the first flash of expiring gallantry, recollected the debilitated state of his health, and that broken rest, as well as fatigue either of mind or body, left him in a painfully enervated condition; he therefore again apologized for the inattention and rudeness she experienced at the Grange, which, he assured her, on his sacred honour, was solely occasioned by business of more importance than

life or death to him, which happened to occur at that period; after which, on the Captain pulling out his watch for the fortieth time, he desired Montreville to order the carriage; and Rosa, taking a graceful leave, left the room.

On her return to Mrs. Garnet's chamber, she found her eating some fine fruit, which Mr. Montreville had directed to be carried thither. Rosa crimsoned with grateful pleasure at so delicate a mark of attention, and passed to the window in time to see the face and form where every grace of nature shone, assisting his aged parent into the carriage, and greeted, as he entered it himself, with the Captain's "Fare ye well, fare ye well."

On perceiving that the Captain returned into the house from the door, Rosa regretted he persisted in an office she could not help suspecting would be performed with an ill grace, and for which indeed she did not, on cool reflection, see the necessity; but as his offer to stay was made to the Admiral, not to her, she could not ask an interview of him, and it was not likely he would solicit one of her; so leaving the matter to its own course, she returned to Mrs. Garnet, who, though too low to be distinctly heard, motioned for more fruit, notwithstanding the nurse insisted it would hurt her.

When Rosa drew near, Mrs. Garnet, who could not speak her feelings, kissed her hand, and pressed it to her

her heart, while tears rolled down cheeks more furrowed by intemperance than age.

Rosa was affected; she no longer thought on Montreville; her own tears dropped on the brown hand which grasped her's; and seeing the poor sufferer still cast a languid glance on the fruit, sent to the surgeon, who answered nothing could be more proper for her.

With a secret sensation of delight, she sat down, and while paring the nectarines, and picking the grapes, remembered it was the delicate present of Montreville, and doubly dear, because medicinal to her mother.

Though Rosa did not see Captain Seagrove, she heard him roaring out Rule Britannia, and Cease rude Boreas, chorused by a number of as discordant voices as his own, till he turned in; and Mrs. Garnet being now in a fair way, she undressed for the first time since the accident. But her fancy was too busy for sleep, and involuntarily recurred to a few indefinable moments, which, though connected with some mortifications, from which they could not be wholly detached, no mortification could repress the enthusiastic delirium which accompanied recollection.

She saw into the art, if so it must be called, that, by inspiring her with terror of one object, naturally cast her for protection on another; but the developement of Mr. Montreville's motive could not excite anger; the Admiral, in whose house he wished her to be, was one

in whom she could of herself confide the dearest interests of her life; to her his formality appeared a regular system of moral rectitude; his pride, she allowed with a sigh, was a proper and laudable enthusiasm, equally calculated to maintain its own nobility, and prevent its own debasement; and his tenacious regard for the weaker sex, the effusions of that true bravery which would always rise in defence of the oppressed, in vindication of the slandered, in protection of the weak, and in redress of the injured; it was indeed a selection of aromatics from the weeds of the Knight of La Manche, the great spirit of chivalry refined and modernized; and it dressed its possessor in all the attributes of true heroism; but Oh the pity of it! the pity of it! it might defend, vindicate, protect, and redress, but must ultimately reject *her*. Nothing then remained for her but to strengthen her heart against a fascination, to which she alone must become the victim; to retire into those humble duties that must support her in the most trying moments; to acquit herself in the painful avocation in which she was engaged, to the honour of human nature, and the approbation of her own conscience.

The next day, and the next, brought the Admiral and Mr. Montreville to Pontefract. True, she still resolved every interview should be the last; but when a person of the Admiral's age and character came thither on purpose to visit and give her respectability, how could she treat him with rudeness? Or how,
when

when no word the severest prude or most ready coquette could misconstrue, escaped Mr. Montreville's lips, could she expose herself to ridicule, by giving a wrong interpretation to his visits, and without that interpretation how could she decline them?

Captain Seagrove continued at the inn, and generally attended the Admiral in his visits to Rosa; but though his dislike was a little softened, he was far from being cordial to her.

Mr. Montreville's attention and respect seemed to increase every visit. Rosa mentioned her having wrote to Mrs. Garnet's husband, whose arrival she anxiously expected.

Mr. Garnet had gone to Chatham on the invitation of an old acquaintance, to be present at a launch, which, by delaying his receipt of the tidings of his wife's misfortune, prevented his arriving as soon as he was expected by four days.

At length, to the satisfaction of all parties, a post-chaise from Ferry-Bridge, where the mail stopped, set him down at Pontefract.

"Rosy, my girl, why, Rosy, pretty Rosy! what ails my rose-bud?" was the first salutation of a little thin pale-faced man, about thirty-six, to a bloated, red-faced, unwieldy woman, ten years older.

"Oh Phil!" answered the rose-bud, "don't touch me; I am all over broken limbs; and to be sure little Phil and I should have been both dead and gone, and the Lord have mercy, what would have become of my

poor soul, had it not been for that sweet pretty-behaved young body ; blefs her dear heart ! she is such good company ; she has saved my life !”

“ Well then,” answered Garnet, “ she is as good as she is handsome, which I am very glad of, for it’s seldom the case. But Rose, poor Rosy ! come I know how it happened ; thee hast been sucking the monkey, I know thee had ?”

“ No, indeed, Phil, I was sober as a judge.”

“ Well but, Rosy, how are the timbers, all spliced, I hope, poor Rosy ? Come, send for the doctor ; let’s have a overhaul, Rosy ; thee shan’t lose thy precious limbs, if all the shiners in my pocket can save them.”

And it being understood Mr. Garnet had got plenty of shiners, the whole house was in motion ; the surgeon was sent for ; the timbers examined ; and all being pure tight, Mr. Garnet called for a pipe, and soon scented the apartment too strong for Rosa to continue in it ; she therefore, in part relieved from the pain and trouble of such close attendance as she had tasked herself to pay her mother, ordered another chamber, and retired to it.

Mr. Garnet, with his little thin figure, spoke in the voice of a sientor ; he had a low forehead, short nose, high cheek bones, wide mouth, and strong teeth, which, except in the instant when he was smoking or eating, were graced with a large quid of tobacco. He wore a dark brown coat, red plush waistcoat, ribbed

ribbed cotton stockings, square pumps, large heavy silver buckles, a black silk Barcelona handkerchief tied loose over a fringed cravat, a round hat, three-quarter diameter every way, and his own dark lank hair. He was doatingly fond both of Rosy and little Phil, and very thankful to our heroine for being so well behaved to his wife.

As Mr. Montreville desired the Captain to apprise him of Mr. Garnet's arrival, Ben Gunter, the walley de sham, was instantly dispatched to the Grange with the news.

"Now then, Madam," said the Admiral, on entering the room where Rosa generally received him, "your occupation is over, and you will do me the honour to make the Grange your home, till you think proper to apprise your friends of your situation; Mrs. Lynn will attend you with my carriage at whatever hour you please to appoint."

Rosa hesitated, changed colour, and faltered out what it was plain to understand was a determined negative; and the Admiral, who had looked to this trial as a proof whether she did or did not really belong to Mrs. Garnet, instantly arose, took his grandson by the arm, bowed with great formality, and, followed by the Captain, whose watch was now out, departed.

CHAP. XIII.

"A Begging Box," addressed to those accomplished Authors, who prove the abundance of their own superior knowledge, by writing for Novel readers in a confusion of tongues, beseeching them to bestow their charity on the Beggar Girl, in two lines of Italian from Tasso, for Page 306.

"**REPEAT** the twenty-four letters whenever you find your passion rising," said the sage to Augustus. Had Mr. Montreville done so, he would not have had to ride back to Pontefract after sunset, through a heavy shower of rain.

The Admiral, his privy counsellor, the Captain, and his grandson had held several conjectural beds of justice on Rosa during her residence at Pontefract.

She possessed, in the Admiral's opinion, the very first of female graces, "good breeding."

The Captain allowed she was not given to clapper-clawing; but as to her breeding, he supposed, like other women, she would swear black white to make her own way.

The Admiral, half offended, reminded him his mother was a woman.

"As

“As to his mother,” the Captain replied, “belike the Admiral knew what she was better than himself; but as to that ugly wolf at Pontefract—”

“Ugly!” Mr. Montreville protested her eye would illumine the darkest cell.

That the Captain granted, because a cat’s eye would do exactly the same; but if her trim was as good as the old Terrible, if she was as fair as a lily, as straight as a mainmast, and as brisk as one Miss Molly Gum when he first saw her walking Portsmouth walls thirty years ago, what did it all argufy, seeing as how a man’s word was his sheet anchor?

“God forbid!” said the Admiral, placing his right hand on his breast, “any of us should break the sacred pledge of honour; but there can be no reason why a man who is engaged to one woman, should not admire another?”

“Well, I don’t say there is,” answered the Captain; “but this I woul say, Horace has got a hankering after this wench, and I don’t say there is any harm in that neither; when he is as heavy a sailer as Tom Seagrove, and as old as you, Admiral, he’ll alter his course: but it is easier to prevent than to stop a leak.”

With this wise axiom the conversations generally ended, till this day, when, after a silent ride home, the Captain called for his grog, and having swallowed a half-pint bumper, hoped Montreville was now tired

of his wild-goose chase, and bade him not look so glum.

"If I look glum, as you call it," replied Horace, "it is at your unprovoked invectives against so lovely a woman as Miss Walsingham."

"To be sure, Tom, illiberality to a fine woman is inexcusable," joined the Admiral.

"Pity you can't add, with good blood in her veins; pity you can't say that, Admiral," retorted the Captain.

"Well, to confess the truth, Tom, I do think it is a pity; I must say she is the finest bred, most fascinating woman I have lately seen; if she was not so meanly connected as I now am convinced she is, and if Horace could be honourably off—"

Montreville's soul was on fire; it was not till this moment he clearly understood the extent of his own secret wishes; and he sprang to the feet of his aged parent, who in accents of kindness, thus portrayed his own sentiments.

"Horace, my dear boy! my beloved Horace!" cried the Admiral, raising him, "I feel, I feel your thoughts; but indeed, my dear fellow, to raise a mere strolling beauty to your mother's place, and cruelly to insult an innocent lady—"

"Oh, Sir!" answered Montreville, "be assured I can do neither. I dare not abuse your indulgence, and should deserve to be branded for a villain, if I held lightly an engagement which—"

"Is,"

“Is,” interrupted the Admiral, “not less an engagement because those to whom it was made, cannot claim it.”

“I feel it all, my dear Sir,” replied Montreville; “but since your opinion of Miss Walsingham sanctifies mine, I confess my soul is devoted to her; I regret an infatuation I cannot resist; and surely in such a case it is far more honourable to avow the truth, than impose on an amiable young woman, by making professions I do not feel. I have not yet had the honour of seeing her; she is equally a stranger to me; her choice may happen to be already made, and if not, she will be so great a gainer in point of fortune by defection.”

“In that case,” replied the Admiral, after a serious pause, “you must frankly let her know your heart was lost before; nay, indeed my opinion is, you had better write without seeing her. The most unpardonable insult to a pair of bright eyes is to declare yourself invulnerable to their shafts;—what say you, Tom?”

“Say! I say ’tis a tale of a tub about such stuff as hearts and eyes; and if you wool look one way, and steer another, why you wool; but I shall be glad to know when you have cheated the devil, and thrown his cap at him by this shabby come off, what’s to be done then? You won’t let him make a Countess of this travelling beauty, and a lady of honour of the old hulk her companion, wool ye? You won’t

won't go for to empty all your bags into the pockets of judges and lawyers, to make a lady of a vagabond, wool ye? You won't sarve all your grand aunts and cousins so scurvily as that, wool ye?"

Mr. Montreville arose in an agony of passion.

"Captain Seagrove!" said he, in a voice half smothered by his feelings.

"Mr. Montreville!" answered the Captain, "you may flounder and shift your station, but I wool speak the truth: if your noble mother was living, I know she would thank me; she was noble in herself, without any help from Lords and Ladies; poor girl! it would have been well for her she had never known any of them. And there's your old grandfather, as good a seaman as ever stepped from stem to stern, what do you do, but here come to make him a laughing-block; I say you do, for this here's the case; here has he been stuffing his own head, and other people's too, with a cursed tough story about jukes and lords, and the Lord knows what all of his kindred; and here, in his old age, what does you, but gets him to father all your fooleries, and so, as I said, make himself the laughing-block, by taking a lady out of a barn, and throw dirt on the memory of your benefactor; I say you do; Tom Seagrove's no flincher; he's no fish for smooth water; I speak the truth; and if you don't like it, lump it, that's all, my boy."

The

The variety of feelings which agitated Montreville during this long harangue, subsided into a settled composure. Towards the conclusion, "Have you done, Sir?" said he, on Captain Seagrove taking breath.

"No, Sir, I have not done; I—I—yes I have done; I shall say no more, Sir, to *you*."

"Why then, Sir, I shall say to *you*, and to my dear paternal friend this, that I adore Miss Walsingham is certain."

"Nothing can be more natural," joined the Admiral.

"Pshaaw!" cried the Captain, trebling the sound of the *a* in his throat.

"But do not imagine, that if I were sure of being accepted by her, which I am not—"

"Pshaaw!" again exclaimed the Captain, "tell her you are going to be a Lord, she'll strike at the first summons."

"I cannot think so meanly of so lovely a woman," said the Admiral.

"Ah!" sighed Montreville, "so convinced am I of her innate worth, so entirely confident of her delicacy, her family, and her connexions, that I here pledge my honour, if, on a full explanation, she does not prove in every respect, except fortune, mind I except money—"

"'Tis not to be named in the same breath with a fine woman; perish the dross when put in competition

tion with beauty!" and the Admiral raised himself perpendicular in his chair.

"Money! 'twas mere lumber," the Captain said; "he never was so miserable in his life as when he was chesting it up, nor so happy as since he got rid of best part on't."

"Well then, with that exception, I swear to you not to ask her heart till I am convinced it is such a one as the favoured descendant of my honoured parent, the son of the noble Magdalena, and the heir of a British Peerage, ought to accept."

"Horace, my dear Horace," cried the Admiral, affected to weakness, "two things I beg of you; make no rash vows, and do not name Magdalena; the one may hurt you, the other unmans me. Think again; the power of a beautiful woman neither is nor ought to be shaken off at pleasure; the more you admire this young lady, the more difficult you will find it to resign her. She may be virtuous; we perceive she is well bred: but I exact no oath, I lay no commands on you, my son, but that you act with delicacy and honour towards the lady you was so resolved to marry before you saw this fine creature."

"Yes," joined the Captain, "and let it be soon too, for fear the poor girl should lose the opportunity of striking to another commander; and so good night; if you give me your hand, and say, I know Tom Seagrove is my friend, why do; if ye don't, why don't, that's all."

After

After this speech, need we say they parted friends?

Though the evening succeeding the last conversation was very wet, Mr. Montreville rode to Pontefract, where he was surprised at being accosted by Mr. Garnet, entreating him to persuade the young woman, who had been so good to poor Rosy, to stop a bit longer, for that after he and his company left the inn, she told him and his wife, that now she would give up her office, and set off for London.

It is hardly possible to define Mr. Montreville's feelings at this intelligence; his passion for Rosa was, as he thought the object of it, unalterably pure; he fancied he discovered in her, not only the beauty, but the goodness of an angel; the new sensation which throbbed in his heart constituted all his happiness; it influenced his mind, his health, his temper; he could conceive no bliss equal to the guiltless excess of the passion that transported him, nor any torture equal to its privation. In the presence of Rosa it was impossible for him so far to detach his ideas from the fascination that arrested both his eyes and ears, as to think on what might have passed, or what might be yet to come; it was enough that the enjoyments of the present were blameless and delightful; he wished her gone from the Garnets, but dreaded a separation from himself; and, while waiting to see her, repeated,

“Ah cruel love! thou bane of every joy,

“Whose pains or sweets alike our peace destroy;”

and

and it is impossible to describe his admiration, surprise, and pleasure, when, hearing her enter, he turned, and beheld the arch look and graceful gaiety with which she continued the two next lines in the original language*.

: : : : : : : : : :

“ You speak Italian ! ”

“ Not well . ”

“ You read it ? ”

“ Something better : my harp-master was an Italian ; and he insisted I should never sing with expression till I was perfect in that language ; it was indeed in his opinion right to give the Italian expression even to English music . ”

The mind of Montreville towered even to the skies . “ What ? a pretty stroller ! the companion of a vulgar intemperate woman ! play the harp ! sing scientifically ! and speak Italian ! ” He could not speak ; tears of pleasure swam in his eyes ; all doubts in respect to her connexions done away by this discovery of her accomplishments, what was it of rapture he did not at that instant feel ?

“ You speak of singing , ” said he ; “ come, you will not dare convince me your practice is inferior to your theory . ”

* “ Still equal woes from thee mankind endure ;

“ Fatal thy wound, and fatal is thy cure . ”

“ I will

“ I will dare do no such thing,” replied she, with modest confidence; “ inattention to the pains and expence bestowed on my education would have been ingratitude; I had besides a noble reward then in view; a sense of obligation excited emulation; I wished to excel, because I knew that would be the best return I could—”

Rosa's heart was on her lips, and her natural frankness would have been restrained by nothing but her feelings. She had indeed but a very slight recollection of Colonel Buhanun's person, but his actions were ever fresh in her memory; and so far from being humbled in her own estimation by repeating to the whole world obligations so dear and binding, she treasured every honour paid to his memory as reflecting some degree of credit on herself; since to have been so truly beloved, and so eminently distinguished, by such a worthy character, implied some merit in the object of his regard.

But that key to her former and present situation, which she was on the point of giving to the anxious Montreville, must be followed by a developement from which her heart shrunk; had it been only the forlorn state of her infancy, and the charity of her benefactors, with what ease could she have made the disclosure! but to prove herself daughter to a woman so abhorred by the whole Grange connexion, so little beloved by herself, that she could never do.

While

While these reflections were passing in her mind, her eyes were cast down; but when, on raising them, she beheld Montreville glowing with expectant curiosity, and suspected the disappointment he would feel at her sudden recollection, her cheeks flushed, and a gentle sigh moved the muslin on her bosom.

The emanation of fond affection glowed on Montreville's cheek, while his heart sunk in disappointment.

"Come," said he, affecting gaiety, "to the proof."

"If you mean to ask me to sing," replied Rosa, "I will oblige you, though I have been long out of tune."

Montreville bowed.

"What do you like? shall it be *Adagio* or *Allegro*?"

"When I have heard both, then I shall judge."

"Indeed!"

How it happened, as Rosa had really, as she said, been long out of tune, Cupid alone can tell; but her voice was never in better tone, nor did she ever run the cadences of a very beautiful and difficult Italian pensive air with more taste, melody, and science.

Montreville continued in the attitude of listening after the song was ended.

"Well," she asked, after a pause, "do you like that, or shall I give you an *allegro*?"

"Exquisite! lovely creature!" cried he, suddenly rising.

Rosa,

Rosa, surprised, also arose.

“No,” said he, snatching her hand, and pressing it to his heart, “sweet enchantress, I can bear no more; no, you make my senses ache: I leave you; I dare not trust myself any longer till——adieu!”

“Till,” repeated Rosa, after he left the room, “till what?”

She hastened to the window, and beheld him vault into his saddle, and gallop off before his servant could mount; her eyes were still bent on the road he had taken, but her heart was in tumults; all her former arguments and resolutions recurred, if she continued to see and be entertained by this charming man, there appeared but one alternative before her—the extravagance of love, or the death of despair. The ecstacy he evinced at discovering she had been well educated, the haste he was in to communicate those discoveries, what, alas! did it prove, but that both him and his friends had held her in mean estimation? How indeed could they do otherwise? a young person of her age and sex, even her accomplishments told against her, to be travelling alone; to have casually offered herself to fill a dependant situation in a family of whom she had never before heard; to leave that family in company with a woman whose conduct was a disgrace to her sex; to be insulted; and, after being rescued, still to remain in a manner under protection of strangers, all men; no active relative to appeal to, no settled home, no expecting friends to speak of, but to con-
tinue

tinue in an inn with people of whom she was so much ashamed; ah! what could explain her conduct and situation but that discovery which would not only end her connexion with Montrevile, but end it with contempt on his side, and shame on her's!

Mr. Garnet was a sort of man who loved his wife and child, had a large quantity of shiners, and knowing, as he said, every guinea went for twenty-one shillings, valued himself on his independence, without giving himself the least trouble about the liking or disliking of the world, and would not take a whiff of tobacco the less or more—no, not for his favourite General Washington. He was civil to Rosa at first, because she had been kind to his Rosy, and he continued so, because she really had an irresistible suavity of manner about her, which, added to her remarkable sweetness of countenance and symmetry of person, inspired what friendship his heart was capable of feeling; but his vulgar conversation, and self-loving, self-opiniated manners, were so new, and so entirely disagreeable, that even Mrs. Garnet's company was pleasant in comparison of his. This then was another objection to the making herself known to her mother; it was not merely an hour, day, or a week—it was the fate of her whole life that depended on the conduct of the present moment, since she either must sink to their low habits, or they rise to her refinement; the first her soul recoiled against, the last was impossible; the alternative therefore was obvious.

Mr.

Mr. Garnet smoked all his pipes by his wife's bed, who was now recovering very fast, and Rosa had already signified her intentions to leave Pontefract. So distracted indeed was her mind, and so eager was she to escape from the mortifications which threatened to environ her, that the act had most probably preceded the notice, had not the fatal embargo still continued on her purse; and while Mr. Montreville was engaged in rapturous description of her charming accomplishments, to which was attached his absolute certainty that she was a woman of superior family and connexions, she was in the most mortifying embarrassment how to raise a few guineas to carry her from the only relative she knew, into a world where she was an unprotected unique.

She arose, after a sleepless night, with the reflections of the preceding evening still impressed on her mind, and had the resolution to decline seeing Mr. Montreville, who was at Pontefract before she rung her bell. Dejected by the painful necessity of incurring obligations where her heart revolted from an acknowledged duty, as she had no possible means of supplying the expence of her journey but borrowing of Mr. Garnet, after visiting her mother, she busied herself in arranging her few wearables, and endeavouring to reconcile pride to necessity.

In the afternoon a second message was delivered from Mr. Montreville by his old friend the chambermaid; and finding he seemed disposed to keep his
station

station till he had an interview, she at length met him at the tea-table; where he had the evening before sipped, not tea, but nectar with her.

Mr. Montreville was now in his twenty-sixth year; his figure, face, and deportment, a happy combination of elegance, grace, and grandeur, and added to these, "a lover is a more than ordinary being; he is full of a divinity which speaks and acts within him; there is no accomplishment, no virtue, no heroism which he is not capable of attaining while in the state of inspiration, and in the sight of his beloved."

Whether Horace had not been in the habit of mixing with accomplished women, or whether this was the predestined hour of serious passion, certain it is Rosa's heart had not been more free from attachment than his own; and having laboured very hard to convince his friends at the Grange that the lovely Rosa was virtuous, well-born, and finely educated,—and having also, with that facile rapidity which is sure to smooth every difficulty in the way of youthful fancy, made it extremely clear, that the lady to whom he was by honour bound, would be abundantly better pleased with a whole fortune, and her own free election, than to share it with a husband whom she did not know, and had probably no curiosity about, he brought with him the permission of the Admiral to address her, and the but half-cordial wishes of the Captain for his success.

Mr. Montreville had a manner of enforcing serious subjects peculiar to himself; he pleaded his passion, and avowed his sincerity in terms equally simple and urgent; had he been addressing the veriest coquette in nature, it would not have been easy for her to affect either to disbelieve, or not understand, he was pleading for more than life.

Our heroine could not doubt a truth confirmed by every speaking feature; he implored her to give him hope; his happiness depended on her lips, and he awaited their sentence with the agonies of a culprit.

A thousand different sensations crowding on her mind, took from Rosa all power to speak; once, and but once before, she had been addressed by a lover; but how different were her feelings then and now! she had not yet learned to act a part; her eyes beamed tenderness on her kneeling lover; her lips severed, but no voice was heard; her hands, which he passionately embraced, trembled; and what hope such emotions could inspire was Montreville's.

Enchanted by a silence, which conveyed more delight than the highest grace of elocution, he spoke of his happiness as an event he might be permitted to expect; told her his prospects were yet more brilliant than that of succeeding to the fortune of his venerable grandfather; that he was the actual and rightful heir to a British Peerage; that he had been defrauded of his birthright by means so disgraceful, that he had every reason to expect, from the offers of

accommodation already made, his adversaries would come to any terms rather than have their dark actions exposed; but as this was an uncertainty, more particularly as one circumstance remained to be elucidated, on which a most material part of his proof depended, he would only offer to her acceptance two thousand pounds a-year the Admiral had settled on him during life, and the certainty of his whole fortune at a period he hoped would be long—long ere it arrived, besides a fortune, he was taught to believe, still larger, in right of his mother's family.

Rosa was painfully flattered, but her heart bounded not, like Montreville's, with hope; she hesitatingly, and in a faint voice, faltered out something about the Admiral's permission, which was eagerly answered in the affirmative. He was the most noble and generous of men, and would apply to any of *her friends* she would condescend to name, not on a pecuniary expectation, but merely to avow the pleasure he should feel in the alliance.

Rosa rather groaned than sighed.

Montreville started; but perceiving her downcast eye was fixed, he proceeded to say, her manners, her sentiments, her education were vouchers for the eligibility of her connexions; the Admiral was a great family man; her's, if genial with herself, might confer honour, but could receive none.

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“Good God, Miss Walsingham!” he exclaimed at seeing the blood retreat from her cheeks and lips in the instant that she fell off her chair.

He wrung the bell; the waiter and maid-servants appeared; a cold perspiration bedewed her face; she was lifted up, her laces cut, and air let into the room; but the fit continued so obstinate, that Mrs. Garnet’s surgeon was sent for, who breathed a vein, which had the desired effect; she revived, hid her face, and burst into tears.

“The young lady,” said the surgeon, “has really fatigued herself so much, and her delicate form seems so little adapted to endure it, that I wonder this has not happened before.”

Mr. Montreville had remonstrated, with as much earnestness as he could presume to use, against the unremitting attention Rosa paid Mrs. Garnet; the close confinement, want of air, and anxiety she had undergone, might well affect her; but there was a hopeless anguish in the expression of her countenance the instant before she fainted, and a burst of grief so moving when she cast her eyes on him after her recovery, that, notwithstanding all the flattering omens he drew from the tenderness she betrayed, the truth sunk deep into his heart, that there really was a concealed mystery about her, which menaced destruction to his peace.

The surgeon desired she might be left to her repose; and Montreville, having solemnly pledged his word to return to the Grange that night, measured back, in

heaviness and anguish, the tedious steps over which he had flown in the morning on wings of hope and expectation.

As soon as Rosa was assured he was gone, she sent for Mr. Garnet; he had been profuse in his thanks for her care of his Rosy; offered to present her with his own maffy gold watch; was hurt when she refused it; and moreover, she had seen him take a handful of shiners out of his leather trunk, and put them loose into his waistcoat pocket.

"Well, my girl," quoth Mr. Garnet, as he approached the bed, "and how goes it with thee now? thee beest a poor shadow of a thing, fit only for fair weather;—come, cheer up, have a good heart, and make thyself happy till Rosy is able to be jogging; then we'll all bundle off together. What, I warrant thee won't dislike our cabin; we have got a long garden and summer-house, and china bowls thee mayst swim in; and Rosy's got as nice as wax now: her tables and chairs be like looking-glasses; we had a few tugs at first, for she was a little fluttish when I married her; but she's a goodish wench in the main, if one keeps a sharp look out after her, else she will sup the monkey—more's the pity."

Mr. Garnet was all this while employed; he had his chair to reach, his hat to hang up, and his pipe to fill; so the fresh flood of impatient tears, which Rosa shed on her pillow, was unnoticed.

After

After many vain attempts to speak, she assumed spirit to say, that, as her affairs absolutely called her to London; she would thank Mr. Garnet to lend her five guineas, which, in addition to the trifle in her purse, she calculated would carry her to town.

"Five guineas!" repeated Garnet; "thee shalt not want five, no, nor ten guineas, when we show our faces in Paradise-street; what should thee be in a hurry to go to London for? thee hast no friends there, else they would have inquired after thee before now; besides, thee hast got a sweetheart, and that's all thy heart can desire."

Stung at the terms on which Mr. Garnet's friendship was to be purchased, her heart, ready to burst at the natural and just conclusion in respect to her friends, and indignant at the idea of a *sweetheart's* being a necessary appendage to her happiness, Rosa's first emotions were anger and contempt; but the Admiral's application to "*her friends*," recurred; her brain was on fire.

"For God's sake, Sir," cried she, "do not distress me; I should be truly happy to oblige Mrs. Garnet, but—"

"*But you won't*," interrupted Garnet;—"well, my girl, I can say no as well as you; one good turn deserves another; you serve me, I serve you—that's the way I got my shiners, and that's the way I mean to keep them; and so good night."

The anguish of this disappointment was the more keen, as it was wholly unexpected; but her unabating eagerness to escape from the tender importunities of Mr. Montreville, and the application of the Admiral to *her friends*, preserved her spirits from being totally subdued by her situation; she must go ten miles before she could procure the regular conveyance to London; the chamber-maid had, among her other undesired communications, mentioned the carriage in which she came from Northampton to Sheffield, which was that majestic moving vehicle, a stage-waggon; no matter, an escape from Montreville, from herself, was all she had at heart; and as there was no hardship or difficulty, not criminally desperate, but what was preferable to remaining where she was in her present situation, she rung for the girl, and led to her waggon adventures; but again mortification and dismay were her portion: this was Friday; no waggon passed within ten miles till the Tuesday following.

Rosa closed her eyes, and with a bitter groan dismissed the girl.

Thus agonized, standing, as it were, alone in a world where, turn which way she would, difficulties and distress encompassed her, as a last and desperate resource, she half formed a resolution to discover herself to her mother, and implore her assistance. From this step, however, her heart instantly recoiled; to own her consanguinity would be to bind herself in slavery to the folly of an intemperate mother, and the whimsical

fical tyranny of her husband; to be the stationed companion of vulgarity, and to have her ears shocked, her feelings wounded, and her understanding outraged every hour of the day.

Wearied with a thousand schemes, which she was obliged to reject as soon as formed, without abating her ardent desire to leave the scene of so many complicated evils, sleep at length closed her eyes, and her sorrows were sunk in the "honey heavy dew of slumber."

CHAP. XIV.

"If there be a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology, so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered, this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance."

MR. MONTREVILLE had, in the meantime, reached the Grange, with a countenance so different from what he left it in the morning, as greatly alarmed the Admiral and his friend.

Impatient to atone for his abrupt departure from Pontefract the preceding day, he had braved a summer

storm, and, by sitting in his damp clothes, while his mind was enraptured with the discovery of Rosa's accomplishments, laid the foundation of a severe cold, which was now so increased by returning with the reins on his horse's neck, again exposed to the inclemency of the weather, that, when he got home, it was difficult to say which was most disordered, his mind or body.

Mr. Montreville was beloved, as well as respected, by his grandfather's domestics; they all shared in their master's concern; and poor Christiana was inconsolable when the Admiral, after attentively feeling his pulse, declared he had no small degree of fever.

A servant was dispatched for a doctor, and the affectionate grandfather insisted on occupying an arm-chair on one side of the bed, while Seagrove, with a dismal phiz, sat at the other; and while Montreville, with an aching head, sore throat, and heavy heart, wished for nothing so much as to be left to a dark room and his own reflections.

"I can't help fearing," said the Admiral, in a half whisper and half groan, "that fine creature at Pontefract has made my poor Horace uneasy to-day."

"Very like," replied the Captain, in the same key; "the only way to go heart-whole through the boisterous voyage of life, is to steer clear of the mermaids."

"Dear Tom, your ideas are a little gross; I beg your pardon."

"Ye

“Ye have it, Admiral—ye have it heartily.”

Montreville sighed; had he been disposed to rest, the conversation of his friends was not such as would promote it.

“What shall I do for you, my dear son?” asked the Admiral tenderly.

“Do!” cried Seagrove; “the only thing any body can do to please him, is to get him the girl—I can see that plain enough.”

“She is certainly an adorable creature,” whispered the Admiral, “and nothing is so touching to a sensible mind as the Italian language spoken by a beautiful woman.”

“As to the lingo,” replied Seagrove, “though I have been so many times at Leghorn, I can’t say as I know much about it; it seemed to me mighty whining sing song sort of stuff; the only thing I liked in it was the proverb our linguist interpreted, of “Deeds are men, and words are women;” however, ’tis better from beautiful women than beautiful men, that I can’t deny; but as to the good on’t, give me plain old English.”

Mr. Montreville was relieved from this conversation by the arrival of the doctor; but though he insisted on the necessity of leaving the patient to his servant, it was with difficulty the Admiral could be persuaded to retire to his own chamber.

“I am afraid,” said he, shaking hands with the Captain, “my poor Horace has not been a successful wooer.”

“Poh, poh, Admiral! you are out in your reckoning; I’ll be bound ’tis but ask and have.”

“I think she could not refuse him.”

“She refuse! she has more wit; she refuse Horace Montreville! the handsomest dog in the country, Admiral Herbert’s heir, and a Lord by the grace of God; she refuse! she be——”

The Captain stopped, and having reached his own chamber, paced it up and down, ruminating on Horace and the cause of his illness. He perceived there was something which had vexed and disconcerted him; he had no idea of a sentiment that could restrain a man from telling a woman he liked her, if he really did so, though he was always astonished when he heard there were men who took that trouble for the joke’s sake; he by no means approved of his young friend breaking his engagement, yet, if he would run a-head, why he might as well strike in among the breakers of folly, as founder in the sea of despondence; so he resolved to lend him a hand, and break the affair to the young woman himself.”

The Captain being on horseback at day-break, arrived at Pontefract by the time the house was stirring, and immediately ordered Rosa to be called, as he had particular business with her. Rosa started—“Business!” she repeated, as she hurried her dress, and sat down every second to endeavour at that composure it was impossible to attain, till, conscious of the
imbecility

imbecility of all her attempts, she at length reached the room where the Captain waited to see her.

He saluted her with a sort of affectionate "How d'ye," instead of the surly, "What cheer, what cheer!" and seeing her stand agitated and irresolute, even reached her a chair.

The Captain had left the Grange resolved to come to the point with Rosa, and the last thing he apprehended was the failure of his courage or resolution; but he had not been in the habit of feeling his rough nature softened and awed by the tenderness and delicacy of a modest woman; this, however, really happened now, and his confusion was as new as the sentiment which caused it.

Rosa, more alarmed at his silence than even by his visit, sat in painful expectation of hearing the motive of both; and at length raising her eyes with an expression both of sadness and curiosity, met his not less mild, though less expressive ones, fixed on her face; but her glance of inquiry produced no satisfactory reply. The Captain wondered what was the matter with himself;—"Sure," thought he, "I have not got a locked jaw;" and he raised his hard brown hand to his no less weather-beaten face to make sure all was right.

"You had particular business with me, Captain Seagrove?" at length faltered Rosa.

"Business! why ay, Miss. I have something to say to you."—And the ice being broke, he went on

with increasing courage.—“ Business about young Montreville. You must know, Miss, he made home last night in a very scurvy condition, looking as if he had lost his weather-gauge.”

“ I am very sorry, Sir, but——”

“ Well, I know that ; you could not help his glum looks, though your own are little better ; but, as I was saying, ’tis a cursed foolish course he has been steering ever since the unlucky squall that brought us alongside of you, and that ugly old hulk ;—but you say she is nothing to you, only belike a consort you picked up by accident—and so much the better ; for, as I said to the old Admiral, who, though a little proud and finical, is as good a seaman as ever reefed a topsail ;—to be sure, he will yaw a parcel of nonsense about Jukes and Lords, and them sort of fandangus trumpery, and puts a parcel of gibberish whims into the head of all the women he falls in with, but then his heart is as sound as a biscuit ; I have sailed, man and boy, with him forty years, reckoning the time I have laid to in his wake at the Grange ; and whenever the old boy slips his cable, not a man of the whole crew will wish to stay behind him.”

Rosa listened to this scarce intelligible harangue, out of which she could select nothing that particularly interested herself, except the Admiral’s “ nonsense about Jukes and Lords.”

The Captain’s verbosity and feeling always went together ; he was now wiping a tear off his sun-burnt
6
cheek,

cheek, which gave his hard countenance a grace Rosa thought it greatly wanted.

“But as to that,” he continued, “why we must all kick the bucket one time or another; and as I was saying, what with rich prizes and honest agents (and there’s a plentiful scarcity of them there cattle), I can tell you, Miss, whenever Horace gets the Grange, he’ll find every part well stowed; and besides that, Miss, why he’s right heir to a Lord; his father was a lubberly son of a——; but, as the Admiral says, ’tis bad manners to swear before the women, because, poor souls, that’s talking in a lingo they can’t understand, except, indeed, such old hulks as your consort, and I dare say she’s up to every thing. However, Horace’s father deserved to be brought to the gangway every second bell, and that indeed was too good for him; for why, my greyhound takes care of her young, and he wanted to destroy his own son, or, what is nearly the same thing, to cheat him out of his station; but, however, if Roguery be a prime sailer at setting out, the keel gets so cursedly foul, that the fine clean copper bottom of Honesty is sure, first or last, to bring it to; and so much the better, say I, Miss.”

“Mr Montreville’s mother, Sir, I understand,” said Rosa, who now was sufficiently interested in the Captain’s discourse, “was the Admiral’s daughter.”

“Yes, Miss; and a fine tight well-jointed girl, they say, she was; the old boy did not care much about her, while his son, a pickle young dog, lived;
and

and she, poor girl! was brought up among the Papishes with her old aunt, and there she ran away with that black-hearted neger, Horace's father; and no wonder for an English girl to strike to a countryman—that we all know well enough; but she might as well have been lashed to a wherry in the Bay of Biscay. If the old boy had believed she was married, he could not have been angry in his heart; because why, the spark was kin to some of the tiptops of his own kindred, and, as it happened, the rot got into the noble stock; so this younker started up like a mushroom in one night, to be a Lord; and then, what does the shaberoon, but shy off, and swear he was never married, just as if it signified a rope's end whether he were or no, if he promised, and she, poor girl! believed; so then the old boy turned her and her young one, that strapping fellow Horace, that is now, quite adrift, and never thought of either till his son, young pickle, was shot; then he would have given all he had in the world, and himself into the bargain, to hear of his daughter; but what the devil signifies my telling you this long rigmarole story?—what I had to say was about Horace.”

“And what, Sir, have you been saying but about him?”

“Ay, ay, 'tis about him in the long run, to be sure; so you see, Miss, we light on him hap hazard; as to his mother, poor woman! she has long since foundered; but here's the case: The young man, my
Lord

Lord as will be, as ill luck would have it, just as he was setting sail on the look out for another young woman, quite a galleon richly laden with gowld, jewels, and precious stones, he falls in with you and that old hulk, and nothing will sarve him but he must break his word to tother young woman, and marry you; —curfed cakish—is it not, Miss?"

There are circumstances and events under which, be it ever so well prepared, the heart cannot harden itself; and it is one of the most painful and mace-rating circumstances annexed to reduced fortune, that it renders the sufferer tremblingly so alive to the manner in which they are treated by the more fortunate, that they feel slights never offered, and resent offences never meant. Montreville's story, though related in such an uncouth and unconnected manner, affected Rosa; her tears dropped on the sorrows of his unfortunate mother, and it was with difficulty she could repress the emotions of compassion every word respecting himself excited, till Seagrove mentioned his former engagement, and the misadventure of his falling in with her; when, conceiving him to be an emissary of the Admiral, and that the tale which, though prolix, she had found interesting, was actually intended to humble the vanity which the attention of his heir might have naturally raised, and, by contrasting the views of his friends, his high rank, fortune, and noble expectations, with the meanness, the ambiguity,

and wretchedness of her's, at once put an end to her presumptuous hope.

All the haughtiness attendant on conscious rectitude inflamed her heart; her eyes sparkled with indignation; the emanations of a mind formed to enjoy and bear privations with equal dignity, shone in her countenance; she arose, and was proceeding towards the door, when Seagrove, totally unconscious of offence, arose likewise, and walking with her to the end of the room, put his arm under her's, and turned her back with a motion so unexpected, that she had no power to speak her anger or surprise. He resumed his discourse during this space, and continued that, as well as a repetition of the same rapid movement, till they traversed back to the other end of the room; by which time she became interested in the matter of his communication, though still disgusted with the manner.

“But pulling against wind and tide,” continued he, “is labour in vain, or just as good; one makes no way;—so you see, Miss, tother young woman must be left in the offing; because why, the Admiral was taken himself by foreign lingo, and belike he has a craving in his age for what he loved in his youth; and that, to be sure, is but natural, especially as Horace says he knows all about you. He don't indeed say you have got any money; but that is all ballast; the old boy don't mind money, nor I neither: you are comed, he says, of honest parentage, which
is

is a good thing; for what's bred in the bone, will never be out of the flesh; and that's the chief thing our old boy sets his heart upon. For you see, Miss, setting case, that old hulk there was your aunt, or your cousin, or your mother, why what could be expected but you would take after her? and for young Montreville for to come for to go to bring a drunken swab to the Grange, why 'twould raise a mutiny in a jiff; because why, all the rest of the women, from Mrs. Lynn, nay, for the matter of that, I might say from Horace's brown venture, Christiana, down to blind Bess of the lodge, why they would every mother's babe of them be wanting a sup, and that Will Ratlin would never suffer; because why, no discipline could be kept; and he finds it hard enough as it is, for the old Admiral makes all the women rampant; so, Miss, as that's the case, the Admiral and I have had a overhaul of premises, and we be willing, as we can't help it, and as we think you are a civil young woman (though, to be sure, you may be a vagrant for all we know), why if you'll give me a bit of a line, just with the name of your parents, and the minister of the parish where they are stationed, just to ask about their characters and way of life, and whether you had any grandfathers and grandmothers, and how they behaved themselves, why you see we may take you in tow to the port of matrimony, and you may send your band-box to the Grange."

At

At the conclusion of this speech, the Captain let go the arm he had continued to hold; and, having rung for pen, ink, and paper, pulled the nearest table and chair, which happened to be placed between Rosa and the door, and leisurely taking out his glasses, put them on.

"Now, Miss," said he, looking at her, "why, what the—why, Miss—why sure you ben't—my—barnacles—are hazy—why sure you ben't crying! But may be 'tis for joy, or may be you and Horace have had a fet-to—he came home plaguy glum last night. Come, never mind that; the falling out of sweet-hearts is the lovingest thing in the world. Come now, what are the christian and surnames of your father and mother? 'cause you see we must humour the old boy."

There was such an unaccountable mixture of rudeness and feeling in the manner of Captain Seagrove, such a jumble of truth and inconsistency, such apparent unconcern, and yet such cutting allusions to her real situation, that she could neither admit nor wholly reject the belief, that he really was acquainted with her whole history; neither could she with more certainty conclude whether he were, as a few minutes before she suspected, sent to mortify her, or whether he had made this officious visit, and literally meant all he said. "The names, Miss, come, the names," was however repeated too loud and too often to be disregarded.

"I can

"I can neither understand nor answer you, Sir," she hesitatingly replied.

"No! why that's very odd; I have answered and understood a more difficult question through a ship's trumpet, with a hard gale of wind full in my teeth."

"That might easily happen, Sir; and yet—"

"Not so easy, Miss, as you may think; for setting case, here, we'll say, you have all your sails up before the wind—"

"Good God! Sir," said Rosa, impatiently interrupting him, "what is all this stuff to me?"

"Stuff!" repeated Captain Seagrove, tossing off his barnacles, and throwing away the pen with indignation; "Stuff, Miss!" but, shrugging his shoulders, and resuming the pen with an air that spoke his thorough contempt of her ignorance, he again demanded the christian and surname of her father and mother.

"Let me ask you, Sir," said Rosa, in a low and tremulous voice, "does Mr. Montreville know—"

She could not proceed; her mind was divided betwixt hope that he was ignorant of the visit and its purport, and fear that though it was impossible a man so elegant, so delicate, and so sensible, should send so ill-adapted an agent on a business he had himself treated with such respectful tenderness, he might consent to have enquiries made in respect to her family and connexions, and that on the result of these inquiries,

inquiries, depended his future determination in regard to herself.

But however he might be influenced by the mystery which she rejoiced hung over her, (as nothing in that moment appeared to her so insupportable as a discovery that she was indeed the daughter of the being held in such sovereign contempt), her resolution respecting him was made in the instant Captain Seagrove announced his engagement with another; and it was, she flattered herself, in mere compliment to the dignity of human nature, she felt gratified and happy, when Seagrove owned, Mr. Montreville was entirely unacquainted with the visit and its motives.

"Then, Sir," said she, "you will not have occasion to take the trouble of writing; I will give Mr. Montreville himself all the information it is necessary for him to have about me."

"I never will concern myself about women again as long as I live," cried the Captain angrily. "There's poor Horace sick in his hammock, and the Admiral croaking like a piped hen. I wanted to make all tight, and this is my thanks. But follow your own course; give you but length of rope, and you'll soon do for yourself: you'll hail me when you are in distress, I know you well; but, though Tom Seagrove's that man that won't flinch, he won't be made a cat's paw; and so, Miss, your servant. A pretty mess you have brought me into! twelve mile here, and now twelve mile back, at meridian, on that cursed jolting devil
Will

Will Ratlin's mare. I had rather pace the quarter deck against time under the line, than be roasted alive upon horse flesh; and so your sarvant, Miss—your sarvant."

He left the room, and Rosa returned to her chamber, the image of despondence.

Mr. Garnet having concealed from his wife both Rosa's application and his rejection, she was at a loss to account for her absence, and eager to see her.

Garnet said that ill-favoured Captain was with her; but, as his Rosy was not to be pacified, he watched his going, and sent to request our heroine would visit his wife.

The little boy, who was the messenger on this occasion, just peeped into the room, and ran back with the information, that Miss Walsingham was saying her prayers.

This was the second time Rosa was detected at her devotions; but never indeed had her heart been more thankfully elated,—never had she knelt before her Maker with a more lively sense of his providence.

She had returned, as we have said, to her chamber in the most cruel agitation; the world, all of it with which, at least, she was connected, seemed combined to torture and distress her; and she felt it impossible to support existence under the pressure of such accumulating evils; her head turned giddy, and staggering to a chair, she overturned her little portmanteau, which being open, the few things in it fell on the floor.

It

It was some moments before she had strength or inclination to move; her very soul was wounded. Every killing word Captain Seagrove had uttered, which at all referred to her miserable state, recurred to her memory:—the idea of Montreville; the recollection of the open manly tenderness with which he had avowed himself her lover; the sense, the candour, the honour, nay, the purity of his sentiments and manners; the pleasing transport of a first and fond attachment, certain on her side, and professedly so on his, would rise in sweet array before her mental view; but then his engagement, his fortune, his rank, the pride of the Admiral, the meanness, the ignominy of her origin, her poverty, and friendless situation succeeded.

“Alas!” said she, “what shall I do? whither turn me? Ah! my dear, my paternal friends, do ye behold the agonies of my soul? Alas! alas! ‘the majesty of human nature resides in the grave;’ Oh! would to Heaven that there my sad and wearied head might for ever rest!”

She wrung her hands, and almost unknowing what she did, threw the clothes, without order or regard, into her portmanteau. Something dropped from them; it was the morocco purse into which Lady Hopely had slipped her card of address. This little memento gave a short respite to her excruciating sensations; it carried her back to Edinburgh: “Kind Lady Hopely, sweet Mrs. Steward, blessed,”
the

she cried, "be your genial spirits!" Her heart seemed bursting; no tear from her aching eye gave relief to her sad heart. A momentary despair threw her into a passion bordering on frenzy; she tore open the morocco purse; the card dropped; she attempted to replace it; her trembling fingers could not immediately slide it in; the corner caught in another pocket hitherto unobserved; her eye glanced on a paper; she removed it to make room for the card: the soft touch surprised her; she opens, she reads, and sinks on her knees, in which attitude she was seen by little Garnet.

The enlarged heart of Lady Hopely satisfied not its generous feelings with expressions of pity; her eccentricities were generally known; her benevolence more generally felt and blessed: her rewards were princely; her charities unbounded; like too many of her age, rank, and sex, she was thoughtless, inconsiderate, and expensive; but her heart, her warm heart, had no share in the errors of imitation: she was borne away in the tide of fashion when young, beautiful, and adored; yet, though gaiety and dissipation carried her from herself, it could not blunt her feelings, it could not divert her attention from the cries of the wretched, nor prevent her from being the herald of comfort to distress and misfortune, where or whenever it met her. Compassion carried her to Mrs. Buhanun, and curiosity to Rosa; she heard, with benign pity, the ardent wish of the child of sorrow only to reach London;

London; and yet she spoke of no resources, no certain friend to welcome her thither. Her Ladyship remarked this, and made her own comments; she gave her address, and added to that address and promise of protection, means to support her till the latter could be claimed. Rosa, as she kneeled, held in her hand an English bank note of twenty pounds. How rapid is the succession of hope to the anguish of despair!

“ True hope is swift, and flies on swallow’s wings;

“ Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.”

How, in one moment, was every prospect now reversed! What a pleasing hurry succeeded to desponding lassitude! She put her clothes with care and order into her portmanteau, locked it, and buckled the straps, inwardly exulting that now, at last, she was enabled to pursue her journey without danger, mortification, or distress; she lightly tripped to her mother’s chamber; there indeed she experienced a transient inquietude. Mr. Garnet was not a bad-hearted man; he really liked her, and the increasing fondness of his wife for her rendered her company a desirable object to both; he was glad to find she wanted his assistance, and thought he acted a politic part in making a bargain, to grant it on his own terms; but on hearing from his son how he found her employed, his heart smote him; he told his Rosy how he had acted, and what were his motives.

Mrs.

Mrs. Garnet fell into an agony of tears at hearing that *the well-behaved young body, who was such good company*, was distressed for money ; and reproached her husband for his cruelty in refusing to lend it to one who she was sure had saved her life.

Mr. Garnet was smoking a last pipe of the best Virginia, which he had carried from town with him ; and the reflection, that it *was* the last, contributed to lower his spirits ; his whiffs grew longer and longer, till his pipe dropped, and he fairly wept with his Rosy.

It was at this interesting moment Rosa entered the room ; fearing some distressing accident had happened, she stopped, and silently hoped no new tie on her duty had occurred.

“ Thee be come in good time, my girl,” said Garnet ; “ I am sorry I did not give thee the money ; wife’s quite down in the mouth about it.”

Mrs. Garnet, whose leg was still in a cradle, and herself obliged to keep to her bed, opened her arms to welcome and receive a visiter, who was very dear to her ; she wept on her neck, and, by way of excuse for her husband, confessed their wish to retain her with them.

“ If fifty or an hundred shiners will do thee good, here they be, take them ; or if thee do wish to send them any where, I’ll give thee a draught ; but don’t leave poor Rosy.”

Rosa was affected ; her mother really looked pitiful ; and Garnet's hand, filled with shiners, was offered her ; she wished to decline accepting any, but he looked so mortified and sorrowful, and she was so anxious to be arranging all things for her journey, that, to avoid further solicitation, she took the five guineas, and said, though she had not yet fixed the immediate time for her departure, yet such was the urgency of her affairs, it was not possible for her to remain at Pontefract till Mrs. Garnet could be safely removed.

Mrs. Garnet wept. Her husband said, " Well, if it be so, it must ; but thee had better take some more money."

" Ay do," joined Mrs. Garnet ; " for though you are *such a well-behaved young body*, and *such good company*, London is a dull place without money."

Rosa thanked them, and said, if she had occasion, she would certainly ask for it.

They dined together ; and when Mrs. Garnet dropped asleep, and her husband dropped his pipe, our heroine retired to her chamber, and rung for her fountaip of intelligence, the chamber-maid, whom she immediately asked if her interest was strong enough with the ostler to persuade him to keep a secret ?

" No indeed," the girl replied ; " for John Ostler, who had come down from London on purpose to be her fellow-servant, had been turned off that very day,

and

and was hired at the other inn; and, please God, she would not stay long after him."

"Another inn!" Rosa put a crown into her hand, and the girl engaged that John Ostler should have a chaise from his inn, which should wait at the market-place, and receive both her and her baggage.

Rosa's reasons for concealing her departure were cogent and manifold; and, following the example of *other great* writers, we shall make the readers acquainted with such of them as suit ourselves, and leave the remainder to their own ingenuity.

First, by not taking leave of the Garnets, she avoided the pain of her mother's regrets, who, though unconscious of the ties of natural affection, certainly did feel an attachment to her, which at least proved the gratitude of her disposition; and she also avoided the solicitation of both her and her husband to give them her address in town, which the great difference between her connexion and their's would have rendered very inconvenient to comply with.

Second, should Sir Jacob Lydear feel himself inclined to honour her with any more of his notice, she escaped that also;—and last of the *promised* reasons, should there happen to be a being in the world, who had the presumption to imagine that, however inferior in the accidental favour of that blind gipsy, Fortune, who was at this moment most unmercifully ungod-dessed, her little heart was not as proud, as disinterested, and as honourable as the best; if certain high-

mindful folks fancied that poverty of circumstances and poverty of mind were one and the same thing, they would find themselves mistaken, that was all; and so, with a heart rather eager, agitated, and hurried, than light, she hastened down stairs, when her colleague gave her notice that the portmanteau was deposited in the chaise, and John Ostler waited near to conduct her to it.

One difficulty occurred during the few minutes she was collecting her thoughts, which was in regard to the money, which, to appease Mrs. Garnet, and to please her husband, she had taken of them.

Her first impulse was to enclose it in the billet she left for them; but that mode would really distress a still suffering parent, and inflict on her mind the most torturing of all evils, *self-reproach*; since, according to the reckoning of Mr. and Mrs. Garnet, they were under obligation to her, and however well-disposed she felt to dispense mortifications among some other of her recent connexions, her wish was to increase their felicity. Accordingly she wrote a short note, assuring Mrs. Garnet of her affectionate regards; hinting at a sudden necessity for quitting them; thanked her for the five guineas, which she would take the first opportunity to go to Paradise-street to repay, and see their pretty garden and summer-house; sent twenty kisses to little Phil; and entreated them, if they had any regard for her, to answer no questions whatever concerning her

to

to *any body*. She then snatched up a fresh sheet of paper, and wrote—

TO. H. MONTREVILLE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ The last words I had the honour to say to your friend, when he condescended to pay me his very extraordinary visit, were, that I should myself inform *you* of all it was necessary *you* should be acquainted with concerning *me*; that necessity, however, does not include the gratification of impertinent curiosity. It is sufficient to tell you, Sir, I never yet broke an engagement of honour myself, nor will countenance it in another. The name and residence of my father are buried in my heart: but whether his character, his ancestry, and his alliance be or be not worth the trouble your friend was so good as to take, of this be assured, neither my own family, nor any other shall ever blush to acknowledge

“ ROSA WALSHINGHAM.”

Having

Having read over this wonderfully heroic epistle with a glow of internal triumph, she gave it the chamber-maid, with an additional half-guinea, for care and secrecy in delivering it into Mr. Montreville's own hands; and perfectly pleased to think he would be completely miserable, she hastily left the house, in a high flow of false spirits; and having cast one tender look towards the road which led to the Grange, was proceeding to the market-place, when the sudden ringing of the bells, and commotion of the people, made her return into the house.

An *avant courier* had just arrived, to order a relay of horses for the daughter of Admiral Herbert, who had for many years been supposed to be dead, but who was now travelling post towards her father's mansion.

Such was the universal respect in which the old officer was held, and such the interest excited in all ranks by the extraordinary events in his family, that in every town where the one was known, and the other heard of, the lady was received with every possible demonstration of joy.

At Pontefract, where the Admiral was a general benefactor to the poor, boughs of evergreens were hastily torn down, gardens stripped of flowers, to strew the road, and ribbons cut by the shop-keepers, to decorate the servants and horses; the *avant courier* was almost forcibly detained, to have all the gaudy

gaudy colours of the rainbow twisted round him and his horse.

Rosa deeply sighed; this was an event that would not give Montreville time even to be stung by her letter; again she left the inn, and amid the bustle of general joy, threw herself into the chaise, and taking the road to Ferry-bridge instead of Sheffield, arrived there just before the Newcastle coach passed, with a vacant place, in which she proceeded to London without any further difficulty.

END OF VOL. III.



